AN

ELEGANT

And Learned

DISCOURSE

OF THE

Light of Nature,

With ſeverall other

TREATISES:

Viz. { *The Schiſme.* / *The Act of Oblivion.* / *The Childs Returne.* / *The Panting Soul.* } { *Mount Ebal* / *The White Stone.* / *Spiritual Opticks.* / *The Worth of Souls.* }

By *Nathanael Culverwel*, Maſter of Arts, and lately Fellow of *Emanuel* Colledge in *Cambridge*.

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Anno Dom. 1669.

1669
C968

To the Reverend, and Learned

ANTHONY TUCKNEY,

D. D. Master of *Emmanuel* College

IN

CAMBRIDG,

And to the *Fellows* of that Religious, and happy Foundation.

Honoured Sirs.

THe many *Testimonies* of Your *real affection* towards this *pious* and *learned Authour* (especially, while he lay under the *discipline* of so *sad* a *Providence*) deserve all *thankfull acknowledgment, and grateful commemoration*: which, I doubt not, but himself would have made in *most ample* manner, had it pleased God to have granted him *longer life*, and *farther opportunity*. But, since *Divine Providence* hath otherways *disposed*, I thought it no *solecism in friendship* to undertake

ſo farre to own his debt of gratitude, as to endeavour ſome Publike acknowledgement of it, though the greatneſſe of your benefits admit not of juſt recompence and ſatisfaction. Having therefore the diſpoſal of his papers committed to me by his neareſt and deareſt friends, and finding them to be of ſuch worth and excellency as ought not to be ſmothered in obſcurity; I interpreted this a fit opportunity to let both your ſelves and others underſtand, how deep an impreſſion your kindneſſe to him hath left in the apprehenſions and memories of thoſe his friends whom God and Nature had given the advantage of being more peculiarly intereſſed in his welfare, Upon which account I do here preſent you with this Elegant iſſue of his noble and gallant abilities; which beſides the relation it hath to you by the Fathers ſide, would gladly intitle it ſelfe unto your acceptance and protection, as having been *conceived* in your Colledge, and delivered in your Chappel; and therefore hopes that you, who with much delight were ſometimes ear-*witneſſes* of it, will now become its *Suſceptours*.

And thus having lodged it in its Mothers armes, I leave it to her embraces. On whoſe behalf

half I ſhall only offer up this ſerious and hearty wiſh; That as, by the bleſſing of heaven upon her fruitful womb, ſhe hath been made a Mother of many profitable inſtruments both in Church and Common-wealth: ſo God would be pleaſed to make good her name unto her, and delight ſtill to uſe her as the handmaid-inſtrument of his glory; that he would lay her topſtone in his bleſſing; as her foundation was laid in his fear,

So prayes

The meaneſt of her Sons,

Aug. 10. 1652. *and*

Your humble Servant

WILLIAM DILLINGHAM.

TO THE READER.

Courteous Reader,

NOt many months have passed since I sent abroad into the world a little Treatise, which knew it self by the Name of Spiritual opticks, with intention onely to make some discovery of the mindes, and affections of men towards Pieces of that Nature; which having met somewhere (it seems) with kinde entertainment, and acceptance beyond its expectation; hath now perswaded all its fellows into a resolution to take wing, and adventure themselves upon thy candour, and ingenuity. I intend not here to hang out Ivy; nor with my Canvase to preface this cloth of Gold. The work is weaved of Sun-beams; to hang any thing before it, were but to obscure it: yet something here must needs be said for mine own discharge, and thy better satisfaction. Know therefore, (gentle Reader) that these Pieces were first intended as Scholastick Exercises in a Colledge-Chappel,

pel, and therefore more properly ſuited to ſuch an Auditory; yet I make no queſtion but ſome of them, the VVhite Stone eſpecially, may be read with much profit, by thoſe who are of meaner capacities, and leſſe refined intellectuals. The Diſcourſe of the Light of Nature (which, though here it beare the torch before the reſt, is younger brother to them all) was written above ſix years ago; the deſigne of it was, as on the one hand to vindicate the uſe of Reaſon in matters of Religion from the aſperſions and prejudices of ſome weaker ones in thoſe times, who having entertained erroneous opinions, which they were no way able to defend, were taught by their more cunning ſeducers to wink hard, and except againſt all offenſive weapons: ſo on the other hand, to chaſtiſe the ſawcineſſe of Socinus and his followers, who dare ſet Hagar above her Miſtreſſe, and make Faith waite at the elbow of corrupt & diſtorted Reaſon; to take off the head of that uncircumciſed Philiſtim with his own ſword, but better ſharpened; and then to lay it up behinde the Ephod in the Sanctuary. An enterpriſe I confeſſe, of no ſmall import; which yet he hoped with Gods aſſiſtance, to have effected by giving unto Reaſon the things that are Reaſons, and unto Faith the things that are Faiths. And had the world been favoured with his longer life, the height of his parts,

and

and the earneſt he gave, had beſpoken very ample expectations in thoſe who know and heard him: But it pleaſed God (having firſt melted him with his love, and then chaſtiſed him, though ſomewhat ſharply) to take him to himſelfe; from the contemplation of the Light of Nature, *to the enjoyment of one* ſupernatural, *that dwelleſt in* Light inacceſſible, *which done can ſee and live; and to tranſlate him from ſnuffing a* Candle *here, to be made partaker of the inheritance of the Saints in* Light. *So that all he finiſht towards that undertaking was this* Diſcourſe of the Light of Nature *in general, not deſcending ſo low as to ſhew how the Moral law was founded in it, or that Goſpel-revelation doth not extinguiſh it. Wherein, if, ſtanding in the midſt between two Adverſaries of extreme perſwaſions, while he oppoſes the one, he ſeem to favour the other, more then is meet; when thou ſhalt obſerve him at another time, to declare as much againſt the other, thou wilt then be of another mind. Judge candidly, and take his Opinion, as thou wouldſt do his Picture, ſitting; not from a luxuriant expreſſion (wherein he always allowed forthe ſhrinking) but from his declared judgment, when he ſpeaks profeſſedly of ſuch a ſubject. For inſtance, if any expreſſion ſeem to lift* Reaſon *up too high; you may, if you pleaſe, otherwhere hear it confeſs, and bewail its own*

weakneſs; (Chap. 12.) *you may ſee it bow the head, and worſhip, and then lay it ſelf down quietly at the feet of Faith*; (Chap. 18,) *So that if thou read but the whole Diſcourſe, thou wilt eaſily perceive* (*as himſelf would often affirm*) *that he abhorred the very thought of advancing the power of Nature into the Throne of Free-Grace, or by the Light of Nature in the leaſt meaſure to eclipſe that of Faith.*

I would not willingly by any Prolepſis *foreſtall thy reading, yet if thou ſhouldſt deſire a foretaſt of the Authour's ſtile, I would turn thee to the beginning of the ſeventeenth* Chapter; *never was light ſo beſpangled, never did it triumph in greater bravery of expreſſion. But I detain thee too long. Let this ſuffice thee, as a courſe Liſt to a finer Web; or as waſt Paper to defend this Book from the injury of its couers.*

Cambr. *Aug.* 10.
1652.

Farewell.

The Diſcourſe of the Light of Nature *contains*

Chap. I. *The Porch, or introduction* Page 1
Chap. II. *The explication if the Words* 8
Chap. III. *What* Nature *is* 12
Chap. IV. *Of the nature of a* Law *in general* 17
Chap. V. *Of the* Eternal Law 24
Chap. VI. *Of the* Law of Nature *in general, its* Subject, *and* Nature 28
Chap. VII. *The extent of the* Law of Nature 44
Chap VIII. *How the* Law of Nature *is diſcovered? not by Tradition* 50
Chap. IX. *The Light of* Reaſon 56
Chap. X. *Of the conſent of* Nations 63
Chap. XI. *The Light of* Reaſon *is a derivativt Light* 71
Chap. XII. *The Light of* Reaſon *is a diminutive Light* 99
Chap. XIII. *The Light of* Reaſon *diſcovers preſent, not future things* 107
Chap. XIV. *The light of* Reaſon *is a certain Light* 115
Chap. XV. *The Light of* Reaſon *is directive* 125
Chap. XVI. *The Light of* Reaſon *is calm, and peaceable* 135
Chap. XVII, *The Light of* Reaſon *is a pleaſant Light* 148
Chap. XVIII. *The Light of* Reaſon *is an aſcendent Light* 162

The Difficulty of the Light of Nature

Chap. I. The Reason explained
Chap. II. The Will explained
Chap. III. The Nature
Chap. IV. Of the general Law
Chap. V. Of the Eternal Law
Chap. VI. Of the Law of Nature in general
Chap. VII. The Law of Nature
Chap. VIII. Of the Law of Nature

Courteous READER,

THis *Diſcourſe*, which had my Brother for the *Authour*, might juſtly have expected me to have been the *Publiſher:* and I ſhould think my ſelf inexcuſable in this particular, did not the remote diſtance of my preſent abode, and the frequent avocations from ſtudy, by attendance upon my *Miniſtery*, together with the ruins of a crazie body, ſome what apologize in my behalf.

That is obvious, and πολυθρύλλητον in every man's mouth, that *the Brother ſhould raiſe up ſeed to the Brother*; but here, lo! a *Friend*, that is *nearer then a Brother*, who rears up this living *Monument* to the memory of his deceaſed *Friend*.

In this *Treatiſe* we may perceive, how the *Gentiles Candle* out-went us with our *Sun-beams*: how they guided onely by the glimmering *twilight* of *Nature*, out-ſtrip'd us, who are ſurrounded with the rays of *Supernatural light* of *revealed Truth*. Thou may'ſt here finde *Plato* to be a *Moſes Atticiſſans*, and *Aratus*, *Menander*, and *Epimenides* called into the *Court*, to bring in their Suffrages to Saint *Paul's Doctrine*.

Here we may finde *Reaſon* like a *Gibeonite*, hewing *Wood*, and drawing *Water* from the *Sanctuary*; *Jethro* giving counſel to *Moſes*. God draws us with the *cords of man*; he drew profeſs'd *Star-gazers* with a *Star* to *Chriſt*. *Galen*, a *Phyſician*, was wrought upon, by ſome *Anatomical Obſervations*, to tune an *Hymn* to the *praiſe* of his *Creatour*; though otherwiſe *Atheiſt* enough.

Reaſon, though not permitted (with an over-daring

ring *Pompey*) to ruſh into the *Holy of Holies*, yet maybe allowed to be a *Proſelyte of the Gate*; and, with thoſe *devout Greeks*, to worſhip in the *Court of the Gentiles*.

Natural Lights, or the *Law* written in the heart, improved by that γνωστὸν θεοῦ which is written in the Book of the *Creature* in *Capital Letters*, ſo that he that runs may read, is that, which this *Treatiſe* bears Witneſs to. Where theſe διάνυσμοι, thoſe *heaven-born-lights* are ſet up in the Soul of man, like thoſe *twin-flames* on the *Mariners ſhrowd*, their preſage an *happy voyage* to the fair *Havens*.

As for the boſom-ſecrets of God, *Goſpel-Myſteries*, the *Mercy-ſeat* it ſelf, into which the *Angels* deſire παρακύψαι, *Reaſon's plumb-line* will prove too ſhort to fathom them; here we muſt cry with the *Apoſtle*, Ὦ βάθος! *Reaſon* may not come into theſe *Seas*, except ſhe ſtrike her *Top-ſail*; here we may ſay with *Ariſtotle* at the brink of *Euripus*, not being able to give an account of the *Ebbs*, and *Flows*, *If I cannot comprehend thee, thou ſhalt me*.

It is *Storied* of *Democritus*, that he put out his *Eyes*, that he might contemplate the better: I do not counſel you to do ſo; but, if you would wink with one, the *Eye* of *Reaſon* (captivate every thought to the obedience of *Chriſt*) you might, with that other of *Faith*, take the better aim at the mark, to obtain the price of the high calling in *Jeſus Chriſt*.

Poſſibly an expreſſion, or two (more there are not) may ſeem to ſpeak too much in *Reaſon's* behalf; but, if well examined, will prove nothing to the prejudice of *free Grace*: the whole ſcope of the Book endeavouring to fix thoſe land-marks, and juſt bounds betwixt *Religion*, and *Reaſon*, which ſome (too ſuperciliouſly *brow-beating* the *hand-maid*, and others too much *magnifying* her) have removed.

Theſe

These *Exercises* suit well with the place where, and the *Auditours*, to whom they were delivered; but, like *Aristotle's* Ἀκροάσεις ἐσωτεραὶ, these are not for *vulgar Ears*: these *Lucubrations* are so *elaborate*, that they smell of the Lamp, *The Candle of the Lord.*

As concerning the *Authour* of this *Treatise*, how great his *Parts* were, and how well improved (as it may appear by this *Work*) so they were fully known, and the loss of them sufficiently bewailed by those, among whom he lived, and conversed; and yet I must say of him, Ἄνθρωπον τι ἦσθον. And as it is hard for men to be under *affliction*, but they are liable to censures, *Luke* xiii. 2, 4. so it fared with him, who was looked upon by some, as one, whose *eyes* were lofty, and whose *eyelids* lifted up; who bare himself too high upon a conceit of his *Parts*: although they, that knew him intimately, are most willing to be his *Compurgatours* in this particular. Thus prone are we to think the Staff under the *Water* crooked, though we know it to be streight: however, turn thine *eyes* inward, and censure not thine own fault so severely in others. Cast not the first stone, except thou finde thy self without this fault: dare not to search too curiously into ἀνεξιχνίαστα κρίματα of God; but rather learn that Lesson of the *Apostles* in that elegant *Paranomasy*, Μὴ ὑπερφρονεῖν παρ' ὃ δεῖ φρονεῖν, ἀλλὰ φρονεῖν εἰς τὸ σωφρονεῖν, *Rom.* xii. 3.

Thus, not willing longer to detain thee from the perusal of this *Discourse*, I commend both thee, and it to the blessing of God, and rest

Thine to serve thee in all

Christian *Offices*,

RI. CULVERWEL.

Christian Officer,

RL CULVERWEL.

A DISCOURSE
Of the LIGHT of NATURE.

PROVERBS xx. 27.

נר יהוה נשמת אדם *Mens hominis lucerna Domini*; The underſtanding of a man *is* the Candle of the Lord.

Φῶς Κυρίου, πνοὴ ἀνθρώπων. Septuag. λύχνος Κυρίου, *Aquin. Symm. Theod.* Λαμπτὴρ Κυρίου. Sic alii.

CHAP. I.

The *Porch*, or *Introduction*.

IT is a work, that requires our choiceſt thoughts, the exacteſt diſcuſſion, that can be; a thing very material, and deſirable, to give unto *Reaſon* the things, that are *Reaſon's*, and unto *Faith* the things, that are *Faith's*, to give *Faith* her full ſcope, and latitude, and to give *Reaſon* alſo her juſt bounds, and limits; this is the firſt-borne, but the other ha's the bleſſing. And yet there is no ſuch a vaſt *hiatus* neither, ſuch a μέγα χάσμα between them, as ſome would imagine: there is no ſuch implacable

antipathy, no ſuch irreconcileable jarring between them, as ſome do fancy to themſelves; they may very well ſalute one another ἁγίῳ φιλήματι, *oſculo Pacis*; *Reaſon*, and *Faith* may kiſs each other. There is a twin-light ſpringing from both, and they both ſpring from the ſame Fountain of light, and they both ſweetly conſpire in the ſame end, the glory of that being, from which they ſhine, and the welfare, and happineſs of that being, upon which they ſhine. So that to blaſpheme *Reaſon*, 'tis to reproach Heaven it ſelf, and to diſhonour the God of *Reaſon*, to queſtion the beauty of his Image, and by a ſtrange ingratitude to ſlight this great and Royal gift of our Creatour. For 'tis he, that ſet up theſe two great Luminaries in every Heavenly ſoul, *the Sun to rule the day, and the Moon to rule the night*, and though there be ſome kind of creatures, that will bark at this leſſer light, and others ſo ſeverely critical, as that they make Mountains of thoſe ſpots, and freckles, which they ſee in her face; yet others know how to be thankfull for her weaker beams, and will follow the leaſt light of God's ſetting up, though it be but *the Candle of the Lord*.

But ſome are ſo ſtrangely prejudiced againſt *Reaſon* & that upon ſufficient reaſon too, as they think, which yet involves a flat contradiction) as that they look upon it not as *the Candle of the Lord*, but as on ſome blazing Comet, that portends preſent ruine to the Church, and to the ſoul, and carries a fatal, and venemous influence along with it. And becauſe the unruly head of *Socinus*, and his followers, by their meer pretenſes to *Reaſon*, have made ſhipwrack of *Faith*, and have been very injurous to the Goſpel; therefore the weak, and ſtaggering apprehenſions are afraid of underſtanding any thing; and think, that the very name of *Reaſon*, eſpecially in a *Pulpit*, in matters of Religion, muſt needs have at leaſt a thouſand Hereſies couched in it. *If* you do but offer to make a *Syllogiſm*, they'l ſtraightway cry it down for *carnal reaſoning*. What would theſe men have? Would they be baniſhed from their own *eſſences*? Would they forfeit, and renounce their underſtandings? or have they any to forfeit, or diſclaim? Would they put out this *Candle of the Lord*, *intellectuals* of his own lighting? or have they any to put out? would they creep into ſome lower *ſpecies*, and go a grazing with *Nebuchadnezzar* among the beaſts of the field? or are they not there already? Or, if they them-

themſelves can be willing to be ſo ſhamefully degraded, do they think, that all others too are bound to follow their example? Oh, what hard thoughts have theſe of Religion? do they look upon it only as on a bird of prey, that comes to peck out the eyes of men? Is this all the nobility, that it gives, that men by vertue of it muſt be beheaded preſently? do's it chop off the *intellectuals* at one blow? Let's hear awhile what are the offences of *Reaſon*? are they ſo heinous, and capital? what ha's it done? what laws ha's it violated? whoſe commands ha's it broken? what did it ever do againſt the Crown, and Dignity of Heaven, or againſt the peace, and tranquility of men? Why are a weak, and perverſe Generation, ſo angry, and diſpleaſed with it? Is it becauſe this *Daughter of the morning* is fallen from her primitive glory? from her original vigour, and perfection? Far be it from me to extenuate that great, & fatal overthrow, which the ſons of men had in their firſt, and original Apoſtaſie from their God; that, under which the whole Creation ſighs, and groans: but, this we are ſure, it did not annihilate the ſoul, it did not deſtroy the eſſence, the powers, and faculties, nor the operations of the ſoul; though it did defile them, and diſorder them, and every way indiſpoſe them.

Well then, becauſe the eye of *Reaſon* is weakned, and vitiated, will they therefore pluck it out immediately? and muſt *Leah* be hated upon no other account, but becauſe ſhe is *blear-eyed*? The whole head is wounded, & akes, and is there no other way, but to cut it off? *The Candle of the Lord* do's not ſhine ſo clearly, as it was wont, muſt it therefore be extinguiſhed preſently? Is it not better to enjoy the faint and languiſhing light of this *Candle of the Lord*, rather then to be in palpable, and diſconſolate darkneſs? There are indeed but a few ſeminal ſparks left in the aſhes, and muſt there be whole floods of water caſt on them to quench them? 'Tis but an old imperfect *Manuſcript*, with ſome Broken periods, ſome letters worn out; muſt they therefore with an unmerciful indignation rend it, and tear it aſunder? 'Tis granted, that the picture ha's loſt its gloſs, and beauty, the oriency of its colous, the elegancy of its lineaments, the comlineſs of its proportion; muſt it therefore be totally defac'd? muſt it be made one great blot? and muſt the very frame of it be broken in pieces? Would you perſwade the Lutaniſt to cut all his ſtrings

in ſunder, becauſe they are out of Tune? And will you break the Bowe upon no other account, but becauſe it's unbended? becauſe men have not ſo much of *Reaſon* as they ſhould, will they therefore reſolve to have none at all? Will you throw away your Gold, becauſe it's mix'd with droſs? Thy very Being, that's imperfect too, thy graces, they are imperfect; wilt thou refuſe theſe alſo? And then conſider, that the very apprehending the weakneſs of *Reaſon*, even this in ſome meaſure comes from *Reaſon*. *Reaſon*, when awakned, it feels her own wounds, it hears her own jarrings, ſhe ſees the dimneſs of her own ſight. 'Tis a glaſs, that diſcovers its own ſpots, and muſt it therefore be broke in pieces? *Reaſon* her ſelf ha's made many ſad complaints unto you; ſhe ha's told you often, and that with tears in her eyes, what a great ſhipwrack ſhe ha's ſuffered, what goods ſhe ha's loſt, how hardly ſhe eſcaped with a poor decayed Being; ſhe ha's ſhewn you often ſome broken reliques, as the ſad remembrancers of her former ruines; ſhe told you how that, when ſhe ſwam for her life, ſhe had nothing, but two, or three Jewels about her, two, or three *common notions*; and would you rob her of them alſo? *Is* this all your tenderneſs, and compaſſion? Is this your kindneſs to your friend? Will you trample upon her now ſhe is ſo low? Is this a ſufficient cauſe to give her a *Bill of Divorcement*, becauſe ſhe ha's loſt her former beauty, and fruitfulneſs?

Or is *Reaſon* thus offenſive to them, becauſe ſhe cannot graſp, and comprehend the things of God? Vain men, will they pluck out their eyes, becauſe they cannot look upon the Sun in his brightneſs, and glory? What, though *Reaſon* cannot reach to the depths, to the bottomes of the *Ocean*, may it not therefore ſwim, and hold up the head, as well as it can? What, though it cannot enter into the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, and pierce within the Veil; may it not, notwithſtanding, ly in the Porch, *at the gate of the Temple called* Beautiful, *and be a Door-keeper in the Houſe of its God*? Its wings are clipt indeed, it cannot flie ſo high, as it might have done; it cannot flie ſo ſwiftly, ſo ſtrongly, as once it could: will they not therefore allow it to move, to ſtir, to flutter up and down, as well as it can? The Turrets, and Pinnacles of the ſtately ſtructure are fallen: will they therefore demoliſh the whole Fabrick, and ſhake the very Foundations of it, and down with it to the ground? Though it be not a *Jacob's*

Ladder

Ladder to climbe up to Heaven by, yet may they not uſe it as a ſtaff to walk upon Earth withall? And then *Reaſon* it ſelf knows this alſo, and acknowledges, that 'tis dazled with the Majeſty, and Glory of God; that it cannot pierce into his myſterious, and unſearchable ways; it never was ſo vain, as to go about to meaſure immenſity by its own finite Compaſs, or to ſpan out abſolute Eternity by its own more imperfect duration. True *Reaſon* did never go about to comprize the *Bible* in its own Nut-ſhel. And, if *Reaſon* be content with its own *Sphere*, why ſhould it not have the liberty of its proper motion?

3. *Is* it, becauſe it oppoſes the things of God, and wrangles againſt the Myſteries of Salvation, is it therefore excluded? An heinous and frequent accuſation indeed; but nothing more falſe, and injurious: and if it had been *an open Enemy*, that had done her this wrong, why then ſhe could have born it; but it's thou, her *friend*, and *companion*, ye have *took ſweet counſel together*, and have entred into the Houſe of God as friends, 'tis you, that have your dependance upon her; that cannot ſpeak one word to purpoſe againſt her, without her help, and aſſiſtance. What mean you thus to revile your moſt intimate, and inſeparable ſelf? why do you thus ſlander your own Beings? would you have all this to be true, which you ſay? Name but the time if you can, when ever right *Reaſon* did oppoſe one *jot*, or *apex* of the word of God. Certainly, theſe men ſpeak of diſtorted *Reaſon* all this while. Surely they do not ſpeak of the *Candle of the Lord*, but of ſome ſhadow, and appearance of it. But if they tell us, that all *Reaſon* is diſtorted, whether then is theirs ſo, in telling us ſo? if they ſay that they do not know this by *Reaſon*, but by the Word of God, whether then is that their *Reaſon*, when it acknowledges the Word of God? whether is it then diſtorted, or no? Beſides, if there were no right *Reaſon* in the World, what difference between ſobriety, and madneſs, between theſe men, and wiſer ones? how then were the *Heathen left without excuſe*, who had nothing to ſee by, but this *Candle of the Lord*? & how do's this thruſt men below *ſenſitive* creatures? for better have no *Reaſon* at all, then ſuch as do's perpetually deceive them, and delude them.

4. Or do's *Reaſon* thus diſpleaſe them, becauſe the blackeſt Errours ſometimes come under the fair diſguiſe of ſo beautifull a name, and have ſome tincture of *Reaſon* in them? But truly this is

so far from being a disparagement to *Reason*, as that 'tis no small commendation of it; for πρόσωπον χρὴ θέμιν τηλαυγές, Men love to put a plausible title, a winning frontispiece upon the foulest Errours. Thus Licentiousness would fain be called by the name of Liberty; and all Dissoluteness would fain be countenanced, and secured under the Patronage, and Protection of free-Grace. Thus wickedness would willingly forget its own name, and adopt it self into the family of goodness. Thus *Arminianism* pleads for it self under the specious notion of *God's love to Mankind*. Thus that silly Errour of *Antinomianism* will needs stile it self an *Evangelical Honey-comb*. Thus all irregularities, and anomalies in Church Affairs, must pride themselves in those glittering titles of a *New Light*, *A Gospel-way*, *An Heaven upon Earth*. No wonder then that some also pretend to *Reason*, who yet run out of it, and beyond it, and besides it; but must none therefore come near it? because *Socinus* ha's burnt his wings at this *Candle of the Lord*, must none therefore make use of it?

May he not be conquer'd with his own weapons, and beat out of his own strong holds, and may not the head of an *uncircumcised Philistine* be cut off with his own sword?

Or lastly, are they thus afraid of *Reason*, because by vertue of this, men of wit, and subtilty, will presently argue, and dispute them into an Errour, so as that they shall not be able to disintangle a Truth, though in it self it be never so plain, and unquestionable? But first, *Reason* it self tells them, that it may be thus, and so prepares, and fortifies them against such a tryal; and then, this only shews, that some mens *Reason* is not so well advanc'd and improv'd, either as it might be, or as others is; a sharper edge would quickly cut such difficulties a sunder. Some have more refined and clarifi'd intellectuals, more vigorous and sparkling eyes than others, and one soul differs from another in glory; and that reason, which can make some shift to maintain Errour, might with a great deal less sweat, and pains, maintain a Truth.

There's no question, but that *Bellarmine*, and the rest of the learned *Papists* could have, if they had pleased, far more easily defended the *Protestant* Religion, than that of their own. Besides, the vigour, and triumph of *Reason* is principally to be seen in those first-born-beams, those pure and unspotted irradiations, that shine from it; *I* mean those first bublings up of common Principles,

ples, that are own'd, and acknowledg'd by all; and those evident, and kindly derivations, that flow from them. *Reason* shews her face more amiably and pleasantly in a pure and clear stream, then in those mudded and troubled waters, in which the Scholemen (that have leasure enough) are always fishing. Nay, some of their works are like so many raging Seas, full of perpetual tossings, and disquietings, and foamings, and sometimes casting up mire, and dirt; and yet these vast and voluminous *Leviathans* love to sport therein, and that, which is most intolerable, these grand σοφοί, that seem'd so zealous for *Reason*, at length in expres terms disclaim it; and in a most blindfold, and confused manner, cry up their great *Diana*, their Idol of Transubstantiation; and the *Lutherans* are very fierce against *Reason* too, much upon the same account, because it would never allow of that their monstrous and mis-shapen lump of Consubstantiation.

But why have *I* all this while beaten the air, and spilt words upon the ground? why do *I* speak to such, as are incurable, and incapable?, for if we speak *Reason* to them, that's that, which they so much disclaim: if we do not speak *Reason* to them, that were to disclaim it too.

But *I* speak to men, to Christians, to the friends of learning; to the professours of *Reason*: to such as put *this Candle of the Lord* into a golden Candlestick, and pour continual Oil into it. Yet lest any among you, *Athenians*, should erect an Alter *to an unknown God*; lest you should ignorantly worship him, we will declare him to you.

And that, which we have now said, may serve as a Porch, and Preamble, to what we shall speak hereafter out of those words,

Where we shall see.

First, How *The understanding of a man is the Candle of the Lord.*

Secondly, What this *Candle of the Lord* discovers; where we shall finde,

First, That all the Moral Law is founded in natural, and common light of *Reason.*

Secondly, That there's nothing in the mysteries of the Gospel contrary to the light of *Reason*; nothing repugnant to this light, that shines from *the Candle of the Lord.*

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

The Explication of the Words.

NOw as for the *words* themselves, we cannot better judge of the fitness of this expression, then by considering *who* it was, that spoke it.

Now these *words* were spoken by him, that had a large portion of *Intellectuals*, one, that was ἔξοχος ἀνθρώπων κεφαλῇ, they were spoken by *Solomon*, in whom *the Candle of the Lord* did shine very clearly; one, that had ask'd this, as the choicest favour, that he could expect from the Bounty of Heaven, to have a glorious lamp of knowledge shine in his soul for the enlightning of it. And though the envious *Jews* would faine perswade the world, that he lighted his Candle at Hell it self; for they esteemed hin no better, then a *Magician*, as they esteemed him also, that was greater then *Solomon*: yet we know very well, that *Solomon*'s was a purer Candle, then to be lighted at a *Lake of fire, and brimstone*; 'twas not of *Lucifer*'s setting up, but it came from *the Father of lights*, 'twas lighted with *Sun-beams* from Heaven.

And 'tis a modest, and humble expression in him to call his understanding *the Candle of the Lord*, when as the world look'd upon him as a Star of the *first magnitude*, nay, as a Sun shining in the Firmament, gilding the world with knowledge, scattering beams of light, sparkling out in wise and *Proverbial* sayings; so that the bordering Princes, and Nations are ready to adore such an orient Light, and the *Queen of the South* thinks it no small happiness to sit under the shadow of it. But yet to be sensible of his own narrow Sphere, of his own finite Compass, and influence, did not at all take from his lustre; but did rather set it off, and add to his Glory.

Thus that Wise man among the *Heathen*, *Socrates*, did so far complain of the weakness of his *Candle-light*, as that he tels us his lamp would shew him nothing, but his own darkness. And, though a wiser then *Socreats* be here, yet he is much in the same measure

sensible

enſible of the dimneſs of his own *Intellectuals*. And yet he was one, that had made many diſcoveries with this *Candle of the Lord*, he had ſearch'd into the Mines, and ſeveral Veins of knowledge; he had ſearch'd into the *hid Treaſures* of wiſdome, he had ſearch'd into the depth of *State-affairs*, he had ſearch'd into the bowels of *Natural Cauſes*, into the *Magnalia & Myſteria of* Nature; as if, among many other Wives, he had eſpouſed *Nature* alſo to himſelf: he had ſearch'd into the ſeveral *Tempers*, and *intellectual Complexions* of men; he had ſearch'd long enough with this *Candle of the Lord*, to ſee if he could find any *good under the Sun*. he went with his *Candle* to finde out a *ſummum bonum*; he ſearch'd into all the corners of *Being*: and, at length, being ſufficiently wearied, you may ſee him ſitting down; you may hear him complaining that he had but ſpent, and waſted *the Candle of the Lord* in vain: for ſo much is implyed in רעות רוח, this was but *depaſtio ſpiritûs*, as he himſelf call it.

Yet he was one, that ſhewed others, how they might make better improvement of their *Intellectual Lamp*; and this was his wiſeſt advice, that he gave upon his moſt mature, and concocted thoughts, this was *tanquam mox emorituræ lucernæ ſupremus fulgor*; That men would only follow this *Candle of the Lord*, as it directs them in the ways of God, which are ways of ſweetneſs, and pleaſantneſs: for this was כל האדם the very end *why* God ſet up ſuch a light in the ſoul, that it migh ſearch out its Creatour with it.

And as for the minde of the *words*, though one would think they were very clear, and ſhining with their own light, yet *Interpreters* are pleaſed to cloud them, to turn light it ſelf into a *Chaos*, and to caſt darkneſs upon the face of the *Text*; like ſome unskilful ones, while they go about to ſnuff the *Candle*, they put it out: but we'l try, whether it can be blown in again.

We ſhall reduce their ſeveral meanings to theſe three heads.

Firſt, Some would have it thus; *The Candle of the Lord is in the underſtanding of a man*: as if the words did run thus, בנשמת אדם נר יהוה *Lucerna Domini in mente hominis*, that is, *God with his Candle diſcovers the very thoughts, and intentions of men, he ſearches into every corner of the heart*; *he ha's* lucernam in corde, *he ſpies out every Atome, he perceives the firſt ſtarting of a motion, the firſt peeping out of a thought*. But this, though it be very

true, yet is nothing to the purpose here.

Secondly, Some *gloss* upon the words thus; *The understanding of man, when 'tis enlightned with supernatural knowledg, is then* the Candle of the *Lord*. But these do rather dictate to *Solomon*, and tell him what they would have him say; they do rather frame, and fashion a *Proverb* to themselves, then explain his meaning: and these are they, that are afraid to give *natural light*, and *natural reason* their due. But,

Thirdly, I shall fully agree with them, that take this for the proper, and genuine meaning of the place, that *God hath breathed into all the sons of men* Reasonable *souls, which may serve, as so many* Candles, *to enlighten, and direct them in the searching out their Creatour, in the discovering of other* inferiour Beings, *and themselves also*. And this is that, which is here implyed by נשמת אדם that same *spiraculum vitæ*, nay, that same immortal breath, that same rational breath quickned by God himself, and flowing from him, as a pure derivation from his own *Being*, and thus the *Hebrew Doctours* do still look upon this word נשמת as that, which does express τὸ νοῦν, *animam rationis participem*, and (as they observe) it ha's a plain vicinity with שמים, but to be sure the *Being* is derived from thence, whether the word be, or no. So then נשמת it points out the supreme region, the very top, and flower of a *reasonable* soul, τὴν τὸ ψυχῆς κορυφήν· as נפש do's speak nothing, but the dregs, and bottom of it, the *inferiour*, and *sensitive* soul. The *Apostle Paul*, in his learned Speech to the *Athenians*, mentions them both, and calls them very significantly ζωὴν, καὶ πνοὴν and so some also take that other place of the *Apostle* in that accurate Discourse of his to the *Corinthians*, that, which he calls ψυχὴν ζῶσαν, they call it נפש חיה, and that, which he terms πνεῦμα ζωοποιοῦν, they render it נשמת חים, though it be true also that sometimes they take the word נפש in a more *generical* sense, for thus they tell us, there are in man three נשמות. (1) הצומחת the *vegetable* soul, a soul in the bud, the very blossom, and flower of life; (2) הבהמית *anima bruti*, a soul looking out at the window of *sence*; (3) נפש החכמה a soul sparkling, and glittering with *intellectuals*, a soul crowned with light, and this is the same with נשמת. Now, as for that other word רוח though sometimes the mind of man, his *intellectual* part, be expressed by it; yet the word, in its own nature, is a great

great deal more large, and comprehenſive; and as it extends to ſome *material Beings*, ſo it reaches to all *ſpirituals*, hence רוח יהוה רוח הקדש: and the *Angels* both *good*, and *bad*, frequently come under this name; but when 'tis put for the *minde*, and *ſpirit* of man, yet I finde it very well differenced from נשמה; for רוח doth properly import *impetum animi*, *motum mentis*, the *vigour*, and *energy of the ſoul*, ἐνέργειαν rather then νῦν, and the *Hebrew* Doctours are pleaſed to tell us the ſeveral ſituations of theſe, רוח they ſay is *in corde*, נשמה *in cerebro*, נפש *in hepate*. Now, though I know, that ſome places in the *New Teſtament*, which ſpeak of *ſoul*, and *ſpirit*, meet with this *Interpretation*, that *ſpirit* there is the *pureſt* eminency, the *moſt refined* part of the ſoul; yet this is not at all prejudicial to what we now ſpeak of: for firſt, they may take it for the *regenerate* part of the ſoul, that, which the *Apoſtle* calls the *New Creature*; or elſe, Secondly, ſuppoſe it be ſpoke of the ſoul in its *natural* condition, 'tis worth the conſidering then, whether it would not be better rendred by נשמת then רוח as נשמת here is rendred *the ſpirit of a man*: but, Thirdly, grant, that רוח be more anſwerable to it, and that רוח ſhould have the worth, and precedency of נשמת, which yet will ſcarce ever be ſhewen, or explained; yet this is very ſure, and unqueſtionable, that נשמה do's very properly ſpeak a *reaſonable ſoul*, and that the more peculiarly, becauſe, when *Moſes* ſpeaks of that very moment, when 'twas created, and breathed into man, he calls it נשמת חיים and the *Arabian Interpreter* keeps as cloſe to the words, as ſo vaſt a *Dialect* will give leave, and ſtiles it נסמה אלחיאה *halitus vitæ*. And 'tis ſomewhat worth the wond'ring at, that that *learned Interpreter* of *Geneſis*, who is ſo well verſed in *Rabbinical* Writings, ſhould yet expound that of the *ſenſitive*. But they run as far into the other extreme, that would underſtand נשמת of a ſoul advanc'd above it ſelf by *ſupernatural Principles*: and I think this ſenſe will ſcarce be owned by any, that can conſtrue *Hebrew*.

So then, theſe words are a brief commendation of *Natural Light*, of the Light of *Reaſon*. For the farther clearing of which we muſt enquire; Firſt, What *Nature* is. Secondly, What the *Law of Nature* is. Thirdly, What the *Light of Nature* is.

CHAP. III.

What Nature *is.*

THE *words* being to be underſtood of *Lumen Naturale* according to the minds of the beſt, and moſt *Interpreters*, it will be very needful to enquire what *Nature* is, and here we will be ſure not to ſpeak one word for *Nature*, which ſhall in the leaſt meaſure tend to the eclipſing of *Grace*; nay, nothing, but what ſhall make for the greater brightening, and amplifying of the *free Grace*, and *diſtinguiſhing goodneſs* of God in *Chriſt*; and nothing, but what an *Auguſtine*, or a *Eradwardine*, thoſe great Patrons of *Grace*, would willingly ſet their ſeals unto.

Well then, as for *Nature*, though it be not far from any one of us, though it be ſo intimate to our very *Beings*, though it be printed, and engraved upon our *eſsences*, and not upon ours onely, but upon the whole Creation, and though we put all the letters, and Characters of it together, as well as we can: yet we ſhall finde it hard enough, to ſpell it out, and read what it is. For, as it is in *corporeal viſion*, the too much approximation, and vicinity of an object, do's ſtop up, and hinder ſight: ſo 'tis alſo many times in *Intellectual Opticks*, we ſee ſome things better at a diſtance; the Soul cannot ſo eaſily ſee its own face, nor ſo fully explain its own nature. We need ſome *Scholiaſt*, or *Interpreter*, to *comment* upon our own *Beings*, and to acquaint us with our own *Idioms*: and *I* meet with many *Authours*, that ſpeak of the *Light of Nature*; but I can ſcarce finde one, that tells us *what* it is. Thoſe famous, and learned *Triumviri*; SELDEN, that ha's made it his work to write *De Jure Naturali*; and *Grotius*, that ha's ſaid ſomewhat of it in his Book *De Jure Belli & Pacis*; and *Salmaſius*, that ha's touch'd it in his late Treatiſe *De Coma*, and in his little *Dialogue* ſubordinate to it, in either of which, if he had pleaſed, he might have deſcribed it without a digreſſion:

yet

yet none of theſe (as far as I can find) give us the leaſt adumbration of it; which notwithſtanding was the rather to be expected from them, becauſe the *Philoſophers* had left it in ſuch a cloudy, and obſcured manner, as if they had never ſeen *Nature* face to face, but onely through a glaſs darkly, and in a Riddle. And, as we read of a *Painter*, that repreſented *Nature* appearing to *Ariſtotle* with a Veil, and Mask upon her face: ſo truly *Ariſtotle* himſelf painted her, as he ſaw her, with her Veil on; for he ſhews her onely wrapped up, and muffled in *matter*, and *form*; whereas, methinks, he, that could ſet *Intelligences* to the wheel to ſpin out *time*, and *motion*, ſhould have allowed them alſo ſome natural ability for performing ſo famous a task, and employment, which his head ſet them about. And truly why *Angelical Beengs* ſhould be baniſhed from the *Common-wealth* of *Nature*; nay; why they ſhould not properly belong to *Phyſicks*, as well as other particular *Beings*; or why *Bodies* onely ſhould engroſs, and monopolize *Natural Philoſophy*, and why a *Soul* cannot be admitted into it, unleſs it bring a *Certificate*, and *Commendamus* from the *Body*, is a thing altogether unaccountable, unleſs it be reſolved into a meer Arbitrary Determination, and a *Philoſophical* kind of *Tyranny*.

And yet *Ariſtotle*'s Deſcription of *Nature* ha's been held very ſacred, and ſome of the *Scholemen* do even dote upon it. *Aquinas* tells us in plain Terms; *Deridendi ſunt, qui volunt* Ariſtotelis *definitionem corrigere*. The truth is, I make no queſtion, but that *Ariſtotle*'s Definition is very commenſurate to what he meant by *Nature*; but, that he had the true, and *adæquate notion* of *Nature*, this *I* think *Aquinas* himſelf can ſcarce prove: and I would fain have him to explain what it is for a thing *innoteſcere lumine Naturæ*, if *Nature* be onely *principium motûs & quietis*. Yet *Plutarch* alſo in this point ſeems to compromiſe with *Ariſtotle* and after a good, ſpecious, and hopeful *Preface*, where he ſaith, that he muſt needs tell us what *Nature* is, after all this preparation he do's moſt palpably reſtrain it to *corporeal Beings*, and then votes it to be ἀρχὴ κινήσεως καὶ ἠρεμίας. And *Empedocles*, (as he is quoted by him) will needs exerciſe his *Poetry*, and make ſome *Verſes* upon *Nature*, and you would think, at the

firſt

firſt daſh, that they were in a good lofty ſtrain; for thus he ſings,

——— φύσις ὑλώδης ἐστὶν ἀνάγκη
Θνητῶν, ὃ Ντις ὑλομὸν δυσάπιστο γενέθλης.

'Twas not of a *mortal, withering off-ſpring*, nor of *a fading Genealogy*; but yet truely his *Poetical raptures* were not ſo high, as to elevate him above a *body*, for he preſently ſinks into ὕλην, he falls down into *matter*, and makes *Nature* nothing elſe, but that which is *ingenerable*, and *incorruptible* in *material Beings*; juſt as the *Peripateticks* ſpeak of their *Materia prima*. But *Plato*, who was more ſpiritual in his *Philoſophy*, chides ſome of his Contemporaries, and is extreamly diſpleaſed with them, and that very juſtly, for they were degenerated into a moſt ſtupid *Atheiſm*, and reſolved all *Beings* into one of theſe three *Originals*, that they were either διὰ φύσιν, διὰ τύχην, διὰ τέχνην. They were either the workmanſhip of *Nature*, or of *Fortune*, or of *Art*. Now as for the firſt, and chief *corporeal Beings*, they made them the productions of *Nature*, that is, (ſay they) they ſprung from eternity into *Being* by their own *impetus*, and by their own virtue, and efficacy, ἄνευ τινὸς αἰτίας αὐτομάτης, like ſo many natural *automata*, they were the *Principles* of their own *Being*, and *Motion*: and this they lay down for one of their *Axioms*; Τὰ μὲν μέγιστα, καὶ κάλλιστα ἀπεργάζεσθαι φύσιν, καὶ τύχην· τὰ δ' σμικρότερα τέχνην· *All the Maſter-pieces of* Being, *the moſt lovely, and beautiful Pictures were drawn by Nature, and Fortune; and Art onely could reach to ſome poor rudiments, to ſome ſhadows, and weaker imitations*: which you will be ſomewhat amazed at, when you hear by and by what theſe τὰ σμικρότερα were.

The foundation of *Being*, that they ſaid was *Natural*, the mutation, and diſpoſing of *Being*, that they made the employment of *Fortune*; and then they ſaid the work of *Art* was to finde out *Laws*, and *Morality*, and *Religion*, and a *Deity*; theſe were the τὰ σμικρότερα they ſpake of before.

But that *Divine Philoſopher* do's moſt admirably diſcover the prodigious folly of this opinion, and demonſtrate the impoſſibility of it in that excellent Diſcourſe of his, in his tenth Book *De Legibus*, where he do's moſt clearly, and convincingly ſhew, That thoſe things, which they ſay were framed by *Art*, were in duration infinitely before that, which they call *Nature*; That ψυχὴ ἐστὶ πρεσβυτέρα σώματος that *ſpirituals* have the ſeniority of *corporeals*.

als. This he makes to appear by their (1) πρωτοκινησίᾳ, (2) αὐτοκινησίᾳ, (3) ἀλλοκινησίᾳ. For these three, though they be not expressly mentioned in him, yet they may very easily be collected from him. *Souls* they move themselves, and they move *Bodies* too, and therefore must needs be *first* in motion, so that νοῦς, καὶ τέχνη, καὶ νόμος, τῶν σκληρῶν, καὶ μαλακῶν, καὶ βαρέων, καὶ κουφῶν πρότερα ἂν εἴη. *Reason*, and *Religion*, *Laws* and *Prudence* must needs be before *Density*, and *Rarity*, before *Gravity*, and *Levity*, before all *conditions*, and *dimensions* of *Bodies*. And *Laws*, and *Religion*, they are indeed τοῦ νοῦ γεννήματα· that is, the *contrivances*, and *productions* of that eternal νοῦς, and λόγος, the *wisdom* of God himself.

So that all, that *Plato* will allow to *Nature*, amounts to no more, then this, that it is not δημιουργὸς, *opifex rerum*, but onely *Dei* δημιουργοῦντος *famula, & ministra. As the eyes of a Servant wait upon his Master, and as the eyes of an Handmaiden look up to her Mistress; so wait her eyes upon the Lord her God.* And he doth fully resolve, & determine, that *God* is the *soul* of the world, and *Nature* but the *body*; which must be took onely in *sensu florido*, in a flourishing, and *Rhetorical* sense: that *God* is the *fountain* of *Being*, and *Nature* but the *chanel*; that he is the *Kernel* of *Being*, and *Nature* but the *shell*. Yet herein *Plato* was defective, that he did not correct, and reform the abuse of this word *Nature*; that he did not scrue it up to an higher, and more spiritual notion. For 'tis very agreeable to the *choicest*, and *supremest Being*; And the *Apostle* tells us of ἡ θεῖα φύσις. So that 'tis time at length to draw the veil from *Nature*'s face, and to look upon her beauty.

And first, 'tis the usual language of many, both *Philosophers*, and others, to put *Nature* for *God* himself, or at least for the *general Providence* of God; and this, in the *Schoolemens* rough, and unpolishd'd *Latin*, is stiled *Natura naturans*; thus *Nature* is took for that *constant*, and *Catholick Providence*. that spreads its wings over all *created Beings*, and shrouds them under its warm, and happy protection. Thus that elegant *Moralist*, *Plutarch*, speaks more like to himself, then in his former Description; Πανταχοῦ γὰρ ἡ φύσις ἀκριβὴς, καὶ φιλότεχνος, ἀνελλιπὴς, καὶ ἀπερίτμητος. *Nature is in all things accurate, and punctual, 'tis not defective nor parcimonious, nor yet sprouting, and luxuriant.* And consonant

to

to this is that ſure Axiom; *Natura nihil facit fruſtrà.* Thus God ſet up the world, as a fair, and goodly Clock, to ſtrike in time, and to move in an orderly manner; not by its own weights (as *Durand* would have it) but by freſh influence from himſelf, by that inward, and intimate ſpring of immediate concourſe, that ſhall ſupply it in a moſt uniform, and proportionable manner.

Thus God framed this great *Organ* of the world, he turned it, yet not ſo, as that it could play upon it ſelf, or make any Muſick by virtue of this general compoſure, (as *Durand* fanſies it) but that it might be fitted, and prepared for the finger of God himſelf, and at the preſence of his powerful touch might ſound forth the praiſe of its Creatour, in a moſt ſweet, and harmonious manner.

And thus *Nature* is that *regular Line*, which the wiſdom of God himſelf ha's drawn in *Being*: τάξις γὰρ, ἢ τάξεως ἔργον, ἡ φύσις, as he ſpeaks; whereas that, which they miſcall'd *Fortune*, was nothing but a *line* fuller of *windings*, and *varieties*. And, as *Nature* was a *fixed*, and *ordinary* kinde of *Providence*; ſo *Fortune* was nothing, but a more *abſtruſe*, and *myſterious*, and *occult* kinde of *Providence*: and therefore *Fortune* was not blinde, as they falſely painted, and repreſented her; but they themſelves were blinde, and could not ſee into her. And in this ſenſe that ſpeech of that grave *Moraliſt*, *Seneca*, is very remarkable; *Providentia, Fatum, Natura, Caſus, Fortuna, ſunt ejuſdem Dei varia nomina.*

But then, ſecondly, *Nature*, as 'tis ſcattered, and diſtributed in *particular Beings*, ſo 'tis the very ſame with *Eſſence* it ſelf; and therefore *Spirituals*, as they have their *Eſſence*, ſo they have their *Nature* too: and, if we gloried in names, it would be eaſie to reap up a multitude of teſtimonies, in which theſe two muſt needs be ἰσοδυναμοῦντα.

And thus *Nature* ſpeaks theſe two things.

1) It points out *Originem entis*, 'tis the very *Genius* of *Entity*, 'tis preſent at the nativity of every *Being*, nay, 'tis *Being* it ſelf. There is no moment, in which you can imagine a thing to be, and yet to be without its *Nature*.

2) It ſpeaks *Operationem entis*, and 'tis a *Principle* of working in *ſpirituals*, as well as *Principium motûs & quietis* in *corporeals*.

All

All *Eſſence* bubbles out, flows forth, and *paraphraſes* upon it ſelf in *operations*. Hence it is, that ſuch workings, as are facilitated by *cuſtom*, are eſteemed *natural*. Hence that known ſpeech of *Galen*; Ἐπίκτητος φύσις πάλιν· *Cuſtoms are frequently adopted, and ingraſted into Nature*. Hence alſo our uſual *Idiom* calls a *good Diſpoſition* a *good Nature*. Thus the *Moraliſts* expreſs *Virtues*, or *Vices*, that are deeply rooted, by this term πρωτοφυία.

And ſo ſome, and *Grotius* amongſt the reſt, would underſtand that place of the Apoſtle, *Do's not even Nature it ſelf teach you*, of a *general cuſtom*: but that word Αὐτὴ ἡ φύσις do's plainly refuſe that interpretation; and the learned *Salmaſius* do's both grant, and evince, that it cannot be meant of *cuſtom* there. And thus, having ſeen what *Nature* is, 'twill be very eaſie, in the next place, to tell you what the *Law of Nature* is.

CHAP. IV.

Of the nature of a Law *in general.*

BEfore we can repreſent unto you the *Law of Nature*, you muſt firſt frame, and faſhion in your minds the juſt notion of a *Law* in *general*. And *Aquinas* gives us this ſhadowy repreſentation of it; *Lex eſt quædam regula, & menſura, ſecundum quam inducitur aliquis ad agendum, vel ab agendo retrahitur*. But *Suarez* offended with the latitude of this *Definition*, and eſteems it too ſpreading, and comprehenſive, as that, which extends to all *Naturals*, I, and to *Artificials* to; for they have *regulas, & menſuras operationum*. Thus God ha's ſet a *Law* to the *Waves*, aud a *Law* to the *Winds*; nay, thus *Clocks* have their *Laws*, and *Lutes* have their *Laws*, and whatſoever ha's the leaſt appearance of *motion*, ha's ſome *rule* proportionable to it. Whereas theſe workings were always reckoned to be at the moſt but *inclinationes, & pondera*, and not the fruits of a *legiſlative* power. But yet the *Apoſtle Paul*, to ſtain the pride of them, that gloried

in the *Law*, calls ſuch things by the name of *Law*, as were moſt *odious*, and *anomalous*. Thus he tells us of Νόμος θανάτου, & Νόμος ἁμαρτίας, though *ſin* be properly ἀνομία. Thus he mentions *Legem membrorum*, the ſame, which the *Scholemen* call *Legem fomitis*.

And yet this is ſure, that a *rational Creature* is onely capable of a *Law*, which is a *moral reſtraint*, and ſo cannot reach to thoſe things, that are *neceſſitated* to act *ad extremum virium*.

And therefore *Suarez* do's give us a more refined *Deſcription*, when he tells us, that *Lex eſt menſura quædam actuum moralium, ità ut, per conformitatem ad illam, Rectitudinem moralem habeant, &, ſi ab illa diſcordent, obliqui ſint.* "A Law is ſuch a juſt, and "regular turning of Actions, as that, by virtue of this, they may "conſpire into a moral Muſick, and become very pleaſant, and "harmonious. Thus *Plato* ſpeaks much of that Εὐρυθμία, & συμφωνία, that is in *Laws*, and in his ſecond Book *De Legibus* he do's altogether diſcourſe of Harmony, and do's infinitely prefer *mental*, and *intellectual Muſick*, thoſe powerful, and practical ſtrains of goodneſs, that ſpring from a well-compoſed ſpirit, before thoſe delicious blandiſhments, thoſe ſoft, and tranſient touches, that comply with ſenſe, and ſalute it in a more flattering manner: and he tells you of a *ſpiritual Dancing*, that is anſwerable to ſo ſweet a *Muſick*, to theſe τὰ θείοτατα αὐλήματα. Whileſt the *Laws* play in *conſort*, there is a *Chorus* of well-ordered affections, that are raiſed, and elevated by them.

And thus, as *Ariſtotle* well obſerves, ſome *Laws* were wont to be put in *Verſe*, and to be ſung, like ſo many pleaſant *Odes*, that might even charm the people into obedience.

'Tis true, that learned *Philoſopher* gives this reaſon of it, they were put into *Verſe*, ἵνα μὴ ἐπιλάθωνται, *that they might remember them the better*: but why may not this reaſon alſo ſhare with it, that they might come with a greater grace, and allurement, that they might hear them as pleaſantly, as they would do the voice of a *Vial*, or an *Harp*, that ha's *Rhetorick* enough to ſtill, and quiet the *evil ſpirit*? But yet this do's not ſufficiently paint out the *being* of a Law, to ſay, that 'tis onely *regula, & menſura*; and *Suarez* himſelf is ſo ingenuous, as to tell us, that he cannot reſt ſatisfied with this *Deſcription*, which he drew but with a *Coal*, as a Rudiment rather, then a full portraicture; and therefore we'll give him

ſome

ſome time to perfect it, and to put it into more *orient Colours.*

And, in the mean time, we'll look upon that *ſpeculative* Law-giver, *Plato* I mean, who was always new-modelling of *Laws*, and rolling *Political Ideas* in his minde.

Now you may ſee him gradually aſcending, and climbing up to the Deſcription of a *Law* by theſe four ſeveral ſteps, and yet he do's not reach the top, and ἀκμὴ of it neither. Firſt, he tells us, that *Laws* are τὰ Νομιζόμενα, *ſuch things, as are eſteemed fitting*; but becauſe this might extend to all kind of *Guſtoms* too, his ſecond thoughts limit, and contract it more, and tell us, that a *Law* is Δόγμα πόλεως, *Decretum civitatis*; yet, becauſe the maſs, and bulk of people, the rude head, and undigeſted lump of the multitude may ſeek to eſtabliſh τὸ Δόγμα πονηρὸν, as he calls it, therefore he bethinks himſelf how to *clarifie* a *Law*, how to purge out the *droſs* from it, and tells us in the next place, that it is τοῦ ὄντος ἐξεύρησις, *inventio ejus, quod verè eſt*, where it is very remarkable what this *Philoſopher* means by τὸ ὄν, by which he is wont uſually to point out a *Deity*, which is ſtiled by *Ariſtotle* ὂν ὄντων· but it is not capable of this ſenſe here; for thus *Laws* are not τοῦ ὄντος ἐξευρήσεις, but rather τοῦ ὄντος εὑρήματα. *Lex eſt inventio, vel donum Dei*, as the *Oratour* ſpeaks. Τὸ ὄν therefore in this place ſpeaks theſe two *Particulars*.

1. Τὸ ὀρθὸν for all *rectitude* ha's a *Being*, and flows from the *fountain of Being*; whereas *obliquities*, and *irregularities* are meer *privations*, and *non entities*; and 'tis a notable ſpeech of *Plato*, Τὸ μὲν ὀρθὸν νόμος ἐστὶ Βασιλικὸς, the very ſame expreſſion, which the *Apoſtle* gives to the *Law of God*, when he calls it the *royal Law*.

2. Τὸ ὄν implies τὸ χρηστὸν, every thing, that is *profitable*, ha's a *being* in it; but you can gather no fruit from a *privation*; there is no ſweetneſs in an *obliquity*, and therefore a *Law* is an wholſome mixture of that, that is *juſt*, and *profitable*, and this is τέλος τοῦ νόμου, as *Plutarch* ſpeaks. Whereas *turpe præceptum non eſt lex, ſed iniquitas*; for *obligation*, that's the very *form*, and *eſſence* of a *Law*: Now every Law *obligat in Nomine Dei*; but ſo glorious a name did never binde to any thing, that was wicked and unequal. Πᾶν δίκαιον ἡδὺ, & πᾶν δίκαιον ὠφέλιμον, and that onely is countenanced from heaven. The *golden Chain* of *Laws*, 'tis tied to the *chair* of *Jupiter*, and a command is onely vigorous, as it iſſues out, either immediately, or remotely, from the great *So-*

vereign of the world. So that τὸ ὄν, is the sure bottome, and foundation of every Law.

But then, because he had not yet express'd, who were the competent searches out of this τὸ ὄν, therefore he tells you in the last place, that *Laws* are πολιτικὰ συγγράμματα, which he clears by other things; for ἰατρικὰ συγγράμματα are ἰατρικοὶ νόμοι, & γεωμετρικὰ συγγράμματα are γεωμετρικοὶ νόμοι. And he resolves it into this, that in all true kinds of government there is some *supreme power*, derived from God himself, and fit to contrive *Laws*, and *Constitutions* agreeable to the welfare, and happiness of those, that are to be subject to them; and οἱ κρείττονες (as he speaks) are the fittest makers of *Law*.

Yet you must take notice here of these two things.

(1) That he had not lay stress enough upon that *binding* virtue, which is the very *sinew*, nay, the *life*, and *soul* of a *Law*.

(2) That these three *Descriptions*, τὰ νομιζόμενα, δόγμα πόλεως, πολιτικὰ συγγράμματα, intend onely *humane Laws*, and so are not boil'd up to the purer notion of a *Law* in *general*.

And, though that same other branch τοῦ ὄντος ἐξέρεσις may seem to reach farther yet, 'tis too obscure, too much in the clouds, to give a clear manifestation of the nature of a *Law*. And yet *Aristotle* do's not in this supply *Plato*'s defects, but seems rather to *paraphrase* upon these Descriptions of *humane Laws*, and tells in more enlarged language, that, Ὁ νόμος ἐστὶν ὁ λόγος ὡρισμένος καθ' ὁμολογίαν κοινὴν πόλεως, μηνύων πῶς δεῖ πράττειν ἕκαστα. Where yet he cannot possibly mean, that every *individuum* should give his suffrage; but certainly the *representative* consent of the whole will content him.

But *I* see these antient *Philosophers* are not so well furnish'd, but that we must return to the *Scholemen* again, who by this time have lick'd their former Descriptions into a more comely form. We will look upon *Aquinas* his, first.

Lex (saith he) *est ordinatio rationis ad bonum commune ab eo, qui curam habet Communitatis, promulgata.* "It is a rational Or-"dinance for the advancing of publick good, made known by "that power, which ha's care, and tuition of the publick.

And *Suarez* his picture of a Law, now that 'tis fully drawn, hath much the same aspect. *Lex est commune præceptum, justum, ac stabile, sufficienter promulgatum. A Law is a publick command*

mand, a juſt, and immovable command, lifting up its voice like a Trumpet: and, in reſpect of the Law-giver, though it do *præſupponere actum intellectûs*, as all *acts* of the *Will* do; yet it do's *formally* conſiſt *in actu voluntatis*: not the *Underſtanding*, but the *Will* of a Law-giver makes a Law. But in reſpect of him, that is ſubject to the Law, it do's conſiſt *in actu rationis*, 'tis required onely, that he ſhould know it; not *in actu voluntatis*, it do's not depend upon his obedience. The want of his Will is not enough to enervate, and invalidate a Law, when 'tis made; all Laws then would be abrogated every moment. His Will indeed is required to the execution, and fulfilling of the Law, not to the validity, and exiſtence of the Law: and thus all the Laws of God do not at all depend upon the will of man, but upon the power, and will of the Law-giver. Now in the framing of every Law there is to be

I. *Intentio boni communis*, and thus that Speech of *Carneades*, *Utilitas juſti prope mater, & æqui*, if it be took in this ſenſe, is very commendable: whereas in that other ſenſe (in which 'tis thought he meant it) it is not ſo much as tolerable. *Law-givers* ſhould ſend out Laws with *Olive-branches in their mouths*, they ſhould be *fruitful*, and *peaceable*; they ſhould drop ſweetneſs and fatneſs upon a Land. Let not then *Erambles* make Laws for *Trees*; leſt they ſcratch them, and tear them, and write their Laws in *blood*. But Law givers are to ſend out Laws, as the Sun ſhoots forth his beams, *with healing under their wings*: and thus that elegant *Moraliſt*, *Plutarch* ſpeaks. "God (ſaies he) is an-"gry with them, that counterfeit his Thunder, and Lightning, "ὐ σκῆπτρον, ὐ κέραυνον, ὐ τρίαιναν, his *Scepter*, and his *Thunder-*"*bolt*, and his *Trident*, he will not let them meddle with theſe. "He do's not love they ſhould imitate him in his abſolute domi-"nion, and ſovereignty; but loves to ſee them darting out thoſe "warm, and amiable, and cheriſhing ἀκτινοβολίας thoſe *beamings* "*out* of Juſtice, and Goodneſs, and Clemency. And as for Laws, they ſhould be like ſo many green, and pleaſant Paſtures, into which theſe ποιμένες λαῶν are to lead their *flocks*, where they may feed ſweetly, and ſecurely by thoſe refreſhing *ſtreams of Juſtice*, that *run down like water, and Righteouſneſs like a mighty Torrent*. And this conſideration would ſweep down many *cobweb-Laws*, that argue onely the venome, and ſubtilty of them, that ſpin them

them; this would ſweep down many an *Achitophel's* web, and many an *Haman's* web, many an *Herod's* web, every *Spider's* web, that ſpreads Laws onely for the catching, and entangling of weaker ones. Such Law-givers are fit to be *Domitian's* play-fellows, that made it his Royal ſport, and paſtime to catch *Flies*, and inſult over them, when he had done. Whereas a Law ſhould be a *Staff* for a Common-wealth to lean on, & not a *Reed* to pierce it through. Laws ſhould be *cords* of love, not *nets*, and *ſnares*. Hence it is, that thoſe Laws are moſt radical, and fundamental, that principally tend to the conſervation of the *vitals*, and *eſſentials* of a Kingdom; and thoſe come neareſt the Law of God himſelf, and are participations of that eternal Law, which is the ſpring, and original of all inferiour, and derivative Laws. Τῦ θείυ ἴσχα πάντα τὰ νόμιμα, as *Plato* ſpeaks; and there is no ſuch publick benefit, as that, which comes by *Laws*; for all have an equal intereſt in them, and priviledge by them. And therefore, as *Ariſtotle* ſpeaks moſt excellently, Νόμος ἐςὶ νῦς ἄνευ ὀρέξεως. *A Law is a pure intellect*, not onely *without a ſenſitive appetite*, but without a *will*. 'Tis pure judgement without affections, a Law is impartial, and makes no factions; and a *Law* cannot be bribed, though a *Judge* may. And that great *Philoſopher* do's very well proſecute this; "If you were to take *Phyſick*, (ſaies he) then indeed "'tis ill being determined by a Book, 'tis dangerous taking a "printed *Recipe*, you had better leave it to the breaſt of the *Phy-* "*ſician*, to his skill, and advice, who mindes your health, and "welfare, as being moſt for his gain, and credit. But in point "of *Juſtice* the caſe is very different; you had better here de- "pend upon a *Rule*, then to leave it to the arbitrary power of a "*Judge*, who is uſually to decide a controverſie between two; "and, if left to himſelf, were apt to be ſwayed, and biaſſed by "ſeveral intereſts, and engagements, which might encline him to "one, more then another. Nay, now that there is a *fix'd Rule*, an *immoveable Law*, yet there is too much partiality in the application of it, how much more would there be, if there were no *Rule* at all?

But the truth is, the *Judge* ſhould onely follow the *ultimum & practicum dictamen legis*; his *Will*, like a *cæca potentia*, is to follow the *noviſſimum lumen intellectus* of this Νῦς, that is to rule, and guide him; and therefore *Juſtice* was painted *blinde*, though *ipſa*

lex

lex be *oculata*, for Νοῦς ὁρᾷ, Νοῦς ἀκούει, and the *Will* is to follow the *ultimum nutum capitis*, the meaning of the *Law* in all circumstances.

II. In a *Law giver* there is to be *judicium, & prudentia Architectonica ad ferendas leges*, the *Ægyptian Hieroglyphick* for *Legislative power* was *Oculus in sceptro*; and it had need be such an *eye*, that can see both πρόσω καὶ ὀπίσω. It had need have a full, and open prospect into publick affairs, and to put all advantages into one scale, and all inconveniences into another.

To be sure the Laws of God, they flow from a fountain of wisdom, and the Laws of men are to be lighted at this *Candle of the Lord*, which he ha's set up in them, and those Laws are most potent, and prevalent, that are founded in light; ὁ τοῦ λογισμοῦ ἀγωγὴ χρυσῆ, καὶ ἱερά. Other Laws are σκληροὶ, καὶ σίδηροι, they may have an *iron*, and *adamantine* necessity; but the others have a *soft*, and *downy* perswasion going along with them, and therefore as he goes on, τοῦ λογισμοῦ καλοῦ μὲν ὄντος, πρᾴου δὲ, καὶ οὐ βιαίου, *Reason* is so beautiful, as that it wins, and allures, and thus constrains to obedience.

III. There is to be *sigillum legis*, *I* mean, *Electio, & Determinatio Legis*, after a sincere aim at publick good, and a clear discovery of the best means to promote it, there comes then a fix'd, and sacred resolution; *Volumus, & statuimus*, this speaks the *will* of the *Law giver*, and breaths life into the Law, it adds vigour, and efficacy to it. But yet notwithstanding,

IV. There Must be *vox tubæ*, that is, *promulgatio, & insinuatio Legis*. The Law, 'tis for a publick good, and is to be made known in a publick manner: for as none can desire an unknown good, so none can obey an unknown Law; and therefore *invincible Ignorance* do's excuse; for else men should be bound to absolute impossibilities. But whether it be required to the publishing of a Law, that it should be in way of *Writing*, which is more fix'd, and durable, or whether the manifestation of it in a *Vocal*, and *Oral* manner will suffice, (which yet is more transient, and uncertain) I leave the *Lawyers*, and *Scholemen* to dispute it. This *I* am sure, that all the Laws of God are proclaimed in a most sufficient, and *emphatical* manner.

CHAP,

CHAP. V.

Of the Eternal Law.

HAving thus look'd upon the *being* of a Law in *general*, we now come to the spring, and original of all Laws, to the *eternal Law*, that fountain of Law, out of which you may see the *Law of Nature* bubbling, and flowing forth to the sons of men, For, as *Aquinas* do's very well tell us, the *Law of nature* is nothing but *participatio Legis æternæ in Rationali creatura*, the *copying out* of the *eternal Law*, and the *imprinting* of it upon the breast of a *Rational Being*, that *eternal Law* was in a manner *incarnated* in the *Law of Nature*.

Now this *eternal Law*, it is not really distinguished from God himself. For *Nil est ab æterno, nisi ipse Deus*; so that 'tis much of the same nature with those Decrees of his, and that Providence, which was awake from everlasting. For, as God, from all eternity, by the hand of infinit wisdom, did draw the several faces, and lineaments of *Being*, which he meant to shew in time: So he did then also contrive their several frames with such limits, and compass, as he meant to set them; and said to every thing, *Hither shalt thou go, and no farther.*

This the *Platonists* would call ἰδέαν τῶν νόμων, and would willingly head such honourable Titles as these upon it, Ὁ νόμος ἀρχηγὸς, πρωτουργὸς, αὐτοδίκαιος, αὐτόκαλος, αὐτοάγαθος, ὁ ὄντως νόμος, ὁ νόμος σπερματικός. and the greatest happiness the other Laws can arrive unto is this, that they be Νόμοι δουλεύοντες, καὶ ὑπερητοῦντες, *ministring*, and *subservient Laws*, waiting upon this their *Royal Law* Σκιαὶ νόμων· Or, as they would choose to stile them, Νομοειδεῖς, some *shadows*, and *appearances* of this bright, and glorious Law; Or, at the best, they would be esteemed by them but Νόμοι ἔγγονοι, the *noble off-spring*, and *progeny* of Laws; blessing *this womb, that bare them, and this breast, that gave them suck.*

And thus the *Law* of *Nature* would have a double portion, as being *Lex primogenita*, the *first-born* of this *eternal Law*, and *the beginning of it's strength.* Now, as God himself shews somewhat

what of his face in the glaſs of *Creatures*; ſo the beauty of this Law gives ſome repreſentations of it ſelf in thoſe pure derivations of *inferiour* Laws, that ſtream from it. And, as we aſcend to the *firſt*, and *ſupreme Being* by the ſteps of *Second Cauſes*; ſo we may climb up to a ſight of this *eternal Law* by thoſe fruitful branches of *ſecondary Laws*, which ſeem to have their root in earth, when as indeed it is in Heaven; and that *I* may vary a little that of the *Apoſtle* to the *Romanes*, *The inviſible Law of God, long before the creation of the World, is now clearly ſeen, being underſtood by thoſe Laws, which do appear*; ſo that τὸ γνωςὸν τῦ νόμυ, is manifeſted in them, God having ſhown it to them. Thus, as the *Scholemen* ſay very well, *Omnis lex participata ſupponit legem per eſſentiam.* Every *impreſſion* ſuppoſes a *Seal*, from whence it came; every *ray* of *light* put you in minde of a *Sun*, from which it ſhines. Wiſdom, and Power, theſe are the chief Ingredients into a Law; now where do's Wiſdom dwell, but in the head of a Deity? and where do's power triumph, but in the arm of Omnipotency?

A Law is born *ex cerebro Jovis* and it is not *brachium ſæculare*, but *cœleſte*, that muſt maintain it, even *humane Laws* have their virtue *radicaliter, & remotè* (as the *Scholes* ſpeak) from this *eternal Law*. Thus that famous, and moſt renowned *Oratour*, and *Patriot* (*Tully* I mean) do's moſt admirably expreſs the linage, and deſcent of Laws in this golden manner. *Hanc vedeo Sapientiſſimorum fuiſſe ſententiam, Legem neque hominum ingeniis excogitatam, neque ſcitum aliquod eſſe Populorum; ſed æternum quiddam, quod univerſum mundum regeret, imperandi, prohibendique ſapientiâ. Ità principem illam Legem, & ultimam mentem, dicebant omnia ratione aut cogentis, aut vetantis Dei.* which I ſhall thus render; *Wiſe men did ever look upon a Law, not as on a ſpark ſtruck from humane Intellectuals, not blown up, or kindled with popular breath; but they thought it an eternal light ſhining from God himſelf, irradiating, guiding, and ruling the whole Univerſe; moſt ſweetly, and powerfully diſcovering what ways were to be choſen, and what to be refuſed.* And the *mind of God* himſelf is the *centre* of Laws, *from* which they were drawn, and *into* which they muſt return.

Thus alſo that florid *Moraliſt*, *Plutarch*, reſolves all Law and Juſtice, into that Primitive, and eternal Law, even God himſelf,

for even thus he tells us, *Juſtice*(ſaies he)*do's not onely ſit like a* Queen *at the right hand of* Jupiter, *when he is upon his Throne; but ſhe is always in his boſom, and one with himſelf*; and he cloſes it up with this, That *God himſelf is* ἢ νόμων πειθαρχίατος, καὶ πανδικαίος. As he is the *moſt Antient of Days*, ſo alſo he is the moſt *antient of Laws*, as he is the *perfection* of *Beings*, ſo is he alſo the *Rule* of *operations*.

Nor muſt I let ſlip that Paſſage of *Plato*, where he calls a Law Ζὺν χρυσῆν, the *golden Scepter*, by which *God* himſelf rules, and commands; for, as all true Government ha's a bright *ſtamp* of divine *Sovereignty*, ſo every true Law ha's a plain *ſuperſcription* of his *Juſtice*. Laws are anointed by God himſelf, and moſt precious Oil drops down upon them to the *skirts* of a Nation; and the *Law of Nature* had *the Oil of gladneſs poured out upon it above its fellows*.

So then, that there is ſuch a prime, and ſupreme Law is clear, and unqueſtionable; but who is worthy to unſeal, and open this Law? and who can ſufficiently diſplay the glory of it? We had need of a *Moſes*, that could aſcend up into the *Mount*, and converſe with God himſelf, and yet when he came down, he would be fain to put a *veil* upon his *face*, and upon his *expreſſions* too, leſt otherwiſe he might too much dazle inferiour underſtandings: but, if the *Schoolemen* will ſatisfie you, (and you know ſome of them are ſtiled *Angelical*, and *Seraphical*) you ſhall hear, if you will, what they'l ſay to it.

Now this Law, according to them, is *Æterna quædam ratio practica totius diſpoſitionis, & gubernationis Univerſi*. 'Tis *an eternal Ordinance made in the depth of God's infinite wiſdom, and counſell, for regulating, and governing of the whole World*; which yet had not its binding virtue in reſpect of God himſelf, who ha's always the full, and unreſtrained liberty of his own *eſſence*, which is ſo infinite, as that it cannot binde it ſelf, and which needs no Law; all goodneſs, and perfection being ſo *intrinſecal*, and *eſſential* to it: but it was a binding determination in reference to the creature, which yet, in reſpect of all *irrational Beings*, did onely *fortiter inclinare*; but, in reſpect of *Rationals*, it do's *formaliter obligare*;

By this great, and glorious Law every *good* action was commanded, and all *evil* was diſcountenanc'd, and forbidden from everlaſting. According to this righteous Law all rewards, and

puniſhments

puniſhments were diſtributed in the eternal thoughts of God. At the command of this Law all *created Beings* took their ſeveral ranks, and ſtations, and put themſelves in ſuch operations, as were beſt agreeable, and conformable to their *Beings*. By this Law all *eſſences* were ordained to their ends by moſt happy, and convenient means. The life, and vigour of this Law ſprang from the Will of God himſelf, from the voluntary decree of that eternal Law-giver, minding the publick Welfare of *Being*; who, when there were heaps of varieties, and poſſibilities in his own moſt glorious thoughts, when he could have made ſuch, or ſuch Worlds, in this, or that manner, in this, or that time, with ſuch, and ſuch *ſpecies*, that ſhould have had more, or fewer *individuals*, as he pleaſed, with ſuch operations, as he would allow unto them; he did then ſelect, and pitch upon this way, and method, in which we ſee things now conſtituted, and did binde all things according to their ſeveral capacities, to an exact, and accurate obſervation of it.

So that by this you ſee how thoſe *eternal Ideas* in the minde of God, and this *eternal Law* do differ. I ſpeak now of *Ideas* not in a *Platonical* ſence, but in a *Scholaſtical*, (unleſs they both agree, as ſome would have them.) For *Idea eſt poſſibilium, Lex tantùm futurorum.* God had before him the picture of every *poſſibility*, yet he did not intend to binde a *poſſibility*, but onely a *futurity*. Beſides, *Ideas*, they were ſituated onely in the *underſtanding* of God; whereas a Law ha's force, and efficacy from his *will*; according to that much commended Saying, *In Cœleſti & Angelica curia voluntas Dei Lex eſt.* And then an *Idea* do's *magis reſpicere artificem*, it ſtays there where firſt it was; but a Law, do's *potiùs reſpicere ſubditum*, it calls for the obedience of another: as *Suarez* do's very well difference them.

Neither yet is this *eternal Law* the ſame with the *Providence* of God, though that be eternal alſo. But, as *Aquinas* ſpeaks, *Lex ſe habet ad Providentiam, ſicut principium generale ad particulares concluſiones*; or, if you will, *Sicut principia prima practica ad prudentiam*: his meaning is this, that Providence is a more punctual, and particular application of this binding rule, and is not the *Law it ſelf*, but the *ſuperintending* power, which looks to the *execution*, and accompliſhment of it; or, as the moſt acute *Suarez* ha's it, *Lex dicit jus in communi conſtitutum: Providentia di-*

eit curam, quæ de ſingulis actibus haberi debet.

Beſides, *a Law*, in its ſtrict, and peculiar notion, do's onely reach to *rational Beings*; whereas *Providentia* do's extend, and ſpread it ſelf over all. But that, which vexes the *Scholemen* moſt, is this, that they, having required *promulgation* as a neceſſary condition to the *exiſtence* of a *Law*, yet they cannot very eaſily ſhew how this *eternal Law* ſhould be publiſh'd from everlaſting. But the moſt ſatisfactory account, that can be given to that; is this, that other Law-givers being very voluble, and mutable before their *minde*, and *will* be fully, and openly declared, they may have a purpoſe indeed, but it cannot be eſteem'd a *Law*. But, *in God there being no variableneſs, nor ſhadow of turning*, this his Law ha's a binding virtue, as ſoon as it ha's a *Being*, yet ſo as that it do's not *actually*, and *formally* oblige a Creature, till it be made known unto it, either by ſome *revelation* from God himſelf, which is poſſible onely, and extraordinary; or elſe by the mediation of ſome other Law, of the *Law of Nature*, which is the uſual, and conſtant way, that God takes for the promulgation of this his *eternal Law*. For that νόμος γεγραπτος, that ſacred *Manuſcript*, which is writ by the *finger* of God himſelf in the heart of man, is a plain *tranſcript* of this original Law, ſo far as it concerns man's welfare. And this you ſee do's moſt directly bring me to ſearch out the *Law of Nature*.

CHAP. VI.

Of the Law of Nature *in general, its ſubject, and nature.*

THE *Law of Nature* is that Law, which is *intrinſecal*, and *eſſential* to a *rational* Creature; and ſuch a Law is as neceſſary as ſuch a Creature: for ſuch a Creature, as a *Creature*, ha's a ſuperiour, to whoſe Providence, and diſpoſing it muſt be ſubject; and then, as an *Intellectual Creature*, 'tis capable of a *moral* government, ſo that 'tis very ſuitable, and *connatural* to it

to

to be regulated by a Law; to be guided, and commanded by one, that is infinitely more wise, and intelligent, then it self is, and that mindes its welfare more, then it self can. Insomuch that the most bright, and eminent Creatures, even *Angelical Beings*, and *glorified Souls* are subject to a *Law*, though with such an happy priviledge, as that they cannot violate, and transgress it; whereas the very dregs of *entity*, the most ignoble *Beings* are most incapable of a *Law*, for you know *inanimate beings* are carried on onely with the vehemency, and necessity of *natural inclinations*; nay, *sensitive Beings* cannot reach or aspire to so great a perfection, as to be wrought upon in such an *illuminative* way, as a *Law* is: they are not *drawn with these cords of men*, with these *moral* Engagements, but in a more *impulsive* manner driven, and spurred on with such impetuous propensions, as are founded in *matter*; which yet are directed by the wise, and violent eye, and by the powerful hand of a *Providence*, to a more beautiful, and amiable end, then they themselves were acquainted with. But yet the *Lawyers*, the *Civilians*, would fain enlarge the *Law of Nature*, and would willingly perswade us, that all *sensitive* Creatures must be brought within the compass of it; for this they tell us, *Jus naturale est, quod Natura omnia animalia docuit: nam jus illud non solùm Humani Generis est proprium, sed omnium animalium, quæ in terra marique nascuntur, Avium quoque commune est.* Nay, they are so confident of it, as that they instance in several particulars; *Maris & fœminæ conjunctio, Liberorum procreatio, educatio conservatio, Plurima in tutelam propriam facta, Apium respublica, Columbarum conjugia.* But not onely the *Criticks*, but the *Scholemen* also do sufficiently correct the *Lawyers* for this their vanity; for certainly these men mean to bring *Beasts*, *Birds*, and *Fishes* into their *Courts*, and to have some *fees* out of them. Perhaps they expect also that the *Doves* should take *Licences* before they marry: it may be they require of the *Beasts* som *penitential*, or (which will suffice them) some *pecuniary* satisfaction for all their *adulteries*; or it may be the *Pope* will be so favourable, as to give his fellow-*Beasts* some *Dispensation* for all their irregular, and incongruous mixtures.

But yet, notwithstanding, they prosecute this their *Notion*, and go on to frame this difference between νομὸν ἐθνικὸν, & νομὸν φυσικὸν, *Jus Gentium*, and *Jus Naturale*. *The Law of Nature*

(say they) *is that, which is common with men to* irrational *Creatures also; but the* Law of Nations *is onely between men*: but this *Distinction* is built upon a very sandy bottom; what the *true difference* is we shall see hereafter. Now all, that can be pleaded in the behalf of the *Lawyers*, is this, that they err more in the *word*, then in the *reality*. They cannot sufficiently clear this *Title* of a Law; for that there are some clear, andvisible stamps, and impressions of *Nature* upon *sensitive Beings*, will be easily granted them by all, and those instances, which they bring, are so many *ocular demonstrations* of it; but that there should a formal obligation ly upon *Brutes*; that they should be bound to the performance of *natural* commands in a *legal* manner; that there should be a Νόμος γραπτὸς upon them, ὥστε εἶναι ἀναπολογήτους, *so as that they should be left without excuse*, and ly under palpable guilt, and be obnoxious to punishments for the violation of it; this they cannot possible finde out unless they could set up this *Candle of the Lord* in *sensitive* Creatures also; whereas there are in them onely some μιμήματα τῆς ἀνθρωπίνης ζωῆς, as the *Philosopher* calls them, which the *Oratour* renders *virtutum simulacra*, some *apish* imitations of *Reason*, some shadows of *Morality*, some counterfeit *Ethicks*, some wilde *Oeconomicks* some faint representations of *Politicks* amongst some of them. Yet all this while they are as far distant from the truth of a *Law*, as they are from the strength of *Reason*. There you may see some sparks of the divine Power, and Goodness; but you cannot see *the Candle of the Lord*. Now these men might have considered, if they had pleased; that as for the prints, and foot-steps of *Nature*, some of them may be seen in every *Being*. For *Nature* ha's stampt all *entity* with the same *seal*: some softer *Beings* took the impression very *kindly*, and *clearly*; some harder ones took it more *obscurely*.

Nature plaid so harmoniously, and melodiously upon her *Harp*, as that her Musick prov'd not onely like that of *Orpheus*, which set onely the *sensitive Creatures* on dancing; but, like that of *Amphion*, *inanimate Beings* were elevated by it, even the very *stones* did knit, & unite themselves to the building of the *Universe*.

Shew me any *Being*, if you can, that do's not love its own welfare, that do's not seek its own rest, its centre, its happiness, that do's not desire its own good, οὗ πάντα ἐφίεται, as he speaks; pick

pick out an *Entity*, if you can tell where, that do's not long for the continuation, and amplification, for the diffusion, and spreading of its own *Being*. Yet surely the *Lawyers* themselves cannot imagine, that there is a Law given to all *inanimate Beings*, or that they are accountable for the violation.

Let them also *demurr* awhile upon that *Argument*, which *Suarez* urges against them, that these *sensitive* Creatures are totally defective in the most principal branches of the *Law of nature*; as in the *acknowledging* of a Deity, in the *adoring* of a *Deity*: where is there the least adumbration of *Divine Worship* in *sensitive Beings?* What do they more then the *Heavens*, which *declare the glory of God*; or the *Firmament*, which *shews his handy-work?* Unless, perhaps, the *Lawyers* can finde not onely a *Commonwealth*, but a *Church* also among the *Bees*, some *Canonical Obedience*, some laudable *Ceremonies*, some *decency*, and *conformity* amongst them. We'll onely set some of the *Poets* to laugh the *Lawyers* out of this opinion. Old *Hesiod* tells them his minde very freely;

Τὸν δὲ γὰρ ἀνθρώποισι νόμον διέταξε Κρονίων,
Ἰχθῦσι γὰρ, καὶ θηρσὶ, καὶ οἰωνοῖς πετεινοῖς;
Ἔσθεμεν ἀλλήλους, ἐπεὶ οὐ δίκη ἐστὶ μετ' αὐτῶν,
Ἀνθρώποισι δ' ἔδωκε δίκην, ἡ πολλὸν ἀρίστη.

What are those *Laws*, that are observed by a rending, and tearing *Lion*, by a devouring *Leviathan*? do's the *Wolf* oppress the *Lamb* by a Law? Can Birds of prey shew any *Commission* for their *plundering*, and violence? Thus also that *amorous Poet* shews, that these *sensitive* Creatures, in respect of Lust, are absolute *Antinomians*. For thus he brings in a *Wanton* pleading;

------ Coëunt animalia nullo
Cætera delicto, nec habetur turpe juvencæ
Ferre patrem tergo; sit equo sua filia conjux;
Quásque creavit init pecudes caper; ipsáque, cujus
Semine concepta est, ex illo concipit ales.

And what though you meet with some ἅπαξ λεγόμενα, some rare patterns of *sensitive Temperance*? a few scattered, and uncertain *Stories* will never evince, that the whole heap, and generality of *Brutes* act according to a Law. You have heard it may be of a *chaste Turtle*; and did you never hear of a *wanton Sparrow*? It may be you have read some *Story* of a *modest Elephant*;

phant; but what say you in the mean time to whole flocks of *lascivious Goats*? Yet grant that the several multitudes, all the *species* of these *irrational* Creatures were all without spot, and blemish, in respect of their *sensitive* conversation, can any therefore fancy, that they dress themselves by the *glass* of a Law? Is it not rather a faithfulness to their own *natural* inclinations? which yet may very justly condemn some of the *Sons of men*, who though they have *the Candle of the Lord*, and the *Lamp* of his *Law*, yet they degenerate more, then these *inferiour Beings*, which have onely some *general Dictates* of *Nature*.

This is that Notive, with which the *Satyrist* quicken'd, and awaken'd some of his time;

Sensum è cœlesti demissum traximus arce.
Cujus egent prona, & terram spectantia; Mundi
Principio indulsit communis Conditor illis
Tantùm animas, nobis animum quoque. ------

A Law, 'tis founded in *Intellectuals*, in נשמת, not in נפש: it supposes a noble, and free born Creature; for where there is no *Liberty*, there's no *Law*, a *Law* being nothing else, but a *Rational restraint, and limitation of absolute Liberty*. Now all Liberty is *Radicaliter in Intellectu*; and such Creatures, as have no *light*, have no choice, no *Moral* variety.

The *first*, and *supreme Being* ha's so full, and infinite a liberty, as cannot be bounded by a Law; and these *low*, and *slavish Beings* have not so much liberty, as to make them capable of being bound. *Inter Bruta silent leges.* There is no *Turpe*, nor *Honestum* amongst them: no *duty*, nor *obedience* to be expected from them; no *praise*, or *dispraise* due to them; no *punishment*, nor *reward* to be distributed amongst them.

But, as the learned *Grotius* do's very well observe; *Quoniam in bestias propriè delictum non cadit, ubi bestia occiditur, ut in lege* Mosis, *ob concubitum cum homine, non ea verè pœna est, sed usus dominii humani in bestiam.* For *Punishment*, in its *formal notion*, is ἁμαρτήματος ὀκδίκησις (as the *Greek Lawyers* speak) or, as the fore-mentioned *Authour* describes it, 'tis *malum Passionis, quod infligitur ob malum Actionis.* In all *punishment* there is to be some ἀντάλλαγμα, & ἀμοιβὴ, so that every *Damnum*, or *Incommodum* is not to be esteem'd a *punishment*, unless it be *in vindictam culpæ*. So as for those *Laws* given to the *Jews*, where sometimes the

the *Beast* also was to be put to death. The most renowned *Selden* gives a very full, and satisfactory account of it out of the *Jewish Writings*, and does clearly evidence that the meaning was not this; that the *Beast* was guilty of a *crime*, and had *violated* a *Law*, and therefore was to be condemned, and put to death; but it was in order to the happinesse, and welfare of men: for *Bestia cum homine concumbens* was to be *ston'd*; partly because it was the occasion of so foul a fact, and so fatal a punishment unto man; and partly that the sight, and presence of the object might not repeat so prodigious a crime in the thoughts of men, nor renew the memory of it, nor continue the disgrace of him, that died for it. But there was another different reason *in Bove cornupeta*: for there, as *Maimonides* tells us, in his *Moreh Nbuchim*, 'twas *ad pœnam exigendam à Domino*: the putting of that to death was a punishment to the Owner for not looking to it better: for I cannot at all consent to the *fancy* of the *Jewes*, which *Josephus* mentions, Μὴ' εἰς τροφὴν ἄνθρωπος ἢ καταξιωθῆναι. Although the forenamed *Critick* give a better sense of it, then 'tis likely the *Author* ever intended, *Non in alimentum sumi debuit, unde scilicet in Domini commodum cederet*: but how such an Interpretation can be extracted out of ἄνθρωπος εἰς τροφὴν, is not easily to be imagined; for those words of *Josephus* plainly imply, that the *Jewes* thought such an Ox could not yield *wholsome nourishment*; or, at the best, they look'd upon it as an *unclean Beast*, which was not to be eaten: which indeed was a fond, and weak conceit of them, but they had many such, which yet the learned *Author* loves to excuse, out of his great favour, and indulgence to them. Yet, which is very remarkable, if the *Ox* had kill'd a *Gentile*, they did not put it to death. It seems it would yield *wholsome nourishment* for all that. But this we are sure of, that as God does not *take care for Oxen*, (which the acute *Suarez* does very well understand of *Cura Legislativa*; for otherwise God hath a *Providential care* even of them) so neither does he take care for the punishment of *Oxen*, but tis written for his *Israel's* sake, to whom he hath *subjected* these Creatures, and *put them under their feet*.

Neither yet can the proper end of a *Punishment* agree to *sensitive Creatures*; for all Punishment is ἕνεκα τοῦ ἀγαθοῦ, as *Plato* speaks ἐπ' ἕνεκα τοῦ κακοῦργου, ἐὰν δὲ γένηται ἀγένητον ἔσται. 'Tis

not in the power of Punishment to *recall* what is past, but to *prevent* what's possible. And that wise *Moralist*, *Seneca*, does almost translate *Plato verbatim*; *Nemo prudens punit, quia peccatum est, sed nè peccetur: Revocari enim præterita non possunt, futura prohibentur.*

So that the end of all Punishment is either *in compensationem*, which is κακοῦ ἀνταπόδοσις εἰς τὸ τοῦ τιμωροῦντος συμφέρον ἀναφερομένη, 'tis *in utilitatem ejus, contra quem peccatum est*: or else tis *in emendationem*, and so *in utilitatem peccantis*; in respect of which that elegant *Moralist Plutarch*, stiles *punishment* ἰατρείαν ψυχῆς, and *Hierocles calls it* ἰατρικὴν πονηρίας: or else it is *in exemplum, in utilitatem aliorum*; ἵνα ἄλλοι πρόνοιαν ποιῶνται, καὶ φοβῶνται, as the *Greek Oratour* speaks; the same, which God speaks by *Moses*, *that* Israel *may hear, and fear*: and thus Punishment does παραδειγματίζειν.

But none of these ends are applyable to *sensitive Creatures*; for there is no more *satisfaction* to *Justice* in inflicting an evill upon them, then there is in the ruining of *inanimate Beings*, in demolishing of *Cities*, or *Temples* for *Idolatry*; which is onely for the good of them, that can take notice of it: for otherwise, as that grave *Moralist*, *Seneca*, has it, *Quàm stultum est his irasci, quæ iram nostram nec meruerunt, nec sentiunt*: No satisfaction is to be had from such things, as are not apprehensive of Punishment. And therefore *Annihilation*, though a great evil, yet wants this sting, and aggravation of a Punishment; for a *Creature* is not sensible of it.

Much lesse can you think, that a Punishment has any power to *mend*, or meliorate *sensitive Beings*, or to give *Example* to others amongst them.

By all this you see, that amongst all *irrational Beings* there is no ἀνομία, and therefore no ἁμαρτία, and therefore no τιμωρία: from whence it also flows, that the *Law of Nature* is built upon Reason.

There is some good so proportionable, and nutrimental to the *Being* of man, and some evil so venemous, and destructive to his *Nature*, as that the Good of *Nature* does sufficiently *antidote*, and fortifie him against the one, and does maintain, and sweeten his *Essence* with the other. There is so much Harmony in some actions, as that the Soul must needs dance at them; and there is

such

such an harsh discord, and jarring in others, as that the Soul cannot endure them.

Therefore the learned *Grotius* does thus describe the *Law of Nature*; *Jus Naturale est dictatum rectæ Rationis, indicans, actui alicui, ex ejus convenientia, vel disconvenientia cum ipsa natura Rationali, inesse Moralem turpitudinem, aut necessitatem Moralem; & consequenter ab Authore Naturæ, ipso Deo, talem actum aut vetari, aut præcipi.* Which I shall thus render; "*The Law of* '*Nature* is a streaming out of Light from *the Candle of the Lord*, 'powerfully discovering such a deformity in some evill, as that 'an intellectual eye must needs abhor it; and such a command-'ing beauty in some good, as that a *rational Being* must needs be 'enamour'd with it; and so plainly shewing, that God stamp'd, 'and seal'd the one with his command, and branded the other 'with his disliking.

Chrysostome makes mention of this Νόμος φυσικὸς, and does very *Rhetorically* enlarge himself upon it in his twelfth, and thirteenth *Orations* Περὶ Ἀνδριάντων· where he tells us, that it is αὐτοδίδακτος ἡ γνῶσις τῶν καλῶν, καὶ τῶν οὐ τοιούτων· a Radical, and fundamental knowledge, planted in the *Being* of Man, budding, and blossoming in *first principles*, flourishing, and bringing forth fruit, spreading it self into all the fair, and goodly branches of *Morality*, under the shadow of which the Soul may sit with much complacency and delight. And, as he pours out himself very fluently, Οὐ χρεία τῶν λόγων, οὐ τῶν διδασκάλων, οὐ τῶν πόνων, οὐ παραιτῶν· There's no need of *Oratory* to allure men to it, you need not heap up *Arguments* to convince them of it: No need of an *Interpreter* to acquaint them with it: No need of the mind's *spinning*, or *toyling*, or *sweating* for the attaining of it; it grows *spontaneously*, it bubbles up *freely*, it shines out *chearfully*, and *pleasantly*; it was so visible, as that the most *infant-age* of the World could *spell* it out, and read it without a *Teacher*: οὐ Μωϋσῆς, οὐ προφηταὶ, οὐ δικασταὶ, as he goes on: 'twas long extant before *Moses* was born, long before *Aaron* rung his *golden Bells*, before there was a *Prophet*, or a *Judge* in *Israel*. Men knew it οἰκόθεν παρὰ τοῦ συνειδότος διδαχθέντες. They had a *Bible* of God's own *printing*, they had this *Scripture* of God *within* them. By this *Candle of the Lord*, *Adam*, and *Eve* discovered their own folly, and nakedness; this *Candle* flamed in *Cain*'s conscience, and

this *Law* was proclaimed in his heart with as much terror, as 'twas publish'd from *Mount Sinai*, which fill'd him with those furious reflexions for his *unnatural Murder*. *Enoch*, when he *walk'd with God*, walk'd by this *light*, by this *rule*. *Noah*, the *Preacher of Righteousnesse*, took this *Law* for his *Text*. Nay, you may see some print of this *Law* upon the *hard heart* of a *Pharaoh*, when he cries out, *The* LORD *is righteous, but I, and my people have sinned*. Hence it was, that God, when he gave his Law afresh, gave it in such a compendious *Brachygraphy*, he wrot it as it were in *Characters*, Οὐ φονεύσεις, Οὐ μοιχεύσεις, Οὐ κλέψεις, without any explication, or amplification at all. He onely enjoyned it with an *Imperatorius brevity*, he knows there was enough in the breasts of men to convince them of it, and to *comment* upon it, onely in the *Second Command* there is added an *enforcement*, because his people were excessively prone to the violation of it, and in that of the *Sabbath* there is given an *exposition* of it, because in all its circumstances it was not founded in *Natural Light*. So that in *Plutarchs* language the *Decalogue* would be call'd νόμος σφυρήλατος, *Gold in the Lump*, whereas other *Lawgivers* use to beat it *thinner*. Of this *Law*, as 'tis *printed* by *Nature*, *Philo* speaks very excellently; Νόμος δ' ἀψευδὴς ὁ ὀρθὸς λόγος, οὐκ ὢν τῷ δοντὶ, ἢ τὰ δοντὰ ὄντως σφραγὶς ἐν χαρτιδίοις, ἢ στήλαις ἀψύχοις, ἀλλ' ὢν ἀδιαφθόρτοις ἐνθυμίοις ἐν ἀθανάτῳ διανοίᾳ κατοδείκται. "*Right reason* (saith he) is that fix'd, and unshaken Law, not written perishing paper by the Hand, or Pen of a Creature, nor graven like a dead letter upon liveless, and decaying Pillars; but written with the point of a Diamond, nay, with the finger of God himself in the heart of man. A *Deity* gave it an *Imprimatur*, and an *eternal Spirit* grav'd it in an *immortal mind*. So as, that I may borrow the expression of the *Apostle*, the *mind* of man is στῦλος, καὶ ἑδραίωμα τῆς ἀληθείας ταύτης. And I take it in the very same sense, as 'tis to be took of the *Church*: 'Tis a *Pillar* of this Truth, not to *support* it, but to *hold* it *forth*: Neither must I let slip a passage in *Plutarch*, which is very near of kin to this of *Philo*; Ὁ Νόμος οὐκ ἐν βιβλίοις ἔξω γεγραμμένος, οὐδέ πω ξύλοις, ἀλλ' ἔμψυχος ὢν ἐντῷ λόγῳ ἀεὶ συνεστὼς, καὶ παρευλαβῶν, καὶ μηδέποτε τῶν ψυχῶν ἐὰν ἔρημον ἡγούμενος. You may take it thus: "This Royal *Law of Nature* was never shut up in a Paper-prison, was never confind,

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'or limited to any outward surface; but it was bravely situated 'in the *Centre* of a *Rational Being*, alwaies keeping the Soul com-'pany, guarding it, and guiding it, ruling all its Subjectes, (eve-'ry *obedient Action*) with a *Scepter* of *Gold*, and crushing in 'pieces all its enemies (breaking every *rebellious Action*) with a *Rod* of *Iron*. You may hear the *Lyrick* singing out the praises of this *Law* in a very lofty strain: Νόμος ὁ πάντων βασιλεὺς θνατῶν τε, καὶ ἀθανάτων, οὗτος ἄγει βιαίως τὸ δικαιότατον ἐπιτάτα χειρί. "This Law, which is the Queen of *Angelical*, and *Humane* '*Beings*, does so rule, and dispose of them, as to bring about '*Justice* with a most *high*, and *powerful*, and yet with a most *soft*, 'and *delicate* hand.

You may hear *Plato* excellently discoursing of it, whilest he brings in a *Sophister* disputing against *Socrates*, and such an one, as would needs undertake to maintain this *Principle*, Ταῦτα ἐναντία ἀλλήλοις ἐστὶν, ἥτε φύσις, καὶ ὁ νόμος. That there was an *untunable antipathy* between *Nature*, and *Law*; That *Laws* were nothing but *hominum infirmiorum commenta*: That this was Τὸ λαμπρότατον τῆς φύσεως δίκαιον, *the most bright, and eminent Justice of Nature*, for men to rule according to Power, and according to no other Law; That ὁ ἰσχυρότερος was ὁ κρείττων, and ὁ βελτίων. That all other Laws were παρὰ φύσιν ἅπαντες. Nay he calls them *cheatings*, and *bewitchings*, οὐκ ᾠδαὶ, ἀλλ' ἐπῳδαὶ, *they come* (saies he) *like pleasant Songs, when as they are meer Charms*, and *Incantations*. But *Socrates*, after he had stung this same *Callicles* with a few quick *Intterrogations*, pours out presently a great deal of honey, and sweetnesse and plentifully shews that most pleasant, and conspiring Harmony, that is between *Nature*, and *Law*; That there's nothing more κατὰ φύσιν then a *Law*; That *Law* is founded in *Nature*; That it is for the maintaining, and ennobling, and perfecting of *Nature*. Nay, as *Plato* tells us elsewhere, There's no way for men to happinesse, unlesse they follow τὰ ἴχνη τῶν λόγων, these *steps of Reason*, these *foot-steps of Nature*. This same Law *Aristotle* does more then once acknowledge, when he tels us of Νόμος ἴδιος, and Νόμος κοινός: a *Positive Law* with him is a more *private* Law, καθ' ὃν γεγραμμένον πολιτεύονται: but *Nature's Law* is a more *publick*, and *Catholick* Law, ὅσα ἄγραφα παρὰ πᾶσιν ὁμολογεῖσθαι δοκεῖ, which he proves to be a very Sovereign, and commanding Law, for thus he saies, Ὁ νόμος ἀναγκαστικὴν ἔχει δύναμιν, λόγος

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ὁ νόμος τῆς ἀρετῆς, ἐστὶν. *The Law, that is moſt filled with Reaſon, muſt needs be moſt victorious, and triumphant.*

The ſame *Philoſopher*, in his tenth book *de Republica*, hath another *diſtinction* of *Laws*; one branch whereof does plainly reach to the *Law of Nature*.

There are, ſaies he, Νόμοι καὶ γεγραμμένοι, which are the ſame with thoſe, which he call'd Νόμοι ἄγραφοι before; *and then there are* Νόμοι καὶ τὰ ἔθη, which are all one with that he ſtil'd before Νόμος κοινός. Now, as he ſpeaks, theſe Νόμοι καὶ τὰ ἔθη are κυριώτεροι, Laws of the *firſt Magnitude*, of a *Nobler Sphere*, of a *vaſter*, and *purer influence*. Where you ſee alſo, that he calls the *Law of Nature* the *Moral Law*; and the ſame, which the *Apoſtle* calls Νόμος γεγραπτός, he, with the reſt of the *Heathen*, calls it Ἄγραφος νόμος, couching the ſame ſenſe in a ſeeming contradiction.

The *Orator* has it expreſly; *Non ſcripta, ſed nata Lex.*

And amongſt all the *Heathen* I can meet with none, that draws ſuch a lively portraicture of the *Law of Nature*, as that *Noble Orator* does.

You may hear him thus pleading for it: *Nec, ſi, regnante* Tarquinio, *nulla erat ſcripta Lex de Stupris, &c.* "Grant (*ſaies he*) 'that *Rome* were not for the preſent furniſh'd with a *Poſitive* 'Law able to check the luſt, and violence of a *Tarquin*; yet there 'was a *Virgin-Law* of *Nature*, which he had alſo raviſh'd, and 'deflour'd: there was the beaming out of an *eternal Law*, e'nough to revive a modeſt *Lucretia*, and to ſtrike terrour into 'the heart of ſo licentious a *Prince*: for, as he goes on, *Eſt quidem vera Lex Recta Ratio, Naturæ congruens, diffuſa in omnes, conſtans, ſempiterna; quæ vocet ad officium jubendo, vetando à fraude deterreat; quæ tamen probos, neque fruſtrà, jubet, aut vetat, nec improbos jubendo, aut vetando movet. Hinc Legi nec propagari fas eſt, neque derogari ex hac aliquid licet, neque tota abnegari poteſt, nec verò aut per Senatum, aut per Populum ſolvi hâc Lege poſſumus, neque eſt quærendus explanator, aut interpres ejus alius. Non erat alia* Romæ, *alia* Athenis; *Alia nunc, alia poſthac: ſed & omnes gentes, omni tempore, Una Lex, & ſempiterna, & immutabilis continebit, unuſque erit quaſi communis Magiſter, & Legiſlator omnium Deus: Ille Legis hujus Inventor, Diſceptator, Lator, cui qui non parebit, ipſe ſe fugiet, & Naturam*

ram hominis aſpernabitur. Hoc ipſo licet maximas pœnas, etiamſi cætera, quæ putantur, effugerit.

His meaning is not much different from this:

'*Right Reaſon* is a beautiful Law; a Law of a pure complexi-'on, of a natural colour, of a vaſt extent, and diffuſion, 'its colour never fades, never dies. It encourages men 'in obedience with a ſmile, it chides them, and frowns 'them out of wickedneſſe. Good men bear the leaſt whi-'ſpering of its pleaſant voice, they obſerve the leaſt 'glance of its lovely eye; but wicked men ſometimes will not 'hear it, though it come to them in Thunder, nor take the leaſt 'notice of it, though it ſhould flaſh out in Lightning. None muſt 'enlarge the *Phylacteries* of this Law, nor muſt any dare to prune 'off the leaſt branch of it. Nay, the malice of man cannot total-'ly deface ſo indelible a beauty. No *Pope*, nor *Prince*, nor '*Parliament*, nor *People*, nor *Angel*, nor *Creature* can abſolve 'you from it. This *Law* never *paints* its face, never changes 'its colour, it does not put on one Aſpect at *Athens* and another 'face at *Rome*: but looks upon all Nations, and Perſons with an 'impartial eye, it ſhines upon all Ages, and Times, and Condi-'tions with a perpetual Light, *it is yeſterday, and to day, the* 'ſame for ever. There is but one Law-giver, one Lord, and ſu-'preme Judg of this Law, *God bleſſed for evermore.* He was 'the Contriver of it, the Commander of it, the Publiſher of it, 'and none can be exempted from it, unleſſe he will be baniſh'd 'from his own *eſſence*, and be excommunicated from *Humane* 'Nature. This Puniſhment would have ſting enough, if he 'ſhould avoid a thouſand more, that are due to ſo fopl a tranſ-'greſſion.

Thus you ſee, that the *Heathen* not onely had this *Nou⊙ γεγρὸε* upon them, but alſo they themſelves took *ſpecial* notice of it, and the more *refined* ſort amongſt them could diſcourſe very admirably about it, which muſt needs leave them the more *inexcuſable* for the violation of it.

We come now to ſee where the ſtrength of the *Law of Nature* lies, where its *nerves* are, whence it hath ſuch an efficacious influence, ſuch a binding virtue.

And I find *Vaſquez* ſomewhat ſingular, and withall erroneous in his opinion, whileſt he goes about to ſhew, that the *formality*

lity of this *Law* consists onely in that *harmony*, and *proportion*, or else that *discord*, and *disconvenience*, which such and such an *object*, and such and such an *action* has with a *Rational Nature*; for (saies he) every *Essence* is *Mensura Boni & Mali* in respect of it self.

Which, as he thinks, is plainly manifested, and discovered also in *Corporeal Beings*, which use to fly onely from such things, as are *destructive* to their own *forms*, and to embrace all such *neighborly*, and *friendly Beings*, as will close, and comply with them. But he might easily have known, that as these *material Beings* were never yet so honoured, as to be judg'd capable of a *Law*; so neither can any *naked Essence*, though never so pure, and noble, lay a *Moral* engagement upon it self, or bind its own *Being*: for that would make the very same *Being superiour* to it self, as it gives a Law, and *inferiour* to it self, as it must obey it.

So that the *most high*, and *sovereign Being*, even God himself, does not subject himself to any Law; though there be some Actions almost agreeable to his *Nature*, and others plainly inconsistent with it, yet they cannot amount to such a power, as to lay any obligation upon him, which should in the least Notion differ from the liberty of his own *Essence*.

Thus also in the *Common-wealth* of *Humane Nature* that proportion, which Actions bear to *Reason*, is indeed a sufficient foundation for a Law to build upon, but it is not the Law it self, nor a *formal obligation*.

Yet some of the *Schoolmen* are extreme bold, and vain in their *Suppositions*, so bold, as that I am ready to question whether it be best to repeat them: yet thus they say,

Si Deus non esset, vel si non uteretur Ratione, vel si non rectè judicaret de rebus; si tamen in homine idem esset dictamen Rectæ Rationis, quod nunc est, haberet etiam eandem Rationem Legis, quam nunc habet.

But what are the *goodly spoils*, that these men expect, if they could break through such a croud of *Repugnancies*, and *Impossibilities?* The whole result, and product of it will prove but a meer *Cypher*; for Reason, as tis now, does not bind in its *own* name, but in the name of its *supreme Lord*, and *Sovereign*, by whom Reason *lives*, *and moves*, *and has its being*.

For, if onely a *Creature* should bind it self to the observation

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of this Law, it muſt alſo inflict upon it ſelf ſuch a *puniſhment*, as is anſwerable to the violation of it: but no ſuch *Being* would be *willing*, or *able* to puniſh it ſelf in ſo high a meaſure, as ſuch a *tranſgreſſion* would *meritoriouſly* require; ſo that it muſt be accountable to ſome other *Legiſlative power*, which will vindicate its own commands, and will by this means engage a *Creature* to be more mindful of its own happineſſe, then otherwiſe it would be.

For though ſome of the Gallenter *Heathen* can brave it out ſometimes in an expreſſion, that the very *turpitude* of ſuch an *Action* is *puniſhment* enough, and the very *beauty* of *Goodneſs* is an abundant *reward*, and *compenſation*; yet we ſee, that all this, and more then this, did not efficaciouſly prevaile with them for their due conformity, and full obedience to *Nature's Law*; ſuch a *ſingle cord* as this will eaſily be broken.

Yet there is ſome *truth* in what they ſay; for thus much is viſible, and apparent, that there is ſuch a *Magnetical power* in ſome good, as muſt needs allure, and attract a *Rational Being*; there is ſuch a *native Fairneſs*, ſuch an *intrinſecal lovelineſs* in ſome *objects*, as does not depend upon an *external* command, but by its own worth muſt needs win upon the *Soul*: and there is ſuch an inſeparable *deformity*, and *malignity* in ſome evil, as that *Reaſon* muſt needs loath it, and abominate it.

Inſomuch as that, if there were no *Law*, or *Command*, yet a *Rational Being*, of its own accord, out of meer love, would eſpouſe it ſelf to ſuch an *amiable* good, 'twould claſp, and twine about ſuch a precious *object*, and, if there were not the leaſt *check*, or *prohibition*, yet, in order to its own welfare, 'twould abhor, and flie from ſome *black evils*, that ſpit out ſo much venome againſt its *Nature*.

This is that, which the *Schoolmen* mean when they tell us, *Quadam ſunt mala, quia prohibentur; ſed alia prohibentur, quia ſunt mala*: that is, in *poſitive Laws*, whether *Divine*, or *Humane*, Acts are to be eſteem'd *evil* upon this account, becauſe they are *forbidden*; but in the *Law* of *Nature* ſuch an *evill* was *intimately*, and *inevitably* an *evil*, though it ſhould not be *forbidden*.

Now that there are ſuch *Bona per ſe*, and *Mala per ſe*, (as the *Schools* ſpeak) I ſhall thus demonſtrate: *Quod non eſt malum per ſe, potuit non prohiberi*; for there is no reaſon imaginable, why

there should not be a *possibility* of not prohibiting that, which is not *absolutely* evil, which is in its own nature *indifferent*.

But now there are some *evils* so *excessively evil*, so *intolerably* bad, as that they cannot but be *forbidden*; I shall onely name this one, *Odium Dei*; for a *Being* to hate the *Creatour*, and cause of its *Being*, if it were possible for this not to be *forbidden*, it were possible for it to be *lawful*; for *Ubi nulla Lex, ibi nulla prævaricatio*: Where there's no *Law*, there's no Ἀνομία. where there's no *Rule*, there's no *Anomaly*: if there were no *prohibition* of this, 'twould not be *sin* to do it. But that to *hate* God should not be *sin*, does involve a whole heap of *contradictions*; so that this *evill* is so *full* of evil, as that it cannot but be *forbidden*; and therefore is an evil in order of *Nature* before the *Prohibition* of it. Besides, as the *Philosophers* love to speak, *Essentiæ rerum sunt immutabiles*, *Essences* neither *ebb* nor *flow*, but have in themselves a *perpetual Unity*, and *Identity*: and all such *Properties*, as flow, and bubble up from *Beings*, are constant, and unvariable; but, if they could be stopt in their *motion*, yet that state would be *violent*, and not at all *connatural* to such a subject.

So that grant onely the *Being* of Man, and you cannot but grant this also; That there is such a constant *Conveniency*, and *Analogy*, which *some Objects* have with its *Essence*, as that it cannot but encline to them; and that there is such an irreconcileable *Disconvenience*, such an *Eternal Antipathy* between it, and *other Objects*, as that it must cease to be what it is, before it can come near them.

This *Suarez* terms a *Natural Obligation*, and a *just foundation for a Law*. But now, before all this can rise up to the height, and perfection of a *Law*: there must come a Command from some *Superiour Powers*, from whence will spring a *Moral Obligation* also, and make up the *formality* of a *Law*.

Therefore God himself, for the brightning of his own *Glory*, for the better regulating, and tuning of the *World*, for the maintaining of such a choice piece of his workmanship, as *Man* is, has publish'd this his *Royal Command*, and proclaim'd it by that *principle* of *Reason*, which he has planted in the *Being* of *Man*: which does fully convince him of the *righteousness*, and *goodnesse*, and *necessity* of this Law, for the *materials* of it; and of the *validity*, and *authority* of this Law, as it comes from the Minde, and Will of his *Creatour*.

Creatour. Neither is it any *eclipſe*, or *diminution* of the Liberty of that *firſt Being*, to ſay, that there is ſome *evil* ſo foul, and ill-favour'd, as that it cannot but be *forbidden* by him; and that there is ſome *good* ſo fair, and eminent, as that he cannot but *command* it.

For, as the *Schoolmen* obſerve, *Divina voluntas, licèt ſimpliciter libera ſit ad extra, ex ſuppoſitione tamen unius Actûs liberi, poteſt neceſſitari ad alium.*

Though the *Will* of God be compleatly *free* in reſpect of all his looks, and glances towards the *Creature*, yet notwithſtanding, upon the voluntary, and free precedency of *one Act*, we may juſtly conceive him neceſſitated to *another*, by virtue of that indiſſoluble connexion, and concatenation between theſe *two Acts*, which does in a manner knit, and unite them into one.

Thus God has an *abſolute* liberty, and choice, whether he will make a *promiſe*, or no; but, if he has made it, he cannot but *fulfil* it. Thus he is perfectly *free*, whether he will reveal his mind, or no; but, if he will reveal it, he cannot but ſpeak *truth*, and manifeſt it as it is.

God had the very ſame liberty, whether he would *create* a *World*, or no; but, if he will *create* it, and keep it in its comelineſſe, and proportion, he muſt then have a *vigilant*, and *providential eye* over it; and, if he will provide for it, he cannot but have a perfect, and indefective *Providence* agreeable to his own *wiſdom*, and *goodneſs*, and *Being*: ſo that if he will create ſuch a *Being*, as *Man*, ſuch a *Rational Creature*, furniſh'd with ſufficient knowledg to diſcern between ſome *good*, and *evill*; and, if he will ſupply it with a proportionable concourſe in its *operations*, he cannot then but prohibit ſuch *acts*, as are *intrinſecally prejudicial*, and detrimental to the *Being* of it: neither can he but command ſuch *acts*, as are neceſſary to its *preſervation*, and *welfare*.

God therefore, when from all *Eternity* in his own glorious Thoughts he contriv'd the *Being* of Man, he did alſo with his piercing eye ſee into all *conveniences*, and *diſconveniences*, which would be in reference to ſuch a *Being*, and by his *eternal Law* did reſtrain, and determine it to ſuch *acts*, as ſhould be advantageous to it, which in his wiſe *Oeconomy*, and diſpenſation, he publiſh'd to man by the voice of *Reaſon*, by the mediation of this *Natural Law*.

Whence it is, that every *violation* of this Law is not onely an injury to man's *being*; but *ultra nativam rei malitiam*, (as the *Scholes* ſpeak) 'tis alſo a *virtual*, and *interpretative* contempt of that *ſupreme Law-giver*; who, out of ſo much *wiſdom*, *love*, and *goodneſſe* did thus bind man to his own happineſſe.

So much then, as man does ſtart aſide, and *apoſtatize* from this Law; to ſo much *miſery*, and *puniſhment* does he expoſe himſelf.

Though it be not neceſſary, that the *Candle* of *Nature* ſhould diſcover the full extent, and meaſure of that Puniſhment, which is due to the breakers of this Law; for to the nature of Puniſhment *non requiritur, ut præcognita ſit pœna, ſed ut fiat actus dignus tali pœnâ*. The *Lawyers*, and *Schoolmen* both will acknowledge this *Principle*.

For, as *Suarez* has it, *Sequitur reatus ex intrinſeca conditione culpæ; ita ut, licèt pœna per Legem non ſit determinata, arbitrio tamen competentis Judicis puniri poſſit*. Yet the *Light* of *Nature* will reveal, and diſcloſe thus much; That a *Being* totally dependent upon another, *eſſentially* ſubordinate, and ſubject to it, muſt alſo be *accountable* to it for every *provocation*, and *rebellion*; And, for the violation of ſo *good a Law*, which he has ſet it, and for the ſinning againſt ſuch admirable *Providence*, and *Juſtice*, as ſhines out upon it, muſt be lyable to ſuch a *Puniſhment*, as that glorious *Law-giver* ſhall judge fit for ſuch an offence; who is ſo full of *Juſtice*, as that he cannot, and ſo great in *Goodneſſe*, as that he will not puniſh a *Creature* above its deſert.

CHAP. VII.

The Extent of the Law Nature.

THere are ſtamp'd, and printed upon the the *Being* of Man, ſome clear, and undelible *Principles*, ſome *firſt*, and *Alphabetical Notions*; by putting together of which it can ſpell out the *Law* of *Nature*.

There's ſcatter'd in the *Soul* of man ſome ſeeds of *Light*, which fill

fill it with a vigorous pregnancy, with a multiplying fruitfulness; so that it brings forth a numerous, and sparkling posterity of *secondary Notions*, which make for the crowning, and encompassing of the *Soul* with happinesse.

All the fresh Springs of *Common*, and *Fountain-Notions* are in the *Soul* of Man, for the watring of his *Essence*, for the refreshing of this heavenly *Plant*, this *Arbor inversa*, this *enclosed Being*, this *Garden* of God.

And, though the wickedness of man may stop the pleasant *Motion*, the clear, and *Chrystalline* progress of the *Fountain*; yet they cannot hinder the *first risings*, the *bubbling* endeavours of it. They may pull off *Natures leaves*, and pluck off her *fruits*, and chop off her *branches*, but yet the *root* of it is *eternal*, the foundation of it is *inviolable*.

Now these *first*, and *Radical principles* are winded up in some such short bottoms as these: *Bonum est appetendum, malum est fugiendum; Beatitudo est quærenda; Quod tibi fieri non vis, alteri ne feceris.* And *Reason thus* ὠοτόκησε τὸν νόμον, *incubando super hæc ova*, by warming, and brooding upon these *first*, and *Oval Principles* of her own laying, it being it self quicken'd with an heavenly vigour, does thus *hatch* the *Law of Nature*.

For, you must not, nor cannot think that *Natures Law* is confin'd, and contracted within the compasse of two, or three *common Notions*; but Reason, as with one foot it fixes a *Center*, so with the other it measures, and spreads out a *Circumference*, it draws several *Conclusions*, which do all meet, and croud into these *first*, and *Central Principles*. As in those Noble *Mathematical Sciences* there are not onely some first αἰτήματα, which are *granted* as soon as they are *ask'd*, if not before; but there are also whole heaps of firm, and immoveable *Demonstrations*, that are built upon them: in the very same manner, *Nature* has some *Postulata*, some προλήψεις, (which *Seneca* renders *Præsumptiones*, which others call *Anticipationes Animi*,) which she knows a *Rational Being* will presently, and willingly yield unto; and therefore, by virtue of these, it does engage, and oblige it to all such commands, as shall by just result, by genuine production, by kindly and evident derivation flow from these.

For men must not onely look upon the *Capital Letters* of this Νόμος γραπτὸς, but they must read the whole *context*, and *coherence*

rence of it; they muſt look to every *jot*, and *Apex* of it: for *Heaven and Earth ſhall ſooner paſs away, then one jot, or Title of* this *Law ſhall vaniſh.*

They muſt not onely gaze upon two, or three *Principles* of the *firſt Magnitude*; but they muſt take notice of the leſſer *Celeſtial Sporades*: for theſe alſo have their *light*, and *influence*.

They muſt not onely *skim* off the *Cream* of *firſt Principles*: but whatſoever *ſweetneſs* comes ſtreaming from the *Dug* of *Nature*, they muſt feed upon it, they may be nouriſh'd with it.

Reaſon does not onely crop off the *tops* of *firſt Notions*, but does ſo gather all the *Flowers* in *Nature's Garden*, as that it can bind them together in a pleaſant *Poſy*, for the refreſhment of it ſelf and others.

Thus, as a *Noble Author* of our own does well obſerve, *Tota ferè Ethica eſt Notitia communis*: *All* Morality *is nothing, but a collection, and bundling up of Natural Precepts.* The *Moraliſts* did but πλατύνειν φυλακτήρια, *enlarge the fringes* of *Natures* Garment: they are ſo many *Commentatours*, and *Expoſitours* upon *Nature's* Law. This was his meaning, that ſtil'd *Moral Philoſophy*, ἡ περὶ τὰ ἀνθρώπινα φιλοσοφία, *that Philoſophy, which is for the maintaining, and edifying of Humane Nature.* Thus *Nature's Law* is frequently call'd the *Moral Law*. But the *Schoolmen* in their *rougher Language* make theſe ſeveral ranks, and diſtribution, of *Natural Precepts*. Τὰ πρῶτα κατὰ φύσιν. Firſt, there come in the front *Principia Generalia*, (as ſome call them) *per ſe nota*: *ut, Honeſtum eſt faciendum; Pravum vitandum.* Then follow next *Principia particularia, & magis determinata*: *ut, Juſtitia eſt ſervanda; Deus eſt colendus; Vivendum eſt temperatè.* At length come up in the rear, *Concluſiones evidenter illatæ, quæ tamen cognoſci nequeunt niſi per diſcurſum*; *ut, Mendacium, Furtum, & ſimilia prava eſſe.*

Theſe, though they may ſeem ſomewhat *more remote*, yet being fetch'd from clear, and unqueſtionable *Premiſſes*, they have *Nature's Seal* upon them; and are thus far *ſacred*, ſo as to have the uſual *priviledge* of a *Concluſion*, to be untouch'd, and undeniable.

For though that *learned Authour*, whom I mention'd not long before, do juſtly take notice of this, that *Diſcourſe* is the uſual *inlet* to *Errour*, and too often gives an open admiſſion, and courteous entertainment to ſuch *falſities*, as come diſguiſ'd in a *Syllogiſtical*

logiſtical form, which by their *ſequacious windings*, and *gradual inſinuations*, twine about ſome weak underſtandings: yet, in the *nature* of the thing it ſelf, 'tis as impoſſible to collect an *Errour* out of a *Truth*, as 'tis to gather the *blackeſt Night*, out of the *faireſt Sunſhine*, or the ſouleſt *wickedneſs* out of the pureſt *goodneſs*. A *Concluſion* therefore, that's built upon the *Sand*, you may very well expect its *fall*; but that, which is built upon the *Rock*, is *impregnable*, and *immoveable*: for, if the *Law of Nature* ſhould not extend it ſelf ſo far, as to oblige men to an accurate obſervation of that which is a remove, or two diſtant from *firſt Principles*, 'twould then prove extremely defective in ſome ſuch *Precepts*, as do moſt *intimately*, and *intenſely* conduce to the welfare, and advantage of an *Intellectual Being*.

And theſe *firſt Notions* would be moſt *barren*, *ineffectuous Speculations*, unleſs they did thus increaſe, and multiply, and bring forth fruit with the bleſſing of Heaven upon them.

So that there is a *neceſſary connexion*, and *concatenation* between *firſt Principles*, and ſuch *Concluſions*. For, as *Suarez* has it, *Veritas Principii continetur in Concluſione*: ſo that he, that queſtions the *Concluſion*, muſt needs alſo ſtrike at the *Principle*. Nay, if we look to the *notion* of a *Law*, there is more of that to be ſeen in theſe more *particular Limitations*, then in thoſe more *univerſal Notions*; for *Lex eſt proxima Regula operationum*. But now *Particulars* are nearer to *exiſtence*, and *operation*, then *Univerſals*: and in this reſpect do more immediately ſtear, and direct the *motions* of ſuch a *Being*. The one is the *bending* of the *Bow*, but the other is the *ſhooting* of the *Arrow*.

Suarez does fully determine this in ſuch words as theſe, *Hæc omnia Præcepta* (he means both *Principles*, & *Concluſions*) *prodeunt à Deo, Auctore Naturæ, & tendunt ad eundem finem, nimirum ad debitam conſervationem, & naturalem perfectionem, ſeu felicitatem Humanæ Naturæ.*

This *Law of Nature*, as it is thus branch'd forth, does bind *in foro Conſcientiæ*: for as that *Noble Author*, (whom I more then once commended before) ſpeaks very well in this: *Natural Conſcience*, 'tis *Centrum Notitiarum communium*, and tis a kind of *Senſus communis* in reſpect of the *inward Faculties*, as that other is in reſpect of the *outward Senſes*. Tis the competent *Judge* of this *Law of Nature*: 'tis the *natural Pulſe* of the *Soul*,

by

by the beating, and motion of which, the ſtate, and temper of men is diſcernable. The Apoſtle *Paul* thus felt the *Heathens pulſe*, and found their Conſciences ſometimes *accuſing* them, ſometimes making *Apology* for them. Yet there's a great deale of difference between *Natural Conſcience*, and the *Law* of *Nature*; for (as the *Scholemen* ſpeak) *Conſcience*, 'tis *Dictatum Practicum in particulari*, 'tis a proſecution, and application of this *Natural Law*, as *Providence* is of that *eternal Law*.

Nay, *Conſcience* ſometimes does embrace onely the *ſhadow* of a *Law*, and does engage men, though erroneouſly, to the obſervation of that, which was never dictated by any juſt *Legiſlative* power. Nor is it content to glance onely at what's to come, but *Janus*-like, it has a double aſpect, and ſo looks back to what's paſt, as to call men to a ſtrict account for every *violation* of this *Law*:

Which *Law* is ſo accurate, as to oblige men not onely *ad actum*, but *ad modum* alſo: it looks as well to the *inward form*, and *manner*, as to the *materiality*, and *bulk* of *outward Actions*: for every *Being* owes thus much kindneſſe, and courteſie to it ſelf, not onely to put forth ſuch *acts*, as are *eſſential*, and *intrinſecal* to its own welfare; but alſo to delight in them, and to fulfill them with all poſſible *freeneſſe*, and *alacrity*, with the greateſt *intenſneſs*, and *complacency*. *Self-love* alone might eaſily conſtrain men to this *natural* obedience. *Humane Laws* indeed reſt ſatisfied with a *viſible*, and *external obedience*; but *Natures Law* darts it ſelf into the moſt *intimate Eſſentials*, and looks for entertainment there.

You know, that amongſt the *Moraliſts* onely ſuch *acts* are eſteem'd *Actus Humani*, that are *Actus Voluntarii*. When *Nature* has tun'd a *Rational Being*, ſhe expects, that every *String*, every *Faculty* ſhould ſpontaneouſly, and chearfully ſound forth his praiſe.

And the God of *Nature*, that has not *chain'd*, nor *ſetter'd*, nor *enſlav'd* ſuch a Creature; but has given it a competent liberty, and enlargement, the free diffuſion, and amplification of its own *Eſſence*, he looks withall, that it ſhould willingly conſent to its own *happineſs*, and to all ſuch *means*, as are neceſſary for the accompliſhment of its *choiceſt end*: and that it ſhould totally abhor whatſoever is *deſtructive*, and *prejudicial* to its own *Being*, which

which if it do, 'twill presently embrace the *Law* of *Nature*, if either it loves its God, or it self; the *command* of its God, or the *welfare* of it self.

Nay, the *Precepts* of this *Natural Law* are so potent, and triumphant, as that some *acts*, which rebel against it, become not onely *Illiciti*, but *Irriti*, as both the *Schoolmen*, and *Lawyers* observe; they are not onely *irregularities*, but meer *nullities*; and that either *ob defectum Potestatis, & Incapacitatem Materiæ*; as if one should go about to give the *same* thing to *two* several *Persons*, the *second Donation* is a *Moral Non-entity*: or else *Propter perpetuam rei Indecentiam, & Turpitudinem durantem*; as in some *anomalous*, and *incestuous Marriages*. And this *Law* of *Nature* is so exact, as that 'tis not capable of an *Amisse*, which the *Lawyers* call *Emendatio Legis*: but there is no mending of *Essences*, nor of *Essential Laws*; both which consist *in Punctο, in Indivisibili*; and so cannot *Recipere magis & minus*: nor is there any need of it; for in this *Law* there's no *Rigour* at all, 'tis *pure Equity*, and so nothing is to be abated of it. Neither does it depend onely *à mente Legislatoris*, which is the usual Rise of *Mitigation*, but 'tis conversant about such *acts*, as are *per se tales*, most *intrinsecally*, and *inseparably*.

Yet notwithstanding this Law does not refuse an *Interpretation*, but *Nature* her self does *gloss* upon her own *Law*, as in what *circumstances* such an *Act* is to be esteem'd *Murder*, and when *not*, and so in many other Branches of *Natures Law*, if there be any appearance of *intricacy*, any seeming *knot*, and *difficulty*, *Nature* has given *edge* enough to cut it asunder.

There is another *Law* bordering upon this *Law* of *Nature*, *Jus Gentium*, *Juri Naturali propinquum*, *& consanguineum*; and 'tis *Medium quoddam inter Jus Naturale*, *& Jus Civile*. Now this *Jus Gentium* is either *per similitudinem*, *& concomitantiam*, when several *Nations*, in their distinct conditions, have yet some of the same *positive Laws*: or else (which indeed is most properly Νομικὸν ἴδιον) *per communicationem*, *& societatem*, which, as the learned *Grotius* describes, *Ab omnium, vel plurimum gentiũ voluntate vim obligandi accepit*: that is, when *all*, or *many* of the most *refined Nations* bunching, and clustering together, do binde themselves by *general compact*, to the observation of such *Laws*, as they judge to be for the good of them all; as the Honourable

entertainment of an *Embassadour*, or such like.

So that 'tis *Jus humanum non scriptum*. 'Tis ἐθῶν ἐπιτήδευσις, ἐξ χρόνου. For, as *Justinian* tells us, *Usu exigente, & Humanis necessitatibus, Gentes humanae quaedam sibi jura constituerunt*. Whereas other *Humane Laws* have a *narrower Sphere*, and *compass*, and are *limited* to such a state, which the *Orator* stiles *Leges populares*, the *Hebrews* call their *positive Laws* חֻקִּים, sometimes משפטים, though the one do more properly point at *Ceremonials*, the other at *Judicials*. The *Septuagint* render them ἐντολαί, some others call them τὰ τῆς ἀνθρωπίνης as they call *Natural Laws* מצות, which the *Hellenists* render δικαιώματα. But, according to the *Greek Idiom*, these are termed τὰ ἐν φύσει, and the others τὰ ἐν τάξει.

Now, though the *formality* of *Humane Laws* do flow *immediately* from the power of some *particular* men; yet the *strength*, and *sinew* of these *Laws* is founded in the *Law* of *Nature*: for *Nature* does *permissively* give them leave to make such Laws, as are for their greater convenience; and when they are made, and whilest they are in their force, and vigour, it does oblige, and command them not to break, or violate them: for they are to esteem their own *consent*, as a *sacred thing*; they are not to contradict their own *Acts*, nor to oppose such *Commands*, as *ex pacto* were fram'd, and constituted by themselves.

Thus much for the *Law* of *Nature* in *general*. We must look in the next place to that *Lumen Naturae*, that *Candle of the Lord*, by which this *Law* of *Nature* is manifested, and discovered.

CHAP. VIII.

How the Law of Nature *is discovered; not by Tradition.*

GOD, having contrived such an *admirable*, and *harmonious Law* for the guiding, and governing of his *Creature*, you cannot doubt, but that he will also provide sufficient means for the *discovery*, and *publishing* of it; *Promulgation* being pre-requir'd, as a *necessary condition*, before a *Law* can be valid, and *vigorous*,

vigorous. To this end therefore, he has set up an *Intellectual Lamp* in the Soul by the *light* of which it can read this Νόμος Θεοπνεύστος, and can follow the *Commands* of its *Creatour*.

The *Scholemen*, with full, and general consent, understand that place of the *Psalmist* of this *Lumen Naturale*, and many other *Authors* follow them in this too securely. Nay, some *Critical* Writers quote them, and yet never chide them for it. The words are these, נסה עליו אור פניך *Eleva super nos lumen vultûs tui*: but yet they, very ignorantly, though very confidently, render them, *Signatum est super nos lumen vultûs tui*: and they do as erroneously interpret it of the *light* of *Reason*, which (say they) is *Signaculum quoddam, & impressio increatæ lucis in Anima*. So much indeed is true; but it is far from being an *Exposition* of this place. Yet perhaps the *Septuagint* mis-led them, who thus translate it; Ἐπεσημάνθη ἐφ' ἡμᾶς τὸ φῶς τοῦ προσώπου σου: but *Aquila*, that had a *quicker eye* here, renders it Ἔπαρον, and *Symmachus* Ἐπίσημον ποίησον.

The *words* are plainly put up in the form of a *Petition* to Heaven, for some *smiles* of *love*, for some propitious, and favourable *glances*, for God's gracious *presence*, and *acceptance*. And they amount to this sense; *If one Sun do but Shine upon me, I shall have more joy, then worldlings have, when all their Stars appear.*

But to let these passe with the *Errours* of their *Vulgar Latine*, I meet with one more remarkable, and of larger influence: I mean that of the *Jews*, who (as that worthy *Author* of our own, in his learned Book *De Jure Naturali secundùm Hebræos*, makes the report) do imagine, and suppose, that the *light* of *Nature* shines onely upon themselves *originally*, and *principally*, and upon the *Gentiles* onely by way of *participation*, and dependance upon them; they all must light their *Candles* at the *Jewish Lamp*. Thus they strive, as much as they can, to *engross*, and *monopolize* this *Natural Light* to themselves; onely it may be sometimes, out of their great liberality, they will distribute some *broken Beams* of it to the *Gentiles*. As if these מצות בני נוח these *Præcepta Noachidarum* had been *lock'd up*, and *cabinetted* in *Noah's Ark*, and afterwards kept from the *prophane* touch of a *Gentile*: as if they had been part of that *Bread*, which our *Saviour* said was not to be cast unto *Dogs*; and therefore they would make them glad to *eat* of the *Crumbs*, *that fall from their Ma-*

ster's Table: as if they onely enjoyed a *Goshen* of *Natural Light*, and all the rest of the world were *benighted* in most palpable, and unavoidable *Darkness*: as if the *Sun* shin'd onely upon *Canaan*: as if *Canaan* onely flow'd with this *Milk*, and *Honey*: as if no *drops* of *Heaven* could fall upon a *Wildernesse*, unlesse an *Israelite* be there: as if they had the *whole impression* of *Nature's Law*: as if God had *not dealt thus with every Nation*: as if the *Heathen* also had not the *knowledge of this Law*. 'Tis true, they had the first *Beauty* of the *rising Sun*, the first *peepings* out of the *Day*, the first *dawnings* of *Natural Light*; for there were no other, that it could then shine upon: but do they mean to check the *Sun* in its motion, to stop this *Giant* in his *race*, to hinder him from scattering *rayes* of *Light* in the world? Do they think, that *Natures Fountain* is enclos'd, that her *Well* is seal'd up, that a *Jew* must onely drink of it, and a *Gentile* must die for Thirst? O! but they tell you they are עם סגלה Λάος ἐκλεκτός, a *Darling*, and *peculiar Nation*.

We shall fully acknowledge with the *Hebrew* of *Hebrews*, Πολὺ τὸ ἐκλεκτὸν τοῦ Ἰουδαίου, though not in respect of *Natural Light*, which, doubtlesse, is planted by *Nature* in the heart both of *Jew*, and *Gentile*, and shines upon both with an *equal*, and *impartial Beam*. And yet this must not be denied, that the *Jews* had even these *Natural Notions* much clarified, and refined from those *clouds*, and *mists*, which יצר הרע *Original Sin* had brought upon them, and this by means of that pure, and powerful *Beam* of heavenly Truth, which shined more *peculiarly* upon them. Those *Laws*, which *Nature* had engraven ἐν δέλτοις φρενῶν, *upon the Tables of their Hearts*, Sin like a *Moth*, had eaten, and defaced (as in all other men it had done) but in them those *fugitive Letters* were call'd home again, and those many *Lacunæ* were *supplied*, and *made good* again by comparing it with that other *Copy* (of God's *own writing* too) which *Moses* received in the *Mount*; and besides, they had a great number of *revealed Truths* discovered to them, which were *engraffed* indeed upon the *Stock* of *Nature*, but would never have grown out of it: so that this *second Edition* was *Auctior* also, as well as *Emendatior*; but yet, for all this, they have no greater a portion of the *Light* of *Nature*, then all men have. Thus *Christians* also are עם סגלה, and yet in respect of their *natural condition*, have no more then others.

Now,

Now, if the *Jews* have so many *priviledges*, why are not they *content?* Why do not they rest satisfied with them? Why will they thus be *claiming*, and arrogating more then their due?

Are they the *first-born*, and have they a *double portion*, and do they envy their *younger Brethren* their *Birth*, and *Being*? Have they a bright, and eminent *Sun-shine*; and do they envy a *Gentile* the *Candle* of the *Lord*?

No (as that *learned Author* tells us) they will grant, that the *Gentiles* had their *Candle*, and their *Torch*, but it was lighted at the *Jews Sun*. They must have some *Bottles* of *Water* to *quench* their *thirst*, but they must be fill'd at their *Streams*, *in ipſi Ἑβραϊκῶν ῥευμάτων, ex fluentis Hebraicis*.

But truly, if they were at their disposing, there be some that will question, whether they would let them *sip* at their *Fountain*, or no, whether they would let them *light* a *Candle* with them, or no. Yes (may some say) *Pythagoras* lighted his *Candle* there, and *Plato* lighted his *Candle* at theirs.

But what did they borrow *common Notions* of them? Did they borrow any *Copies* of *Natures Law* from them? Was this Νόμος γεγραπτὸς onely some *Jewish Manuscripts*, which they translated into *Greek*? Can *Pythagoras* know nothing, unlesse by a present ἐμψυχωθεὶς a *Jews* Soul come, and *inform* him? That *Pythagoras* should be *circumcis'd*, by perswasion of the *Jews*, is not impossible, but that he could not know how to forbid *Blasphemy*, without the *Jews* Teachings, deserves a good *Argument* to prove it.

If they will but attend to *Pythagoras* himself, they shall hear him resolving these *first Notions* of his, and others, into *Nature's* bounty, and not into the *Jews* courtesies for thus he sings;

——Θεὸν μὲν, ὡς θέμις ἐστὶ, νόμιζε,
Ὃν τρόπον ἀθανάτοις εὐθὺς διάκειται ἅπασι.

And *Hierocles*, in his *Comment* (which is as *golden* as *Pythagoras* his *Verses*) does thus *paraphrase* upon his meaning: Πάντες ἄνθρωποι ἐσμὲν ἐγγενεῖς τοῖς ἀθανάτοις θεοῖς. And these *principles*, which he does call here τὰ σύμφυτα, he does not long after stile τὰς κοινὰς ἐννοίας.

Then as for *Plato*, to be sure hee'l tell them, that he has *connate species* of his own; for which he was never beholding to the *Jews*. Hee'l tell them, that he has many *Spermatical Notions*, that

that were never of their *sowing*; many vigilant *sparks*, that were never of their *striking*, or *kindling*. He'll but set his *Reminiscence* on work, and will visit his *old acquaintance*, recall many *ancient Truths*, that are now slipt out of his *Memory*, and have been too long absent.

And lately *Aristotle* never thought, that his *Rasa Tabula* could have nothing *printed* upon it, till a *Jew* gave it an *Imprimatur*: he little imagin'd, that the *Motion* of his *Soul* depended upon these *Oriental Intelligences*.

Therefore, if they please, they may spare that pretty *Story* of theirs, which that *learned Author*, whom I have so often commended, does acquaint us with, but yet withall esteems it *fabulous*, of *Simeon* the *Just*, the *High Priest*, reading of *Lectures* to *Aristotle*, a little before his death, of the *Immortality* of the *Soul*, and the *reward*, and *punishment*, which are reserved for *another life*; and that so powerfully, as that he *convinced* him, and *converted* him.

But certainly that *brave Philosopher* could easily spy out *Immortality* stamp'd upon his own Soul, though such a *Monitour* had been absent, and did know long before that time by the improvement of his own *Intellectuals*, that he must give an account of his *Being*, and *Operations* to his Ὅτι ἔστιν.

What means then that voice of the *Oracle*,

Μητρὸς χαλλιόου σοφίης λάχες, ἣν ἀρ' ἔδειξε
Ἀνθρώποις ἀλάοσι σοφὸς ἐὼν Θεὸς ἐγγύς.

Truly, the *Oracle* here is not so *obscure*, but that you may easily perceive, that by Σοφία it did not mean *Intelligentia*, which is ἡ γνῶσις τῶν φύσεων ἀϋλων, but onely *Sapientia*, which is ἡ γνῶσις τῶν ἀνθρωπίνων. Now, why they had more of this, the *Apostle* will give you the best account of it; Ὅτι ἐπιστεύθησαν τὰ λόγια τοῦ Θεοῦ, because they had a *better Oracle* to consult withall, then this was.

Yet surely neither *Jew*, no *Gentile* need go to an *Oracle* to enquire of *common Notions*. But, in respect of these, that *Anonymus Author* of the *Life* of *Pythagoras* speaks an unquestionable *Truth*; Οὐκ ἐπιστάμεθα, ὡς ἐγὼ οἶμαι, ἡ παιδεία ἐν ταῖς Ἀθήναις, ἀλλ' ἐν αὐταῖς ταῖς ἀρχαῖς· that is, *The Athenians had not an adventitious, and precarious kind of knowledge; but that Nature*, which gave them *Being*, gave them *Education* also. As her *womb bare* them,

them, so her *Breasts* gave them *suck*. As they were Αὐτοχθῶνες, so likewise Αὐτοδίδακτοι.

But you shall hear a *bragging*, and *doting Egyptian* tell you, Ἕλληνας ἀεὶ παῖδας εἶναι. *The* Greeks *were alwaies Boies in knowledg*. Grant that they were *Children*, yet cannot they *suck* at *Nature's Dug?* Cannot they read *Natures Alphabet*, unlesse a *Iew* come with his *fescue*, and *teach* them?

Howe're, the *Egyptian* has little Reason to triumph; for, to be sure, if there be any *light* in *Egypt* more then this of *Nature*, they may thank *Israelites* for it: if there be any corn in *Egypt*, they may thank a *Ioseph* for providing of it. These, if any, lighted their *Candle* at the *Israelites*, and receiv'd more *precious Jewels* from them, then ever they were robb'd of by them.

This indeed must be granted, that the whole generality of the *Heathen* went a *gleaning* in the *Jewish* fields. They had some of their *grapes*, some *ears* of *Corn*, that dropp'd from them. *Pythagoras*, and *Plato* especially, were such notable *gleaners*, as that they *stole* out of the very *sheaves*, out of those Truths, that are bound up in the *Sacred volume*. Yet all this while they ne're stole *first Principles*, nor *Demonstrations*: but they had them οἰκόθεν, and needed not to take such a *long Journey* for them.

Give then unto the *Jew* the things of the *Jewes*, and to the *Gentile* the things that are the *Gentiles*; and that, which God has not *common*, call not thou *peculiar*. The *Apostle Paul's Question* is here very seasonable; Ἢ Ἰουδαίων ὁ Θεὸς μόνον, οὐχὶ καὶ ἐθνῶν, ναὶ καὶ ἐθνῶν.

There was never any *partition-wall* between the *Essence* of *Jew*, and *Gentile*; Now the *Law* of *Nature* 'tis founded in *Essentials*. And that, which is disconvenient to that *Rational Nature*, which is in a *Jew*, is as opposite, and disagreeable to the same *Nature* in a *Gentile*; as that *good*, which is suitable, and proportionable to a *Jew* in his *Rational Being*, is every way as *intrinsecal* to the welfare of a *Gentile*, that does not differ *essentially* from him. So likewise for the *promulgation* of this *Law*, being it does equally *concern* them both, and equally *oblige* them both; it is also by *Nature* equally *publish'd*, and *manifested* to them both. So that what the *Apostle* speaks in respect of the freeness of *Evangelical Light*, we may say the very same in respect of the commonnesse of *Natural Light*; Οὐκ ἔστι Ἕλλην καὶ Ἰουδαῖος, περιτομὴ καὶ ἀκροβυστία, βάρβαρος,

βάρβαρος. Σκύθης, δοῦλος, ἐλεύθερος: but all these are *one*, in respect of *Nature*, and Nature's *Law*, and Nature's *Light*.

CHAP. IX.

The Light of Nature.

THis *Law* of *Nature*, having a firm, and unshaken Foundation in the *necessity*, and *conveniency* of its *materials*, becomes *formally* valid, and vigorous by the mind, and command of the *Supreme Law-giver*. So as that all the *strength*, and *nerves*, and *binding* virtue of this *Law* are rooted, and fasten'd partly in the *excellency*, and *equity* of the commands themselves: But they principally depend upon the Sovereignty, and Authority of *God* himself, thus contriving, and commanding the *welfare* of his *Creature*, and advancing a *Rational Nature* to the just perfection of its *Being*. This is the rise, and original of all that *obligation*, which is in the *Law* of *Nature*. But the *publishing*, and *manifestation* of this Law, which must give notice of all this, does flow from that *heavenly Beame*, which God has *darted* into the *Soul* of Man; from the *Candle* of the *Lord*, which God has *lighted up* for the discovery of his own *Laws*; from that *intellectual eye*, which God has fram'd, and made exactly proportionable to this *Light*.

Therefore we shall easily grant, that the obligation of this *Law* does not come from this *Candle of the Lord*; and others, I suppose, will deny, that the *Manifestation* of this Law does come from this *Candle* of the *Lord*, that the *promulgation* of this *Law* is made by the voice of *Reason*.

In order of *Nature*, this *Law*, as all others, must be *made*, before it can be made *known*, *Entity* being the just root & bottom of *Intelligibility*. So that Reason does not *facere*, or *ferre legem*, but onely *invenire*: as a *Candle* does not *produce* an Object, but onely *present* it to the eye, and make it *visible*. All *Veritie*, 'tis but the *gloss* of *Entity*: there's a loving *Union*, and *Communion* between them, as soon as *Being* is, it may be known.

So

So that *Reason* is the *Pen*, by which *Nature* writes this Law of her own composing. This *Law*, 'tis publish'd by Authority from Heaven, and *Reason* is the *Printer*. This *eye* of the Soul, 'tis to spy out all *dangers*, and all *advantages*, all *conveniences*, and *disconveniences* in reference to such a *Being*, and to warn the *Soul* in the Name of its *Creatour*, to fly from such irregularities, as have an *intrinsecal*, and *implacable malice* in them, and are prejudicial, and *destructive* to its Nature; but to *comply* with, and embrace all such *acts*, and *objects*, as have a *native comelinesse*, and *amiablenesse*, and are for the *heightning*, and *ennobling* of its *Being*.

Hierocles does most excellently set forth this, whilest he brings that *golden verse* of *Pythagoras* to the Touch-stone.

Μηδ' ἀλογήσαι σιωπῇ ἐχων σὺ γε τοῖς ἐθίζω,

and does thus brighten it, and display it in its *full glory*, Ὅτι γὰρ ὥσπερ ἐν ταῖς ἐσίαις ἁρμονία τίς ἐστιν ἐμβλέπουσα, τὸ λόγον ἐν πᾶσιν ἐνεῖναι φησιν. καὶ ἡ μὲν ἀρμονία, ἀνυφάνοντι τῇ ἑαυτῆς ἑνὶ λόγῳ ζῆν παρέχει. His meaning is this: 'there is a kind of a *Canon-Law* in the *essences* of men, and a 'Rational *Tuning* all their *faculties* according to those *Lessons* 'which *Nature* has set; it does ζῆν νομίμως, with a most grateful 'and *harmonious life*, pleases both it self, and others. So, whilest he weighs that other *golden* Verse in the Balance, he speaks very high,

Βελτίων δ' ἐσθ' ἑκὼν ἵνα μὴ πάθῃ πλέον·

he gives us this *learned* accompt of it, λέγω δ' ὑφ' ἡγεμονίαν, ἣ θεοῦ ἕνεκεν ἡμῖν τὸ καθηγεῖσθαι ἐπιβέβληται, τῶν βελτίωνα, ἃ ὁ θεὸς ἡγεῖται νομίζων· ἣ γίνεται σύμφυτος θεῷ ἡ κατ' οἰκείαν διάνοιαν ψυχή· ἣ ὅταν τὸ θεῖον, ἣ τὸ λαμπρὸν ἐπιβλέπουσα φύσεται ἃ ἂν πράττῃ. ἵνα ἑνώσεως διαπεμπῆν ᾖ τὸ ἄλογον, ἣ σκοτεινὸν, ἀνάγῃ, ἣ ἀτίμαζῃ, ἀφιείσῃ, ἀνὴρ ἐ μόνος ἐν ἀνθρώποις ἐπιστήμων, ἀλλὰ καὶ θεοῖς ἐπιτήδειος. Which I may thus render; *To obey* Right Reason, *'tis to be perswaded by* God *himself, who has furnish'd, and adorn'd a* Rational Nature *with this intrinsecal, and essential Lamp, that shines upon it, and guides it in the ways of God. So, as that the Soul and its Creatour become perfect* Unisons, *and being blest with the light of his Countenance, it steers all its motions, and actions, with much security, and happinesse. But, if this Lamp of* Reason *be darkned, and obscured, the Soul presently embraces a Cloud, and courts a Shadow, the blackest, and most palpable* Atheism, *and Wickedness must needs cover the face of that Soul, that starts back, and*

apostatizes from its God, and its Reason. Where you cannot but take notice, that he calls the *light* of *Reason*, Οἰκεῖον ἐνάυλιον, which is an *expression* very parallel to this of *Solomon*, *The Candle of the Lord*.

That *wise* Heathen, *Socrates*, was of the very same mind, in whose mouth that *speech* was so frequent, and usual, Οὐδὲν χρὴ πιστεύειν πλὴν τῷ ὑφ' ἡμῶν λεγομένῳ. *'Tis in vain to trust any thing, but that which* Reason *tells you has the Seal of God upon it.* Thus that *Heathen Orator*, very fully, and Emphatically; *Nos Legem bonam à malâ, nullâ aliâ, nisi Naturali norma, dividere possumus. Nec solùm Jus, & Injuria à Natura dijudicantur, sed omnino omnia Honesta, & Turpia. Nam & communis Intelligentia nobis Res notas efficit, ea quæ in animis nostris inchoavit, ut Honesta in virtute ponantur, in vitiis Turpia.* That is; *Nature has distinguish'd Good from Evill by these indelible stamps, and impressions, which she has graven upon both; and has set* Reason, *as a competent Judge, to decide all* Moral *Controversies, which by her first seeds of Light plainly discovers an honourable Beauty in Goodness; and an inseparable Blot in Wickedness.* Hence these three ἔστι θεῶν, ζῶντι λόγῳ, ζῶν κατὰ θεόν, are esteem'd equivalencies by that Emperour, and Philosopher, *Marcus Antoninus*. But yet the *Jews* will by no means yield, that there is *light* enough in the *dictates* of *Reason*, to display *Common Notions*; for they look upon it, as a various, and unsatisfactory *light*, mix'd with much *Shadow*, and *Darkness*, labouring with perpetual *inconstancy*, and *uncertainty*. What, are *first Principles* become so *mutable*, and *treacherous*? Are *Demonstrations* such *fortuitous*, and *contingent* things? Had I met with this in a fluctuating *Academick*, in a rowling *Sceptick*, in a *Sextus Empyricus*, in some famous *Professour of Doubts*, I should then have look'd upon it, as a tolerable expression of their *trembling*, and *shivering opinion*. But how come I to find it among those *Divers* into the *depths* of *Knowledge*, who grant a *certainty*, and yet will not grant it to *Reason*? I would they would tell us then, where we might hope to find it: Surely not in an *Oriental Tradition*, in a *Rabbinical Dream*, in a dusty *Manuscript*, in a *remnant* of *Antiquity*, in a *Bundle* of *Testimonies*, and yet this is all you are like to get of them: for they tell you this *Story*, that these *Natural* Precepts, *tum in ipsâ rerum initiis, tum in eâ, quæ fuit post Diluvium, instauratione, Hu-*

mano

mano generi ipsa sanctissimâ Numinis voce fuisse imperata, atque ad Posteros per Traditionem solùm inde manâsse; that is, that "These 'Commands were proclaim'd by the voice of God himself, first 'to *Adam* in the first *setting out* of the World; and then they 'were *repeated* to *Noah*, when there was to be a *reprinting*, and 'new *Edition* of the World after the *Deluge*; and thus were in 'way of *Tradition* to be propagated to all Posterity. O rare and admirable foundation of *Plerophory!* O incomparable method, and contrivance to find out *certainty*, to raise out *first Principles*, to pluck down *Demonstrations*, to demolish the whole structure, and fabrick of *Reason*, and to build upon the word of two or three *Hebrew Doctours*, that tell you of a *voice*, and that as confidently as if they had heard it, and *they* are entrusted with this voice, they must *report*, and *spread* it unto others, though they do it, like *unfaithful Ecchoes*, with false and *imperfect* rebound!

This is to tell you, that Men have no *Candle* of the *Lord* within them; but onely there must be *Traditio Lampadis*, a *general*, and *publick Light*, that must go from one hand to another. This is to *blot out* the Νὰς γεγραπται, to leave out *Canonical Scripture*, and to give you *Apocrypha* in the room of it. 'Tis to set a *few* in the *chair*, dictating the *Law of Nature*, with the very same *Infallibility*, that the *Pope* promises himself in determining all points of *Religion*. Therefore some it may be will have recourse to such an *Intellectus Agens*, as must clear up all things.

Now this is another *Oriental Invention*; for those *Arabian* Writers, *Averroes*, and *Avicen*, did not look upon the *spirit of a man*, as the *Candle* of the *Lord*; but must needs have an *Angel* to hold the *Candle* to enlighten men in their *choicest operations*. Nay, *Averroes* will allow but *one Angel* to superintend, and prompt the whole *species* of *Mankind*, yet *Zabarel* questions, whether his bounty will not extend to *two*, the one for an *Intellectus Agens*, the other for an *Intellectus Patiens*.

To be sure, *Averroes* fancied Man, as the most *imperfect*, and *contemptible Being* that could be, *totally dependant* upon an *Angel* in his most *essential workings*; the whole *Sphere* of his *Being* was to be mov'd by an *Intelligence*. He fancied him a *Ship* steer'd onely by an *Angel*; he fancied him a *Lute*, that made no *Musick*, but by the touch of an *Angel*. It had been well, if his *Genius* would have *tun'd* him a little better. It had been well, if his *Pilot*

would have kept him from making ſhipwrack of *Reaſon*; if his *Intelligence* would but have mov'd his *Head* a little more harmoniouſly. But by this, if he had pleaſ'd, he might have perceiv'd, that there we *pluralities*, and differences of Underſtandings; becauſe there were ſo few of his mind. Yet *Plotinus*, and *Themiſtius*, that were his *Seniours*, had more then a tincture of this Errour; and look'd upon this Νοῦς πατρικὸς, as if it had been *Sol quidam incorporeus, nulli oriens, aut occidens, ſed ſemper, & ubique omnibus præſens.*

Which Notion *Cardan* proſecutes ſo far, as that he falls into this moſt prodigious Conceit, that this *Intellectus Agens* does offer its *light*, and aſſiſtance to *ſenſitive Beings* alſo; but that the churliſhneſſe of the *matter* will not welcome, and entertain ſuch *pure irradiations:* for thus he ſpeaks; *Eundem Intellectum etiam belluis imminere, eáſque ambire: at ipſi non patere Aditum, propter materiæ ineptitudinem; igitur hominem intus irradiare, circum bellnas extrinſecùs collucere. Neque alia re hominis Intellectum ab Intellectu differre bellnarum. Idcirco bellnas ea omnia habere inchoata, quæ in homine perfecta ſunt.* But *Scaliger* has ſufficiently corrected him for this *brutiſh Tenet*; ſo that I ſhall need onely to adde this: *Cardan's Intellectus Agens* was ſo *familiar*, as that ſome queſtion, whether he were a *good Angel*, or no. Nay, ſome tell us, that he was left him for an *Inheritance*, ſhut up in a *Ring*, encloſ'd in a *golden Circle*, a *goodly Sphere* for an *Intelligence* to move in. But there were many others alſo enamour'd with this opinion of an *Intellectus Agens*, the *Platoniſts* were exceſſively inclinable to it, and were alwaies ſo much converſant with *Spirits*, which made their *Philoſophy* ever queſtion'd for a touch of *Magick*. Nay, Scaliger tells us of ſome others, that will have this *Intellectus Agens* to be *caput, & Author Conſiliorum omnium*, the Contriver of the *rareſt* and wittieſt *Inventions*; the *Author* of *Guns*, of *Clocks*, of *Printing*, of the *Pyxis Nautica: Materialem verò Intellectum eſſe quaſi Uſufructuarium, & Beneficiarium illius.*

The *Jews* eſpecially admire, and adore the *influence* of an *Intellectus Agens:* and, not forgetful of their *Primogeniture*, and *Priviledges*, but being always a *conceited*, and a *bragging generation*, they would fain perſwade us, that God himſelf is their *Intellectus Agens*; but to the *Gentiles* he

ſends

ſends onely an *Angel* to *illuminate* them.

The *Jews* indeed ſometimes call every *faculty* an *Angel*, as one of the *beſt* amongſt them, *Maimonides*, tels us; but yet here they properly mean an *Angelical Being*, diſtinct, and ſeparate from the *Soul*, and juſt according to *Averroes*'s Determination, the *loweſt Intelligence*, *Ultimus motor cœleſtium*. Their own *Intellectus Agens* they call שכינה, and רוח הקדש, the *preſence*, and *power* of God dwelling in the *underſtanding*; the *influence* of it they term ישוע, as the formentioned *Maimonides* obſerves, that is, a *copious*, *and abundant ſupply of Light ſhining upon the Mind*. According to which they underſtand that place of the *Pſalmiſt*, באורך נראו אור *In lumine tuo videbimus lumen*; which the *Schoolmen* more truly expound of the *Lumen gloriæ* in the *Beatifical Viſion*, though it may reach alſo to that *joy*, and *light*, which Saints have in *communion* with God here.

Amongſt freſher, and more *modern* Writers, *Zabarel* is very intenſe, and zealous for this, that God himſelf is the *Intellectus Agens* of the *Soul*: but, being a moſt humble, and devoted ſervant to *Ariſtotle*, he can by no means quiet, and content himſelf, unleſſe he can ſhew the world, that his *Maſter* was of the ſame judgment.

This makes him to ſuborn two, or three Teſtimonies, or, at leaſt, to tamper with a place or two, and then bravely to conclude, that, without doubt, 'twas the mind of the *Philoſophers*: which is not onely againſt the whole ſtream of other *Interpreters*, but againſt the known, and *Orthodox* Principles of him, that was *wiſer*, then to countenance ſuch a vanity.

It ſhould ſeem by that *eminent Writer* of our own, that *Fryer Bacon* was of the ſame mind too, for whoſe words theſe are quoted, amongſt many others, out of an *Oxford*-Manuſcript, *Deus reſpectu animæ eſt ſicut Sol reſpectu Oculi temporalis, & Angeli ſicut ſtellæ*. Now what *Angels* they were, that this *Roger Bacon* fix'd his eye upon, whether they were not *fallen ſtars*, let others examine. I ſhould think, that *Cardan*'s *Intellectus Agens*, and his were both much of the ſame *colour*.

But this you may perceive in him, and the reſt of the great *Pleaders* for an *Intellectus Agens*, that they found all their *Arguments* in a pretty *ſimilitude* of an *Eye*, and *Light*, and *Colours*; as if this were ſome *inconquerable Demonſtration*: whereas that great

great *Maſter of Subtleties*, whom I have more then once nam'd before, has made it appear, that the whole *Notion* of an *Intellectus agens* is a meer *fancy*, and ſuperfluity.

Yet this may be granted to all the forementioned *Authors*, and this is the onely *ſpark* of *Truth*, that lies almoſt buried in that heap of *Errours*; That God himſelf, as he does ſupply every *Being*, the Motion of every Creature with an *intimate* and *immediate concourſe* every way anſwerable to the meaſure, and degree of its *Entity*; ſo he does in the ſame manner conſtantly aſſiſt the *Underſtanding* with a proportionable *Co-operation*. But then as for any ſuch *Irradiations* upon the *Soul*, in which that ſhall be meerly *patient*; God indeed, if he be pleas'd to reveal himſelf in a *ſpecial*, and *extraordinary* manner, he may thus *ſhine* out upon it, either *immediately* by his *own light*, or elſe drop *Angelical Influence* upon it: but that this ſhould be the natural, and ordinary way, neceſſarily required to *Intellectual* workings, is extremely prejudicial to ſuch a *noble Being*, as the *Soul* of man is; to which God gave ſuch *bright participations* of himſelf, and ſtamp'd his *Image* upon it, and left it to its own workings, as much as any other *created Being* whatſoever. Nay, as *Scaliger* does moſt confidently object it to *Cardan*, you will not have one *Argument* left, by which you can evince the *Immortality* of the *Soul*, if you ſhall reſolve all the excellency of its *Being*, and *Operations* into an *Intellectus agens* really diſtinct from it.

But then to make this *Nus monadicus*, and *Nus ſtrictè*, onely the *various Aſpects*, and different *relations* of the ſame *Soul*, is but a weak and needleſſe device, and, if 'twere *Ariſtotle's*, to be ſure 'twas none of his *Maſterpieces*, for 'tis built upon, I know not what *Phantaſms*, and *falſe Appearances*.

Whereas thoſe *ſpecies*, and *Colours*, thoſe *Pictures* and *Repreſentations* of *Being*, that are ſet before an *Intellectual Eye*, carry ſuch a light, and beauty in themſelves, as may juſtly *engratiate* them with the *Underſtanding*. And though ſome tell us, that they have too much *droſſe*, and impurity, that they are too *muddy*, and *feculent*, not proportionable to the *purity* of a *reaſonable Soul*; yet let them but think of thoſe many *ſtrainers* they have gone through, thoſe *double refinings*, and *clarifyings*, that they have had from ſo many *percolations*, and withall they may know, that the *Underſtanding* can drink in the moſt *pure*, and *flowring* part of the

Species

Species, and can leave the *dregs* at bottom. Have you not thus often seen a *Seal* stamping it self upon the *Wax*, and yet not communicating the least particle of *matter*, but onely leaving a *form*, and *impression* upon it?

However, there is as much proportion between these *Species*, and an *Intellectus Patiens*, as between these, and an *Intellectus Agens*. Nay, there is more proportion between these *species* and the *Understanding*, then between the *Soul*, and *Body*, which yet are *joyned*, and *married* together in a most loving, and *conjugal Union*.

CHAP. X.

Of the Consent of Nations

THough *Natur's Law* be principally proclaim'd by the voice of *Reason*, though it be sufficiently discover'd by the *Candle of the Lord*, yet there is also a *secondary*, and *additional* way, which contributes no small light to the manifestation of it: I mean the *Harmony*, and *joynt consent* of *Nations*; who, though there be no *league*, nor *truce*, no *communion*, nor *commerce*, nor *compact* between them, yet they do *tacitly*, and *spontaneously* conspire in a dutiful observation of the most *radical*, and *fundamental* Laws of *Nature*.

So that, by this *pleasant consort* of theirs, you may know, that the same *Natur* did *tune* them all. When you see the same *prints* and *impressions* upon so many several Nations, you easily perceive that they were stamp'd *eodem communi Sigillo*, with the same *publick Seal*. When you see the very same *seeds* thrown in such *different soils*; yet all *encreasing*, and *multiplying*, *budding*, and *blossoming*, *branching out*, and *enlarging* themselves into some fruitful expressions; you know then, that 'twas *Natur's* hand, her *bountiful*, and *successful* Hand, that scatter'd such *seminal Principles* amongst them: you presently know, that 'tis no *enclosed way*, 'tis a *Via Regia*, in which you meet with so many *Travellers*, such a *concourse*, and confluence of a People.

Amongst

Amongst many others, the learned *Grotius* is full, and expreſs for ſearching out the *Law* of *Nature* in this manner.

You ſhall hear his own words, which he ſpeaks in that excellent work of his *De Iure Belli & Pacis*. *Eſse aliquid juris Naturalis probari ſolet tum ab eo, quod prius eſt: tum ab eo, quod poſterius: quarum probandi Rationum illa ſubtilior eſt, hæc popularior. A priori, ſi oſtendatur Rei alicujus convenientia, aut diſconvenientia, neceſſaria cum Naturâ Rationali, ac Sociali. A poſteriori verò, ſi non certiſſimâ fide, certè probabiliter admodum, juris Naturalis eſse colligitur id, quod apud gentes omnes, aut moraliores omnes, tale eſse creditur.* And he does annex this reaſon of it; *Univerſalis effectus Univerſalem requirit cauſam.* When you ſee ſuch freſh *Springs*, and ſtreams of *Juſtice* watering ſeveral *Kingdoms*, and *Nations*, you know, that they are *participations* of ſome rich *Fountain*, of a vaſt *Ocean*. When you ſee ſo many *Rays* of the ſame *Light*, ſhooting themſelves into the ſeveral Corners of the world, you preſently look up to the *Sun*, as the glorious Original of them all.

Let me then a little vary that place in the *Acts* of the *Apoſtles*: *You may hear every man in his own Language, in his own* Dialect, *and* Idiom, *ſpeaking the ſame works of Nature*: Parthians, *and* Medes, *and* Elamites, *and the Dwellers in* Meſopotamia, *and in* Judea, *and* Cappadocia, *in* Pontus, *in* Aſia, Phrygia, *and* Pamphylia, *in* Egypt, *and in the parts of* Lybia *about* Cyrene, *and ſtrangers of* Rome, Jews, *and* Proſelytes, Cretes, *and* Arabians, *you may hear them ſpeak in their Tongue the wonderful works of* God, *and* Nature.

For whatſoever is *Natural*, and *Eſſential*, is alſo *Vniverſal* in order to ſuch a *Species*. The *Philoſopher* ſpeaks to this very pertinently; Τὸ δὲ φύσει ἀκίνητον, καὶ πανταχοῦ τὴν αὐτὴν ἔχει δύναμιν, ὥσπερ τὸ πῦρ καὶ ἐνθάδε, καὶ ἐν Πέρσαις κάει. That is, "Whatſoever is 'Natural is *immoveable*,' and in the ſame manner perpetually 'energetical: as *fire* does not put on one colour amongſt the 'Grecians, and paint its face otherwiſe among the *Perſians*; but 'it has alwaies the ſame *ruddineſs*, and *purity*, the ſame *zeal*, and 'vehemency.

As *Nature* ſhews choice *variety*, and *Needle-work* in this, in that ſhe works every *Individuum* with ſeveral *flouriſhes*, with ſome *ſingular* and *diſtinguiſhing notes*: So likewiſe ſhe plainly aſpires

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to *concord*, and *unity*, whileſt ſhe knits all together in a *common*, and *ſpecifical Identity*. Not onely in the *faces* of men, but in their *Beings* alſo, there is much of *Identity*, & yet much of *Variety*.

You do not doubt, but that in *all Nations* there is an exact likeneſſe, and agreement, in the *fabrick*, and *compoſure* of mens *Bodies* in reſpect of *Integrals*; excepting a few *Monſters*, and *Heteroclites* in *Nature*: nor can you doubt, but that there is the very ſame frame, and conſtitution of mens *ſpirits*, in reſpect of *Intrinſecals*; unleſs in ſome *prodigious ones*, that in the *Philoſopher's* Language are Ἀμαρτήματα φύσεως. *As face anſwers face, ſo does the heart of one man the heart of another*; even the Heart of an *Athenian* the Heart of an *Indian*.

Wherefore the *Votes*, and *Suffrages* of *Nature* are no *contemptible* things. Φήμη δ' ἥτις πάμπαν ἀπόλυται, ἥτινα λαοὶ πολλοὶ φημίζουσι· as the *Poet* ſings. This was the mind of that grave *Moraliſt*, *Seneca*: as appears by that ſpeech of his; *Apud nos veritatis argumentum eſt aliquid omnibus videri*. But the *Orator* is higher, and fuller in his expreſſion; *Omni autem in re, Conſenſio omnium Gentium, Lex Naturæ putanda eſt*. And that other *Orator*, *Quintilian*, does not much differ from him in this, *Pro certis habemus ea, in quæ communi opinione conceſſum eſt*. Or if the judgment of a *Philoſopher* be more potent, and prevalent with you, you may hear *Ariſtotle* telling you; Κρατίστην πάντες ἀνθρώπους φαίνεται νομοθετοῦντες τῆς ἐνδοξολογίας. You may hear *Heraclitus* determining, that ὁ λόγος ξυνὸς is an excellent κριτήριον of *Truth*; and therefore he was wont to lay down this for a *Maxime*, Τὰ κοινῇ φαινόμενα πιστά· which may be rendred *Vox Populi, vox Dei*; yet, upon this condition, that it be took with its due *reſtraints*, and *limitations*. If you would have a *ſacred Author* ſets his *ſeal* to all this, *Tertullian* has done it. *Quod apud multos unum invenitur, non eſt erratum, ſed traditum*.

Surely, that muſt needs be a clear *convincing light*, that can command *reſpect*, and *adoration* from all beholders; it muſt be an *Orient Pearl* indeed, if none will *trample* upon it. It muſt be a *conquering*, and *triumphant Truth*, that can *ſtop* the *mouths* of *Gain-ſayers*, and paſs the world without *contradiction*: ſurely that's *pure Gold*, that has been examin'd by ſo many ſeveral *Touchſtones*, and has had *approbation* from them all: certainly, 'tis ſome *tranſcendent beauty*, that ſo many *Nations* are enamour'd withall.

'Tis ſome *powerful Muſick*, that ſets the *whole* world a *Dancing*. 'Tis ſome *pure*, and *delicious Reliſh*, that can content, and ſatisfie *every palate*. 'Tis ſome *accurate piece*, that paſſes ſo many *Criticks* without any *Animadverſions*, without any *varia Lectiones*. 'Tis an *elegant Picture*, that neither the *eye* of an *Artiſt*, nor yet a *popular eye* can find fault withall. Think but upon the *ſeveral tempers*, and *diſpoſitions* of men; how *curious* are ſome? how *cenſorious* are others? how *envious*, and *malicious* are ſome? how *various*, and *mutable* are others? how do ſome love to be *ſingular?* others to be *contentious?* how *doubtful*, and *wavering* is one? how *jealous*, and *ſuſpicious* is another? and then tell me, whether it muſt not be ſome *Authentical*, *unqueſtionable Truth*, that can at all times have a *Certificate*, and *Commendamus* from them all.

Then look upon the *diverſities* of *Nations*, and there you will ſee a rough, and barbarous *Scythian*, a wild *American*, an unpoliſh'd *Indian*, a ſuperſtitious *Ægyptian*, a ſubtle *Æthiopian*, a cunning *Arabian*, a luxurious *Perſian*, a treacherous *Carthaginian*, a lying *Cretian*, an elegant *Athenian*, a wanton *Corinthian*, a deſperate *Italian*, a fighting *German*, and many other heaps of *Nations*, whoſe *titles* I ſhall now ſpare: and tell me, whether it muſt not be ſome admirable, and efficacious *Truth*, that ſhall ſo *overpower* them all, as to paſs *currant* amongſt them, and be *owned* and *acknowledged* by them.

Yet, notwithſtanding, as we told you before, that the *obligation* of *Nature's Law* did not ſpring from *Reaſon*; ſo much leſſe does it ariſe from the *conſent* of *Nations*. That *Law* indeed, which is peculiarly term'd Νόμος Βασιλικὸς, *Jus Gentium*, has its *vigour*, and *validity* from thoſe *mutual*, and *reciprocal compacts*, which they have made amongſt themſelves: but the meeting of *ſeveral Nations* in the obſervation of *Nature's Law*, has no *binding*, or *engaging virtue* in it any otherwiſe, then in an *exemplary* way; but yet it has a *confirming*, and *evidencing power*, that ſhews, that they were all obliged to this by ſome *ſupreme Authority*, which had ſuch an *ample influence* upon them all. Thus you know the *ſweetneſſe* of *Honey*, both by your *own taſt*, and by the *conſent* of *Palates* too: yet neither the one, nor the other does drop any *ſweetneſſe*, or *luſciouſneſs* into the *Honey-comb*. Thus you ſee the *beauty*, and *glory* of *Light*, and you may call moſt men in the World

World to be *eye-witneſſes* of it; yet thoſe ſeveral eyes add no *gloſs*, or *luſtre* to it, but onely take notice of it.

Man being ζῶον πολιτικὸν, and ζῶον φιλικὸν, as the *Philoſopher* ſtiles him, a *ſociable*, and *peaceable Creature*; ἀγελαστικὸν, συννομον ζῶον, as that *ſacred Orator* terms him, a *congregating Creature, that loves to keep company*, he muſt needs take much delight, and complacency in that, in which he ſees the whole *Tribe*, and *ſpecies* of *Mankind* agreeing with him.

Why then do the *Jews* look upon the גוים with ſuch a diſdaining, and ſcornful eye, as if all the *Nations*, in compariſon of them, were *no more then* (what the *Prophet* ſaies they are in reſpect of *God*,) *as the drop of a Bucket, as the duſt of the Balance*, that cannot incline them one way, or other?

Do but hear a while how that *learned*, and *much honoured Authour* of our own does repreſent their mind unto you. *Gentium* (ſaies he) *ſive omnium, ſive complurium opiniones, mores, conſtitutiones, menſuræ apud* Hebræos, *in eo decernendo, quod jus eſſe velint Naturale, ſeu Univerſale, locum habent nullum.* Theſe are the *Contents* of that *Chapter*, which he begins thus. *Quemadmodum ex aliorum animantium actibus, aut uſu, jus aliquod Naturale diſci, aut deſignari nolunt* Hebræi; *ita neque ex aliarum, ſive omnium, ſive plurimarum Gentium uſu, ac moribus, de Jure Naturali, ſeu hominum Univerſali decerni volunt.* It ſeems the *Jews* look upon the *Gentiles*, as if they differ'd *ſpecifically* from them: as they do not ſearch for the *Law* of *Nature* amongſt *ſenſitive Beings*, ſo neither amongſt other *Nations*.

But I had thought, that the *Jewiſh Writers* had promiſ'd the *Heathens* an *Angel*, an *Intelligence*, to irradiate, and *illuminate* them, and does he *ſhine* upon them no clearer? does he perform his *office* no better? The *Jews* told us, that they themſelves were to *inform* them, and *inſtruct* them, and have they taught them their *Leſſons* no better? They mention'd a voice that came to *Adam*, and to *Noah*, and have they *whiſper'd* it onely in one another's *ear*? Why have they not *proclaim'd* it to the reſt of the world? How ſad were the condition of the *Gentiles*, if they were to live upon the *Jews courteſie*, and *benevolence*, that would *ſtrip* them of *Nature*, *plunder* them of their *Eſſences*, rob them of their *firſt Principles*, and *Common Notions*? But *God* has not left them, like *Orphans*, to ſuch unmerciful *Guardians*. He himſelf

has took *care* of them, and has made *better proviſion* for them.

Now theſe *ſeveral Nations* are to be conſider'd either in the *common bulk*, and *heap* of them; or elſe in the *major part* of them, or in the *nobleſt*, and *moſt refined* ſort amongſt them; either οἱ πάντες and οἱ πολλοὶ, or οἱ εὐγενέστεροι and φρονιμώτεροι.

If we take them in the fulleſt *univerſality* of them, then that *worthy Authour* of our own ſaies truely; *Nec olim, nec hactenus, aut qualeſnam, aut quot ſint, ſuerintve, eſt ab aliquo ſatis exploratum.* Nor indeed is it at all material in reſpect of this, whether we know them, or no; but having the *formal conſent* of ſo many, and knowing, that there is *Par ratio rliquorum*, being that they have the ſame *natural Engagements*, and *obligations* upon them, we cannot juſtly diſtruſt, but that, if there ſhould *new Nations*, nay, if there ſhould *new Worlds* appear, that every *Rational Nature* amongſt them would comply with, and embrace the *ſeveral Branches* of this *Law*: and as they would not differ in thoſe things, that are ſo *intrinſecal* to *Senſe*; ſo neither in thoſe, that are *eſſential* to the *Underſtanding*. As their *Corporal eye* would be able to diſtinguiſh between *Beauty*, and *Deformity*: ſo their *Intellectual eye* would as eaſily diſcern ſome *goodneſs* from ſome kind of *wickedneſs*.

But are there not many *Nations* of them, that live in the *perpetual violation* of *Nature's Law?* If you ſpeak of the more *Capital Letters* of this Νόμος γεγραμμένος, you find no *Nation* ſo *barbarous*, but that it can read them, and obſerve them. I never heard of a *Nation apoſtatizing* from *Common Notions*, from theſe *firſt Principles*. But, if you mean the whole *context*, and *coherence* of *Nature's Law*, if you ſpeak of thoſe *Demonſtrations*, that may be built upon theſe *fundamental Principles*, of thoſe kindly *Derivations*, and *Concluſions*, that flow from theſe *fountain-Notions*, then this indeed muſt be granted, that tis the *condemning ſin* of the *Heathen*; That ſo many of them *impriſon* this *Natural Light*, and *extinguiſh* this *Canale of the Lord*.

There are many *wild*, and *Anomalous Individuums* amongſt them, οἱ πάμπαν βάρβαροι, ἄνομοι, ἀνήμεροι, as *Ariſtotle* cals them; οἱ ἀπάνθρωποι, as others term them: but are there not ſuch alſo even amongſt *Jews?* nay, amongſt ſuch, as call themſelves *Chriſtians*, that are *lapſ'd*, and fallen *below* themſelves? many *Natural Precepts* are *violated* even amongſt them. Have you *weeds*, and

and *Bryers*, and *Thorns*, in a *Garden?* no wonder then, that you meet with more in a *Wilderneſs?* Are there ſome *Prodigies* in *Europe?* you may very well look for more *Monſters* in *Africa.* Do *Chriſtians blur*, and *blot* the *Law* of *Nature?* no wonder then, that an *American* ſeeks quite to *raſe* it out. Does an *Iſraelite* put *Truth* ſometimes in *Priſon?* no wonder then, that an *Egyptian* puts it in a *Dungeon.* Yet, notwithſtanding amongſt all thoſe, that have had ſo much *Culture*, and *Morality*, as to *knit*, and *embody*, and *compact* themſelves into a *Common-wealth*, to become τῶν νόμων ἔννομοι, to be *regulated by a Legal Government*, you will ſcarce find any *Nation*, that did *generally*, and *expreſly*, and for *long continuance*, either *violate*, or *countenance* the *violation* of any *Precept*, clearly *Natural.*

This is that, in which the learned *Grotius* ſatisfies himſelf, that *Omnes Gentes, Moraliores, & Illuſtriores*, gave due obedience, and conformity to *Nature's Law*, ſo that all *Teſtimonies*, fetch'd from them, are to have an *high price*, and *eſteem* put upon them.

But the famous *Salmaſius*, in his late Tractate *De Coma*, goes a far different way; and tels us, that he had rather ſearch for *Nature's Law* in a naked *Indian*, then in a ſpruce *Athenian*; in a rude *American*, rather then in a gallant *Roman*; in a meer *Pagan*, rather then in a *Jew*, or *Chriſtian.* His words are theſe, *Quanto magis Barbari, tanto felicius, faciliuſque Naturam Ducem ſequi putantur. Eam detorquent, aut ab ea magis recedunt politiores Gentes.*

Thoſe *Nations*, that have more of *Art*, and *improvement* amongſt them, have ſo *painted Nature's* face, have hung ſo many *Jewels* in her *Ear*, have put ſo many *Bracelets* upon her *Hand*, they have *cloath'd* her in ſuch *ſoft*, and *ſilken rayments* as that you cannot gueſs at her ſo well, as you might have done, if ſhe had nothing, but her own *ſimple*, and *neglected beauty:* you cannot taſte the *Wine* ſo well, becauſe they have put *Sugar* into it, and have *brib'd* your *Palate.*

So that the learned *Salmaſius* will ſcarce go about to fetch the *Law of Nature* from the *Jews* principally: you ſee he chooſes to fetch it rather from a *Scythian*, from a *Barbarian*; there he ſhall ſee it without any *Gloſſes*, without any *Superſtructures*, without any *carving*, and *gilding*, a Νόμος γεγραμμένος *plainly* writ-

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ten, without any *flouriſhes*, and *amplifications*. Yet the *Author*, whom I but now commended (*Salmaſius* I mean) neither could, nor would go about to vindicate all thoſe *Nations* from ſome *notorious Rebellions* againſt *Nature's Law*; but he would rather chooſe (as much as he could) to abſtract their *Intellectuals* from their *Practicals*, and would look to their *Opinions*, and *Laws*, rather then to their *Life* and *Converſation*.

Indeed *Ariſtotle* tels us; πολλὰ γὰρ ἐθνῶν φύσει τὸ κτείνειν, καὶ ἀνθρωποφαγίαν ἐυχερῶς ἔχει. That ſame *Phraſe*, ἐυχερῶς ἔχει, does onely ſpeak a *propenſity*, and inclination in their *vile affections* to ſuch *wickednesſes*, as theſe were; which ſometimes alſo they acted in a moſt *violent*, and *impetuous* manner. Though, to be ſure, they could not be long a *Nation*, if they did thus *kill*, and *eat up*, and *devour* one another.

But, let us ſuppoſe, that they dealt thus with their *enemies*, yet, can it be ſhewn us, that they eſtabliſh'd *Anthropophagy* by a *Law*? That their *Natural Conſcience* did not check them for it? Or, if their *Reaſon* did *connive* at them; yet how comes it to paſſe, that their *Angel* did not *jog* them all this while; that their *Intellectus Agens* did not *reſtrain* them?

But, out of what *Antiquity* doth it appear, that any *Nation* did favour *Atheiſm* by a *Law*? that any *Kingdom* did licence *Blaſphemy* by a *Statute*; or countenance *Murder* by a *Law*? Out of what *Author* can they ſhew us a *Nation*, that ever did *allow* the *breaches* of *ſolemn Compacts*, the *diſhonouring* of *Parents*; that ever made a *Law* for this, that there ſhould be no *Law*, or *Juſtice* amongſt them?

Till all this can appear, let the *Teſtimonies* of *Gentiles* be eſteem'd ſomewhat more then the *barking* of *Dogs*. Me thinks, if they were meer *Cyphers*, yet the *Jews* going *before* them, they might *amount* to ſomewhat. Let the *prints* of *Nature* in them be accounted *ſacred*: a *Pearl* in the *head* of an *Heathen*, ſome *Jewels* hid in the *rubbiſh* of *Nations*; let them be eſteemed *precious*. Whatſoever *remains* of God's *Image* upon them; let it be lov'd, & acknowledg'd. Their *darkneſs*, and *miſery* is great enough; let not us *aggravate* it, and make it *more*. To mix the light of their *Candle* with that *light*, which comes *ſhining* from the *Candle* of an *Heathen*, is no diſparagement to *Jew*, nor *Chriſtian*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

The light of Reaſon *is a Derivative light.*

NOw the *Spirit of man* is the *Candle of the Lord.* Firſt, as *Lumen derivatum, οὐκ ἐν ἑαυτῷ.* Surely there's none can think, that *Light* is *primitively*, and *originally* in the *Candle*; but they muſt look upon that onely as a *weak participation* of ſomething, that is more *bright*, and *glorious*. All *created Excellency* ſhines with *borrowed Beames*; ſo that *Reaſon* is but *Scintilla divinæ lucis*, 'tis but *Divinæ particula auræ*. This was the very *end*, why God framed *intellectual Creatures*, that he might communicate more of himſelf to them, then he could to other more *droſſie*, and *inferiour Beings*, and that they might, in a more compleat, and circular manner, *redire in principium ſuum*, (as the *Schoolmen* ſpeak) that they might return into the boſome of the *firſt*, and *ſupreme Cauſe*, by ſuch *operations*, as ſhould in ſome meaſure imitate, and repreſent the working of God himſelf; who, being a moſt *free*, and *Intellectual Agent*, would have ſome *Creature* alſo, that ſhould not onely take notice of theſe his *perfections*, ſo as to *adore*, and *admire* them, but ſhould alſo *partake* of them, and ſhould follow the *Creatour* in his *diſpenſations*, and *workings*, though ſtill at an infinite *diſtance*, and *diſproportion*.

This moved him to *ſtamp* upon ſome Creatures *Underſtanding*, and *Will*, which in themſelves make up one ſimple, and entire *print*, and *ſignature* of *Reaſon*, though we break the *Seal* for the better opening of them, and part them into two ſeveral *Notions*. To this end he fill'd the *higheſt part* of the *World* with thoſe *Stars* of the *firſt Magnitude*, I mean thoſe *Orient*, and *Angelical Beings*, that dwell ſo near the *fountain* of *Light*, and continually drink in the *Beams* of *Glory*; that are exactly conformable to their *Creatour* in all his *motions*: for the ſame end he furniſhed, and beautified this *lower part* of the *World* with *Intellectual Lamps*, that ſhould ſhine forth to the *praiſe*, and *honour* of his *Name*, which totally have their *dependance* upon him, both for their

their *Being*, and for their *perpetual continuation* of them in their *Being*. 'Twas he, that *lighted up* these *Lamps* at first; 'tis he, that *drops* הזהב the *golden oyl* into them. Look then a while but upon the *parentage*, and *original* of the *Soul*, and of *Reason*, and you'll presently perceive, that it was the *Candle of the Lord*. And if you have a mind to believe *Plato*, he'll tell you such a *feigned story* as this; That there were a goodly company of *Lamps*, a multitude of *Candles*, a set number of *Souls* lighted up altogether, and afterwards sent into *Bodies*, as into so many *Dark-Lanthorns*. This *stock*, and *treasure* of *Souls* was reserved and *cabinetted* in, I know not what, *Stars*; perhaps, that they might the better *calculate* their own *Incarnation*, the time, when they were to descend into *Bodies*, and, when they came there, they presently sunk into ὕλη, they slip'd into λήθη, which he terms ἐπιστήμης ἀποβολὴ, the *putting off of knowledge for a while*, the *clouding*, and *burying* of many *sparkling*, and *twinkling Notions*, 'till by a *waking Reminiscence*, as by a joyful *Resurrection*, they rise out of their *graves* again. *Plato*, it seem's, look'd upon the *body* as the *blot* of *Nature*, invented for the *defacing* of this Νόμος γραπτὸς, or at the best, as an impertinent tedious *Parenthesis*, that *check'd*, and interrupted the *Soul* in her former *Notions*, that *eclipsed*, and obscured her *antient glory*, which sprung from his ignorance of the *Resurrection*; for, had he but known what a *glory* the *Body* was capable of, he would have entertained *more honourable* thoughts of it.

Yet *Origen* was much taken with this *Platonical Notion*, it being indeed a pretty piece of *Philosophy* for him to pick *Allegories* out of. And, though he do a little vary from *Plato* in a *circumstance*, or two; yet in recompense of that, he gives you this addition, and enlargement, That, according to the carriage, and behaviour of these *naked Spirits* before they were *embodied*, there were prepared *answerable mansions* for them: That such a *Soul*, as had *walk'd with God acceptably*, was put into a *fairer Prison*, was clothed with an *amiable*, and *elegant Body*; but that *Soul*, which had *displeased*, and *provoked* its *Creatour*, was put into a *darker Dungeon*, into a more *obscure*, and *uncomely Body*: That *Candle*, which had *shined clearly*, was honoured with a *golden Candlestick*; That, which had soiled its *Light*, was condemned to a *Dark-Lanthorn*. One would think by this, that *Origen* had

scarce

ſcarce read *Geneſis*; he doth in this ſo contradict the *Sacred Hiſtory* of the *Creation*. Nor is this the juſt product of *Plato's Opinion*, but 'tis pregnant with much more *folly*, he returns him his *own* with *uſury*, gives him this, as the juſt τόκος, and *improvement* of it.

Aquinas doth *claſh in pieces* all theſe *Platonical fictions* in his two Books *Contra Gentiles*; yet upon this ſinking, and putrid *foundation* was built the tottering *Superſtructure* of *connate Species*. For when *Plato* had laid down this *Errour* for a *Maxime*, Πεὶν γενέσθαι ἡμᾶς, ἦν ἡμῶν ἡ ψυχὴ, that 'The *Souls* of men were long 'extant before they were born; then, that other *Phancie* did preſently ſtep in, Ἡ ψυχὴ ἡμῶν πρὶν γενέσθαι, that 'The Soul was very 'ſpeculative, and contemplative, before it was immers'd in the Body; which made way for the next *Conceit*, that 'The Soul 'brought many of its old Notions along with it into the Body: many *faithful Attendants* that would bear the *Soul company* in her moſt *withering condition*, when other more *volatile*, and *fugitive Notions* took *wing* to themſelves, and flew *away*: many a precious *Pearl ſunk* to the *bottom* of *Lethe*, but ſome *Reliques* of *Notions floated* upon the *top* of the Waters, and in the *general Deluge* of *Notions* there was an *Ark* prepared for ſome *ſelect Principles*, ſome *præcepta Noachidarum*, which were to *increaſe*, and *multiply*, and *ſupply the wants* of the *Intellectual World*.

This makes the *Platoniſts* look upon the *Spirit of Man* as the *Candle* of the *Lord* for illuminating, and irradiating of *objects*, & darting *more light* upon them; then it receives *from* them. But *Plato*, as he failed in *corporeal Viſion*, whileſt he thought, that it was *per extramiſſionem radiorum*: ſo he did not *ab errore ſuo recedere* in his *intellectual Opticks*; but, in the very ſame manner, tels us, that *ſpiritual Viſion* alſo is *per emiſſionem radiorum*. And, truely, he might as well phanſie ſuch *implanted Ideas*, ſuch *ſeeds* of *Light* in his *external* Eye, as ſuch *ſeminal Principles* in the Eye of the *mind*. Therefore *Ariſtotle* (who did better *clariſie* both theſe kinds of *Viſions*) pluck'd theſe *Motes* out of the *ſenſitive* Eye, and thoſe *Beams* out of the *intellectual*. He did not *antedate* his own *Knowledge*, nor remember the ſeveral *poſtures* of his *Soul*, and the famous *exploits* of his *Mind*, before he was born: but plainly profeſs'd, that his *Underſtanding* came *naked* into the World. He ſhews you an ἄγραφον γραμματεῖον, an *abraſa tabula*,

tabula, a *Virgin-soul* espousing it self to the *Body*, in a most *entire*, *affectionate*, and *conjugal Union*, and, by the blessing of Heaven upon this loving *pair*, he did not doubt of a *Notional off-spring*, and *posterity*. This makes him set open the *windows* of *sense*, to welcome, and entertain the *first dawnings*, the *early glimmerings* of *morning light*:

—*Clarum Mane senestras*
Intrat, & angustus extendit lumine rimas.

Many *sparks*, and *appearances* fly from variety of *Objects* to the *Understanding*; the *Mind*, that *catches* them all, and *cherishes* them, and *blows* them; and thus the *Candle of Knowledg* is lighted. As he could perceive no *connate Colours*, no *Pictures*, or *Portraictures* in his *external* Eye; so neither could he find any *signatures* in his *Mind*, till some *outward Objects* had made some *impression* upon his τὸ ἡγεμονικὸν, his *soft*, and *pliable Understanding*, impartially prepared for every *Seal*. That this is the true *method* of *Knowledg* he doth appeal to their own *Eyes*, to their own *Understandings*. Do but *analyse* your own *thoughts*; do but *consult* with your *own Breasts*, tell us, whence it was, that the *Light* first sprang in upon you. Had you such *Notions*, as these, when you first peep'd into *Being*? at the *first opening* of the *Soul's eye*? in the first *exordium* of *Infancy*? had you these *connate Species* in the *Cradle*? and were they *rock'd asleep* with you? or did you then *meditate* upon these *Principles*, *Totum est, majus parte*, and *Nihil potest esse & non esse simul*? We're tell us, that you wanted *Organical Dispositions*, for you plainly have recourse to the *sensitive powers*, and must needs subscribe to this, that all knowledg comes flourishing in at these *Lattices*. Why else should not your *Candle enlighten* you before? who was it, that *chained* up, and *fettered* your *Common Notions*? Who was it, that *restrained*, and *imprisoned* your *connate Ideas*? Me thinks, the working of a *Platonisti Soul* should not all depend on *Sense*, and why had not you no *connate Demonstrations*, as well as *connate Principles*? Let us but a see a *catalogue* of all these *Truths* you brought with you into the World. If you speak of the *Principles* of the *Laws of Nature*, you shall hear the *Scholemen* determining: *Infans pro illo statu non obligatur legi Naturali, quia non habet usum Rationis, & Libertatis.* And a more *Sacred Author* saies as much; *Lex Naturæ est lex Intelligentiæ, quam tamen*

ignorat,

ignorat Pueritia, nescit Infantia. There's some time to be allowed for the *promulgation* of *Nature's Law* by the voice of *Reason*. They must have some time to *spell* the Νόμος γεγραμμένος, that was of *Reason's writing*. The *Mind*, having such *gradual*, and *climbing accomplishments*, doth strongly evince, that the *true rise* of *Knowledge* is from the *observing*, and *comparing* of *Objects*, and from thence extracting the *Quintessence* of some such *Principles*, as are *worthy of all acceptation*, that have so much of *certainty* in them, that they are near to a *Tautology*, and *Identity*: for this *first Principles* are.

These are the *true*, and *genuine* κατὰ ἀλήθειαν· these are the λόγοι ἀναμφισβήτητοι· these are the *props* of *Reason's* contriving, upon which you may see her *leaning*, about which you may see her *turning*, and *spreading*, and *enlarging* her self. That *learned Knight*, in his *Discourse concerning the Soul*, doth at large shew the manner how the *Minde* thus goes a *gathering* of *Knowledge*; how, like a *Bee*, it goes from *flower* to *flower*, from one *entity* to another; how it *sucks* the *purest*, and *sweetest* of all; how it *refuses* all, that is *distastful* to it, and makes a *pleasant composition* of the rest; and thus prepares *Honey-combs* for it self to feed on.

But, if it were at all to be granted, that the *Soul* had any *stamps*, and *characters* upon it, that it had any *implanted*, and *ingraffed Species*; 'twere chiefly to be granted, that it hath the *connate Notion* of a *Deity*, that *pure*, and *infinitely refined Entity*, abstracted from all appearance of *Matter*. But mark, how the *great Doctour* of the *Gentiles* convinces them of the Τὸ γνωστὸν τοῦ Θεοῦ· he doth not set them a searching their *connate Species*; but bids them look into the *glass* of the *Creatures*. O, but! (might some *Platonist* say) why? he is all *Spirit*, and an *invisible Being*, what shall we find of him amongst *material objects*? Yes, (saies the *Apostle*) τὰ ἀόρατα τοῦ Θεοῦ, *the invisible things of God are made known by the things, that do appear*; for a *Being*, endowed with such a *Soul*, as *Man* is, can easily in a *discursive* way, by such eminent steps of *Second Causes*, ascend to some knowledge of a *prime*, and *supreme* Being: which doth fully explain, that he means by his Νόμος γεγραμμένος those *clear dictates* of *Reason*, fetched from the several workings of the *Understanding*, that have *sealed*, and *printed* such a truth upon the *Soul*; so that no other

innate light, but onely the *power*, and *principle* of *Knowing*, and *reaſoning* is the *Candle* of the *Lord*.

Yet there is a *Noble Author* of our own, that hath both his *truth*, and his *errour*, (as he hath alſo writ about both) who pleads much for his *Inſtinctus naturales*, ſo as that, at the firſt daſh, you would think him in a *Platonical* ſtrain: but, if you attend more to what he ſays, you will ſoon perceive, that he proſecutes a far different *Notion*, much to be preferred before the other *phancy*.

For he doth not make theſe *inſtincts* any *connate Ideas*, and *repreſentations* of *Things*; but tells us, that they are *powers*, and *faculties* of the *Soul*, the *firſt-born faculties*, and *beginning* of the *Soul's ſtrength*, that are preſently eſpouſed to their *Virgin-objects*; cloſing, and complying with them, long before *Diſcourſe* can reach them; nay, with ſuch objects, as *Diſcourſe* cannot reach at all in ſuch a *meaſure*, and *perfection*: theſe *Inſtincts* he ſtyles *Naturæ dotes, & providentia Divinæ univerſalis Idea, & typus optimus*. Some of theſe are to be found in the loweſt *inanimate Beings*, which yet have no *connate Species* among them; though they have *powers*, and propenſion to their own welfare, a blind *tendency*, and *inclination* to their own ſecurity: for thus he ſpeaks; *Inſtinctus ille Naturalis in quovis inarticulato licet, & incanto elemento, ſapiens eſt ad converſationem propriam*: and ſuch a *noble Being*, as *Man* is, muſt needs have it in a more *ſublime*, and *eminent* manner.

Therefore he terms theſe *Inſtincts* in Man *facultates noeticæ, & facultates Deo analogæ*, whereas thoſe other *inferiour faculties* are eſteem'd *facultates analogæ mundo*: his words, being ſomewhat *cloudy*, I ſhall thus *paraphraſe* upon them. The *Soul*, 'tis made with a *through light*, with a *double Window*: at *one* Window it looks upon *corporeals*, at the *other* it hath a *fair proſpect* upon *ſpirituals*. When it takes notice of the *material world*, it looks out at the *window* of *Senſe*, and views the *putamina, & cortices rerum*, the *outward huſks*, and *ſhells* of *Beings*: but not at all *pleaſ'd*, or *contented* with them, thoſe *higher powers*, thoſe *purer faculties* of the Soul *unclaſp*, and *diſcloſe* themſelves, and *extend* themſelves for receiving ſome delight more precious, and ſatisfactory, being made in as *harmonious proportion* ſuitable to *ſpiritual Objects*, as the *Eye* is to *Colours*, or the *Ear* to *Sounds*. And, as you know, a *corporeal*

Eye

Eye is ſo faſhioned, and *organized*; that, though it have no *connate ſpecies* of the *Sun*, yet 'tis pleaſant to behold it: ſo the *Eye* of the *ſoul* doth willingly open it ſelf to look upon God *per modum objecti*, and has all *per receptionem* from him, fixing its *Eye* upon ſo *tranſcendent*, and *beautiful* an *Object*, and viewing all thoſe *ſtreamings-out* of *Light*, thoſe *beaming-out* of *eternal*, and *univerſal Notions*, that flow from him, as the *Fountain* of *Lights*, where they have dwelt from *everlaſting*, which now appear to it in time with a moſt *powerful*, and *enamouring ray*, to direct the *Soul* to that *happineſſe* it longed for, and to *guide*, and *conduct* it in all its *operations*. If you ask when theſe *higheſt faculties* did firſt *open*, and *diſplay* themſelves, he tells you, 'tis then when they were *ſtimulated*, and *excited* by *outward Objects*, and it may be upon this account, that, when the *Soul* can find nothing there worthy one *glance*, one caſt of its *Eye*, impatient of ſuch *empty*, and *ſhadowy ſights*, it opens it ſelf to the τὸ ἄνω, and warms it ſelf in thoſe *everlaſting Sun-beams*: but, when it comes down from the *Mount*, it puts on the *veil* of *Senſe*, and ſo converſes with *material objects*.

Yet I do not here *poſitively* lay down this for a *Truth* in all the *branches* of it; but onely repreſent the mind of the *forementioned Author*, who himſelf doth acknowledge, that the *riſe* of theſe *firſt Principles* is very *cryptical*, and *myſterious*. His words are theſe: *Vos interea non morari debet, quòd quomodo eliciantur iſtæ Notitiæ Communes neſciatis. Satis, ſuperque diximus, vos neſcire quomodo fiat Guſtus, Odoratus, Tactus*, &c. By which you cannot, but perceive that he makes the *conformity* of ſuch a *Faculty* with ſuch an *Object*, the *ſpring* and *Original* of *common Notions*. Yet this then had deſerved a little clearing, whence the difficulty of underſtanding *Spirituals pro hoc ſtatu* does ariſe, if there be ſuch a *preſent*, and *exact analogy* between them; whereas the *intuitive knowledge* of *God*, and viewing thoſe *goodly Notions*, that are ſteep'd in his *eſſence*, uſes to be reſerved, as a *priviledge* of a *glorified Creature*. Yet this, I ſuppoſe, may be ſaid, that herein is the *Souls Imperfection*, that it cannot ſufficiently attend both to *ſpirituals*, and *corporeals*; and therefore *Senſe* being ſo *buſie*, and *importunate* for the *proſecution* of her *Objects*; no wonder, that theſe *noetical Faculties* do *faint* and *languiſh*. So that, if there be any, whom the former *Diſcurſive* way will not ſuffice,

ſuffice, it ſeems better for them to have recourſe to an *innate power of* the *Soul*, that is fitted, and faſhioned for the receiving of *Spirituals*, *quatenus* Spirituals, then to fly to, I know not what, *connate Species*, of I know not how long *duration* before the *Soul* was acquainted with the *Body*. Yet that other *Noble Author* of our own, that has the ſame Title of *Truth*, not without a competent mixture of *Errour* too, doth chooſe to reſolve all into a *Platonical Remembrance*: which yet that *acute Anſwerer* of him doth ſhew to be a *meer vanity*; for, as for matters of *fact*, to be ſure, they have no *implanted Ideas*: and, if *Hiſtorical Knowledge* may be acquired without them, why then ſhould *diſcurſive knowledge* have ſuch a *dependence* upon them? And, I wiſh, that the *Platoniſts* would but once determine, whether a *Blind Man* be a *competent Judge* of *Colours* by virtue of his *connate Species*; and whether, by ſupply of theſe *Ideas*, a *Deaf Man* may have the *true notion* of *Muſick*, and *Harmony*? If not, then they muſt ingeniouſly confeſſe, that the *Soul*, for the preſent, wants ſo much of *Light*, as it wants of the *window* of *Senſe*. But, if they tell us, that ſome *outward Objects* muſt *jog*, and *waken* theſe *drowſie*, and *ſlumbring Notions*, they then lay the *Foundation* in *Senſitives*: and, withall, let them ſhew us, why the *generality* of men in their *Intellectuals* are not equally improved, whereas they have the ſame *Objects* to *quicken*, and *enflame* them? In the mean time we will look upon the *Underſtanding*, as *ſpeculum non coloratum*, a *Glaſſe* not prejudic'd, nor prepoſſeſs'd with any *connate Tinctures*; but *nakedly* receiving, and *faithfully* returning all ſuch *colours*, as fall upon it. Yet the *Platoniſts* in this were commendable, that they look'd upon the *Spirit* of a *Man*, as the *Candle* of the *Lord*; though they were deceiv'd in the time when 'twas *lighted*.

Nor is this *Candle* lighted out of the *Eſſence* of *God* himſelf. 'Twere a far more tolerable *Errour* to make the *light* of a *Candle* a piece of the *Sun's Eſſence*, then to think, that this *intellectual Lamp* is a *particle* of the *Divine Nature*. There is but one ἀπαύγασμα τῆς δόξης, & χαρακτὴρ ὑποστάσεως αὐτοῦ, I mean the wonderful λόγος not a *Candle*, but a *Sun* that ſhined from *everlaſting*. But I find the *Stoicks* challenged for this *Errour*, that they thought there was a *real emanation*, and *traduction* of the *Soul* out of God, *ex ipſa Dei ſubſtantia*. And the *Gnoſticks*, the *Manichees*,

chees, and *Priſcillianiſts* are look'd upon, as their *Succeſſours* in this folly.

Now as for the *Stoicks*, you'll ſcarce find *evidence* enough to prove them *guilty* of this *Opinion*. They have indeed ſome *dating*, and *venturing Expreſſions*, when they amplifie, and dignifie the *nobility* of the *Souls* and will needs have ſome of the *Royal Blood* to run in every *vein*, and *faculty* of it: nor are the *Platoniſts* defective in this, but lift up the *ſoul* to as high a pitch of *Perfection*, as the *Stoicks* ever did: yet ſurely both of them but as a *limited*, and *dependant Being* infinitely *remote* from the *fulneſs* of a *Deity*. Yet *Simplicius*, in his *Comment* upon the grand *Stoick*, *Epictetus*, tells us, that that Sect of *Philoſophers* were wont to call the *Soul* μέρος, ἢ μόριον τοῦ Θεοῦ, *pars, vel membrum Dei*; which is a *groſs*, and *corporeal conceit*, not at all agreeable to the *indiviſibility* of *Spirituals*, nor ſuitable with the *Soul's immateriality*, much leſs conſiſtent with the *tranſcendent purity* of God himſelfe. But the learned *Salmaſius*, in his *Animadverſions* on both the forementioned *Authors*, though he ſpend *paper* enough in clearing ſome paſſages of the *Academicks*, *Peripateticks*, and *Stoicks* concerning the *nature* of the *Soul*; yet doth not, in the leaſt meaſure, take notice of any ſuch *heterodox Tenent* among the *Stoicks*, yet, if there had been any ſuch, they had very well deſerved *Animadverſions*: but he doth thus repreſent their *Philoſophy* to you; That, whereas the *ſoul* is uſually look'd upon as τριμερὴς, being branch'd out into the *Vegetative*, *Senſitive*, and *Rational*: the *Stoicks* they choſe to make it ἑπτάμερὴς, & would have *ſeptem partes ancillantes, imperatricem unicam*: which they reckoned thus: τὰ αἰσθητικὰ they were *five*; then τὸ φωνητικὸν, τὸ σπερματικὸν, τὸ ἡγεμονικὸν, which was all one with τὸ λογικὸν, or τὸ διανοητικὸν, or τὸ ἐπιστημονικὸν. Yet, as *Plato*, and *Ariſtotle*, diſpoſing the *ſoul* into three ſeveral *ranks*, and *diſtributions*, would by no means allow of τριψυχία, a *triplicity* of *Souls* in one *Compoſitum*: ſo neither would the *Stoicks* admit any *plurality* of *Souls*, but eſteemed theſe τὰ μέρη, or τὰ μόρια τῆς ψυχῆς onely as *non membra, ſed ingenia*, as *Tertullian* terms them very *ſignificantly*, ſtyling the *powers*, and *faculties* of the *Soul* the ſeveral *wits* of the *Soul*: ſo that it was but μία οὐσία πολυμερὴς, enlarging it ſelf to the *capacity*, and *exigency* of the *Body*, but in ſuch a manner, as that 'twas *diſpenſata potiùs, quàm conciſa*. The *principal*, and *Hegemonical power* of the *Soul* the

the *Stoicks* ſituated in the *Heart*, as *Ariſtotle*, though very erroneouſly, and yet *Plato* had taught him better, for he plac'd it in the *Brain*, as the *proper Tabernacle* for *Reaſon* to dwell in. But amongſt the *Stoicks* there are ſome expreſſions, that ſeem to *depreſſe*, and *degrade* the *Soul* as much, as others ſeem to *advance*, and *exalt* it, for, though ſome call it τὸ μέρος τῆς θεοῦ, yet others, and among the reſt *Zeno* (the great *founder* of that *Sect*) terms it σύμφυτον πνεῦμα, and σπερμὰν πνεῦμα, which that ſtupid *Author* of the *Soul's mortality* finding ſomewhere *tranſlated* into *Engliſh*, catches at, and tells us, that the *Stoicks* hold the *ſoul* to be a certain *Blaſt*, *hot*, and *fiery*, or the *vital ſpirit* of the *Blood*; whereas, at the moſt, they did onely chooſe that *corporeal ſpirit*, as *Vehiculum animæ*, a *Chariot* for a more *Triumphant ſpirit* to ride in, the *principal ſeat* of the *ſoul*, which they did ſo much *extol*, and *deifie*. 'Tis abundantly clear, that their *Stoical Philoſophy* was more *refined*, and *clarified*, more *ſublime*, and *extracted* from *Matter*, then to reſolve the *Quinteſſence* of a *Rational Nature* into, I know not what, *muddy*, and *feculent ſpirit*; this they could not doe, if they would be faithful, and conſtant to their own *Principles*. Nay, they were ſo far from thus *vilifying* the *ſoul*, and *detracting* from it, as that they were rather *exceſſive*, and *hyperbolical* in praiſing it above the *ſphere* of a *Creature*. Thus that known *Stoick*, *Epictetus*, calls the *ſoul* of man συγγένειαν θεοῦ; which *Seneca* renders, *Liber animus eſt Dis cognatus*; and *Arrian*, in his *Comment* upon the forementioned *Author*, doth thus diffuſe, and amplifie it, Αἱ ψυχαὶ ὅτως εἰσὶν ἐφαπτόμεναι, καὶ συναφεῖς τῷ θεῷ, ἀπὸ αὐτοῦ μόρια ὄντα, καὶ ἀπαπάσματα· That is, *There is connexion, and coherence of Souls with a Deity, there are mutual touches, and embraces between them, they are ſome delibations, and participations of himſelf.* Thus that famous Emperour, *M. Antoninus*, that had taſted of the *Stoical Philoſophy*, ſtyles the *ſoul* Ὁ δαίμων, ὃν ἕκαστος ἔχει, καὶ ἡγεμόνα, ὁ Ζεὺς ἑκάστῳ—, Ἀπόσπασμα ἐμαυτοῦ. ἔστι δὲ οὗτος ὁ ἑκάστου νοῦς, καὶ λόγος. Where, at the firſt, one would think he had meant it in an *Averroiſtical* ſenſe; but that he himſelf doth prevent the *interpretation* by telling you, that he intends nothing elſe but νοῦς, and λόγος, which therefore he calls ὁ δαίμων because that he knew the *ſoul* was *ſeparable* from the *Body*: and *Pythagoras* long before him had called it by the ſame name in his *Golden Verſes*.

But,

But, amongst all the rest, *Seneca* is the most *high*, and *lofty* in *magnifying*, and very near *deifying* of the *Soul*: for thus you may hear him speak; *Quid aliud vocas animum, quàm Deum in humano corpore hospitantem?* That is, *What lesse title can you give the Soul, then that of a* God *condescending to dwell in an house of clay?* Which is too neer that of the Apostle, Θεὸς ἐν σαρκὶ φανερωθείς, *God manifested in the flesh.* Nor yet was this any unwary Passage, that *slip'd* from *Seneca's* Pen on the sudden; but he will *stand* to it, and *repeat* it; for thus he saith again, *Ratio nil aliud est, quam in corpus humanum pars Divini Spiritûs mersa; Reason, 'tis somewhat of a Deity steep'd in a Body.* From this last speech, that *learned*, and *eminent Writer* of our own doth endeavour to evince, that *Seneca* made *God* the *Intellectus Agens* of the *Soul*; whereas 'tis very evident, that this *Philosopher* onely prosecuted that *Stoical Notion* of the *Soul's* being ἀπόσπασμα τοῦ Θεοῦ, *a branch of a Deity*, πεπλασμένον ἐκ Διὸς ἔρνος. Yet, notwithstanding, all these *strains* of *Stoical philosophy* do not sufficiently declare, that they thought the *Soul* to be of the very same *essence* with God himself, but only, that they perceived much *similitude* between the *Soul*, and a *Deity*; many *bright resemblances* of God stamp'd upon it: which is not onely sound *Philosophy*, but good *Divinity* too; that the *soul* was made according to the *image* of its *Creatour*. Thus they made it not onely θερμὸν πνεῦμα, but θεῖον πνεῦμα too, even the *breath* of a *Deity*, σημειωθὲν, καὶ τυπωθὲν σφραγῖδι τοῦ Θεοῦ, *stamp'd with the Seal of God himself*, as *Philo* speaks. 'Twas μοτοχὴ τῆς θείας ἐλλάμψεως, as *Damascen* calls it, very agreeable to this of *Solomon*, *The Candle of the Lord*. 'Tis ποίημα Θεοῦ λογικὸν, as *Gregory Nyssen* has it, *the Poeme of God himself*. That, whereas *other Creatures* were, as it were, writ in *Prose*, the *souls* of men were composed more *harmoniously*, in more *exact number*, and *measure*. No wonder then, that the *Stoicks*, spying out such *spiritual workmanship*, and *embroydery* in the *soul* of man, did esteem it as an *inferiour* kind of *Deity*, a *Bud*, and *Blossome* of *Divinity*. As they meant by their τὰ μέρη τῆς ψυχῆς nothing, but αἱ δυνάμεις; so likewise, when they call the *soul* τὸ μέρος τοῦ Θεοῦ, they need intend no more, then the *Pythagoreans* do by their θεῖα δύναμις, that *divine virtue*, and *efficacy*, which the *soul* has, that makes it look so like its *Creatour*. Thus the *Pythagoreans* were wont to call the *higher Region* of the *soul* τὸ θεῖον, and the *lower* τὸ θηριῶδες· not

understanding by the *first* any *particle* of a *Deity*, though it may be by the *last* they might understand the *soul* of a *Beast*, by virtue of their supposed Μετεμψύχωσις. But I meet with none, that doth so punctually, and accurately *determine* this, as *Trismegistus* does; who speaks so exactly, as if he had spyed out this *difficulty*, and *objection*: his words are these, Ὁ νοῦς οὐκ ἔστιν ἀποτετμημένος ἐκ τῆς οὐσιότητος τοῦ Θεοῦ· ἀλλ' ὥσπερ ἡπλωμένος, καθάπερ τὸ τοῦ ἡλίου φῶς. *The soul* (says he) *was not framed, and carv'd out of the essence of a Deity*: *but it rather sprung from the dilatation, and diffusion of his power, and goodnesse; as beams do from the Sun, when it spreads forth its quickening, and cherishing Wings.* Yet, when you hear the *Creatures* often stiled *Beams* of a *Deity*, and *drops* of a *Deity*, you must neither imagine, that there is the *least division*, or *diminution*, or *variation* in the most *immutable essence* of *God*; nor that the *Creature* does partake the very *essence* of the *Creatour*: but that it hath somewhat of his *workmanship obvious*, and *visible* in it, and, according to the *degree* of its *Being*, doth give *fainter*, or *brighter resemblances* of its *Creatour*. As, suppose, an *accurate Painter* should bestow much of his *skill* in drawing a *lively portraicture* of himself, you would not think such a *picture* a *piece* of his *Essence*; but you would look upon it onely as the *fruit*, and *product* of his *skill*, and as a *witty imitation* of himself. Now there is a far greater *disproportion* between *God*, and any *created Being*; then between the *face*, and the *picture* of it. So that, if you see any *heavenly beauty*, any *divine lineaments* sparkling in the *soul*, you may presently conclude, that it was *digitus Dei*, nay the *hand of God*, that *drew* them there, as the *shadowy representations* of his own most *glorious Being*. 'Tis the *greatest honour*, that a *Creature* is capable of, to be the *picture* of its *Creatour*. You know the very *formality* of *Creation* doth speak a *Being* raised *ex nihilo*; *Creation* being the *production* of *something* out of the *barren womb* of *Nothing*: and, if the *Creature* must be *ex nullo praexistente*; then, to be sure, 'tis not *extracted* out of the *essence* of *God* himself. But the whole *generality* of the antient *Heathen Philosophers* had a *veil* upon their *face*, here they had not a *clear*, and *open sight* of the *Creation*; but onely some *obscure*, and *imperfect Notions* about it, which made them think, that all *corporeals* were made *ex aliqua praejacente materia*, *coexistent* with the *prime*, and *supreme Efficient*; and, because they could not fetch *spiritnals*

out

out of *materials*, nor yet conceive, that they ſhould be fetch'd out of *nothing*, this made them determine, that they ſprung out of the *eſſence* of God himſelf: who, as a *voluntary Fountain*, could *bubble* them forth, when he pleaſed; who, as a *Father of Lights*, could *ſparkle*, and *kindle* them, when he thought beſt. But that *fiction* of *materia ab æterno* will do them no ſervice at all; for either 'twas *produced* by God himſelf, and then it was *created ex nihilo*; for God himſelf was a pure *immaterial ſpirit*, and therefore muſt make *Matter*, where none was before: or elſe, it was an *independent eternal Being*, which makes it another *Deity*, and that involves a *flat repugnancy*. Therefore, as *corporeal*, and *material Beings* were raiſed out of *nothing* by the *infinite vigour*, and *power* of God himſelf; ſo he can with the very ſame facility produce *ſpiritual Beings* out of *nothing* too. Can he not as well *light* this *Lamp* out of *nothing*; as *build* the *goodly Fabrick* of the *World* out of *nothing*? Cannot a *creating breath* make a *Soul* as well, as a *creating Word* make a *World*? He, that can *create* the *ſhell* of *Corporeals*, cannot he as well create the *Kernel* of *Spirituals*? He, that created a *viſible Sun*, cannot he as well *create* an *inviſible*, an *intellectual Spark*? You may hear *Aquinas* diſputing againſt the *Gentiles*, and moſt fully, and ſtrongly *demonſtrating*, that God could not be either the *materia*, or *forma* of any *created Being*; for it is not imaginable, how the *Creatour* himſelf ſhould *ingredi eſſentiam creaturæ*. But his *cauſality* is by way of *efficiency*, *producing*, and *maintaining Beings*. The *beſt* of *Creatures* are but *vaſa figuli*. Now a *veſſel*, though a *veſſel of honour*, yet it is no piece of the *Potter's eſſence*, but onely the *ſubject* of his *power*, and *will*. One, and the ſame *Seal* may print all the *Wax*, that's poſſible; yet there will not be the *leaſt mutation* in the *Seal*, but onely in the *Wax*; nor yet doth the *Wax* at all participate of the *Seal's eſſence*, but only receives a *ſtamp*, and *ſignature* made upon it: ſo that the *Seal* was as *entire*, and *compleat before* it had imprinted the *Wax*, as it was afterwards; and, though all the *ſignatures* of the *Wax* were *defaced*, and *obliterated*, yet the *Seal* would be as *perfect* as *before*.

Thus *God*, though he leaves *prints* of himſelf upon all the *ſouls* in the *world*, nay, upon all the *Beings* in the *world*; yet theſe *impreſſions* are not *particles* of himſelf; nor do they make the *leaſt mutation* in *him*, onely in the *Creature*; for he was as *full*, and

perfect before he had printed any *one Creature*, and if the *whole impreſſion* of *Creatures* were *annihilated*, yet his *eſſence* were the *ſame*, and he could *print* more, when he pleaſed, and as *many* as he pleaſed. Yet all the *entity*, *goodneſſe*, and *reality*, that is to be found in the *Creature*, was totally *derived* from him, and is *tranſcendently treaſured up* in him, as the *print* of the *Wax*, though it be really different from the *print* of the *Seal*, yet that very *ſtamp*, and *ſignature* had its *Being* from the *Seal*, 'twas *virtually*, and *originally* in the *Seal*; and now gives ſome *reſemblance* of it. All *created goodneſſe* was *à Deo producta*, *& à Deo exemplata*, (as the *Scholes* ſpeak, though not very elegantly) 'tis *à Deo conſervata*, and *in Deum ordinata*, yet all this while 'twas nothing of the *eſſence* of a *Deity*; and indeed it cannot have *any* of his *eſſence* unleſſe it have all of it. He, that calls the *Creature* a *Drop* in ſuch a ſenſe, may as well call it a *Fountain*; he that thus terms it a *Ray of Divinity*, may as well call it a *Sun*: for there are no *particles* in *eſſentials*. All *eſſence* 'tis *indiviſible*, how much more the *eſſence* of God himſelf. How fond is the fancy of a *ſemi-Deity*, away with the *Stoicks* τὸ μέρη, and ἀπαυτόματα here. If this be the *meaning* of them, who ever heard of *fragments* in *Spirituals*! Dares therefore any *abſolutely deifie* the *Soul*? or make it *coeſſential*, or *coequal* with God himſelf? Is not the *Soul* a *limited*, and *reſtrained Being*? *ſhort*, and *imperfect* in its *operations*; a *dependent*, and *precarious Being*; and are theſe things *agreeable* to a *Deity*? Is not the *Soul* naturally united to the *Body* for the *quickning*, and *informing* of it? and is that a *condition* fit for a *Deity*? Nay are not many Souls *guilty*, *defiled*, *miſerable Beings*? and are they all this while *ſpungles* of a *Deity*? They muſt have very *low*, and *diſhonourable thoughts* of God, that make any *Creature* partner, or ſharer with him in his *eſſence*, and they muſt have *high*, and *ſwelling thoughts* of the *Creature*. How *proud* is that *Soul*, that *aſpires* to be a *God*? Is it not enough for a *Soul* to *approach* unto his God, to ſee his *face*, to enjoy his *preſence*, to be *like unto* him, to be *knit* unto him in *love*, and *affection*? *Happineſs* doth advance a *Creature* to his *juſt perfection*; but it doth not lift it above the *ſphere* of its *Being*. A *glorified Being* is ſtill a *ſubſervient*, and *finite Being*. A *Soul*, when in its full *brightneſs*, yet ſtill is but the *Candle* of the *Lord*: let it come as *near* as it can, yet it will be *infinitely diſtant* from him. *Heaven*, it doth not *mix*,

and

and *blend Eſtences* together; but keeps them all in their *juſt beauty*, and *proportions*: ſo that, take a *Creature* in what condition you will, and 'tis not the *leaſt particle* of a *Deity*. There's another *Errour*, but its ſcarce worth mentioning, of ſome that would have the *Candle* of the *Lord* lighted up by *Angels*, as if they had *created* the *Soul*; Nay, the *Carpocratians* thought, that all the reſt of the *World* was *created* by them. But, as no *ſecondary Being* could *create* it ſelf: ſo neither can it *create* any *other Being*. 'Twas no *Angelical breath*, but the *breath* of a *Deity*, that gave *life* to the *Soul*; and 'twas not made after the *Image* of an *Angel*, but of God himſelf. *Angels*, and *Souls*, both came from the ſame *Almighty Father* of *Spirits*, from the ſame glorious *Father* of *Lights*, who ſhewed the *greatneſſe* of his *power* in raiſing ſuch *goodly Beings*, not out of himſelf, but out of *nothing*.

Whether ever ſince the *firſt Creation* the *Souls* of men be *lighted* on the ſame manner *immediately* by God himſelf, by that *commanding*, and *efficacious word*, יְהִי אוֹר, γενηθήτω φῶς, *Let there be Light*, let there be an *Intellectual Lamp* ſet up in ſuch a *Creature*? Or, whether it be *lighted* by the *Parents*? Whether one *Soul* can *light* another? Whether *one*, and the *ſame Soul* may be *lighted* by *two*, as a *Candle* is *lighted* by two? Theſe are the *ſeveral branches* of that great *Queſtion*, which hath been frequently *vex'd*, and *diſcuſſed*; but ſcarce ever *quieted*, and *determined*. The *Divines* favour the way of *Creation*: the *Phyſicians* that of *Traduction*. Nay, *Galen* tells in plain terms, that the *Soul* is but κρᾶσις τῦ σώματος, a meer *temper*, or *complexion*, the *right tuning* of the *Body*: which is not far diſtant from the *Fidler's Opinion*, that *Tully* ſpeaks of, that would needs have the *Soul* to be an *Harmony*. His *ſoul*, *that* plaid him ſome *Leſſons*, and his *Body danc'd* to them. And indeed ſome of the *Phyſicians* are as loath as he was, *ab arte ſua diſcedere*, and therefore they do *imbody* the *ſoul* as much as they can, that their *skill* may extend to the *happineſſe*, and *welfare* of it, as if they could *feel* the *pulſe* of the *ſoul*, and try *Experiments* upon the *ſpirits*; as if they could ſoften, and compoſe the *Paroxyſme* of the *Mind*, and *cure* all the *languors*, and *diſtempers* of the *Soul*; as if their *Drugs* would work upon *immaterial Beings*; as if they could *kill Souls* as faſt as they can *kill Bodies*; as if the *Candle* of the *Lord* did depend upon theſe *Prolongers*; as though the *Lamp* would go out, unleſſe

leſs they *pour* in ſome of their *oil* into it. No doubt, but there is a *mutual communion*, and *intercourſe* between this *friendly* and *eſpouſed pair*, the *ſoul*, and *body*; no doubt, but there is a *loving ſympathy*, and *fellow-feeling* of one another's conditions: but 'tis not ſo *ſtrong*, and *powerful*, as that they muſt both *live*, and *die* together. Yet I ſpeak not this, as though the maintaining of the *ſoul's Traduction* did neceſſarily prejudice the *Immortality* of it: for I know there are many *learned Doctours* amongſt them (and *Seneca* amongſt the reſt) that are for the *ſoul's beginning* in a way of *Generation*, and yet do deteſt, and abominate the leaſt thoughts of its *corruption*. Nay, ſome *ſacred Writers* contend for the *ſoul's Traduction*, who yet never *queſtioned* the *perpetuity* of it: not onely the *African* Father, *Tertullian*, but moſt of the *Weſtern Churches* alſo, and the opinion of *Apollinaris*, and *Nemeſius*, That one *ſpiritual Being* might *propagate* another, I have not yet found ſufficiently *diſprov'd*, though it be generally *reprehended*. The truth is, the *original* of all *Forms*, 'tis *in profundo*, 'tis very *Latent*, and *myſterious*; yet the *Naturaliſts* muſt needs acknowledge thus much, that the *matter*, and *form* of every thing muſt have at leaſt an *incomplete Being* before *generation*: for by that they do not receive any new *abſolute entity*, for then it would be a *Creation*; but the *parts* are onely *collected*, and *diſpoſed*, and *united* by a *ſtrict*, and *Gordian knot*, by an inward *continuity*. So that in all ſuch *production* the *materia oritur ex materia, & forma ex forma gentrantis*, and thus *Forms* are *continued* according to that *degree* of *Being*, which they had in the *firſt Creation*. Now why there ſhould not be ſuch a *traditio Lampadis* in the *ſouls* of men, will not eaſily be ſhewn. The *nobility*, and *purity* of the *ſoul* doth not at all hinder this; for there is a *proportionable eminency* in the *ſoul*, that doth produce it: *one ſoul* prints *another* with the ſame *ſtamp* of *Immortality*, that it ſelf had *engraven* upon it. But, if any queſtion how an *immaterial Being* can be conveied in ſuch a *ſeminal way*, let him but ſhew us the *manner*, by which 'tis united to the *Body*, and we will as eaſily tell him how it entered into it. Yet *Hierome* was ſo *zealous* againſt this, that he pronounceth a preſent *Anathema* to all ſuch, as ſhall hold the *ſoul* to be *ex traduce*. But *Auſtin* was a great deal more *calm*, and *placate*; Nay, indeed he was in this point ἀμφίδοξος, καὶ διστάζων, in a kind of *equipoiſe*, and *neutrality*; and there-

fore

fore with a *gentle breath* he did labour to *fan*, and *cool* the *heat* of *Hieroms's Opinion*, and putting on all *mildenesse*, and *moderation*, plainly confesses; *Se neque legendo, neque orando, neque ratiocinando invenire potuisse; quomodo cum Creatione animarum peccatum originale defendatur.* It seems he could not solve all those *difficulties*, which the *Pelagians* raised against *Original sin*, unless he held the *traduction* of the *Soul*. He could not perceive how the *Candle* should be so *soyl'd*, if it were *lighted* onely by a *pure Sun-beam*, fetch'd from *Heaven*. Yet that *Knot* (which so *skilful*, and *laborious* an *hand* could not *unty*) some others have easily *cut asunder*; and indeed there is no such *cogency*, and *prevalency* in that *Argument*, as can justly promise it self the *victory*. For the *Scholemen*, that are strong *Assertours* of the *Soul's Creation*, do satisfie all such *doubts*, as these. And the *major part* of *Modern Writers* do encline to this, that these *Lamps* are *lighted* by God himself: though some indeed do ἐπέχειν, and will *determine* nothing; as the acute *Pemble* does among the rest, in his little Tractate *De Origine Formarum*, and so doth that *learned Knight* in his late discourse *Of the Soul*, where he doth onely drop one *brief Passage*, that countenances the *Soul's Traduction*; upon which he, that pretends to *answer* him, takes occasion to *huddle up* no lesse then twenty *Arguments* against it, which sure he sold by *number*, and not by *weight*. But that *Oxford Answerer* of that *Brutish Pamphlet* of *The Souls Mortality* doth more *solidly*, and *deliberately* handle the *Question*: yet, being very *vehement*, and *intense* for the *Soul's Creation*, he slips into this *Errour*, that the *Traduction* of the *Soul* is *inconsistent* with the *Immortality* of it. But, it may be, you had rather hear the *votes*, and *suffrages* of those antient *Heathen Writers*, that had nothing to see by, but the *Candle of the Lord*; perhaps, you would willingly know what their *Souls* thought of themselves. You'll believe *Nature*, the *Universal Mother*, if she tell you who is the *Father of Spirits*. Wee'll begin with *Pythagoras*, and he tells you his mind *freely*, and *fully*, whilest he gives you that piece of *leaf-gold* in one of his *Verses*;

—θάρσει, θεῖον γένος ἐστὶ βροτοῖσι.

Aratus is in the very same *strein*, and was honoured so far, as to be *quoted* by an *Apostle* for it, τοῦ γὰρ καὶ γένος ἐσμέν. But, if these seem somewhat more *generally*, not *exactly* pointing out at the

soul,

Soul, the *Chaldy Oracle* will speak more *punctually*; Ταῦτα πατὴρ ἐνόησε, βρότος δὲ οἱ ἐψύχωτο· 'The *Father of Spirits* by his 'thought, and word, by his *commanding breath* did kindle this 'Lamp of the *Soul*, for the *quickning*, and *illuminating* of such a *Noble Creature*. *Zoroaster* pours it out more at large, and does thus *dilate*, and *amplifie* it. Χρή σε σπεύδειν πρὸς τὸ φαὸς, καὶ πρὸς πατρὸς αὐγάς· ἔνθεν ἐπέμφθη σοι ψυχὴ πολὺν ἐσθαμένη νοῦν. 'O Soul (*saies he*) why do'st thou not aspire, and mount up to 'the centre, & light of Glory, to that fountain of Beams & bright-'nesse, from whence thou wert derived, and sent down into the 'world, cloath'd, and apparrell'd with such rich, and sparkling 'endowments? The consideration of this made the *Divine Trismegist* break into that *pang* of *Admiration*; Ποῖα μήτηρ, ποῖος πατὴρ, εἰ μὴ Θεὸς ἀφανὴς; What Womb (*saith he*) is fit to 'bear a Soul? who is fit to be the Father of the Soul? what 'breast is able to nourish a Soul? who can make sufficient pro-'vision for a Soul; but onely that pure, and invisible spirit, that 'shoots them, and darts them into Bodies by his own Almighty power? And, as the formentioned *Author* goes on; Ὁ δὲ πάντων πατὴρ, ὁ νοῦς ὢν ζωὴ, καὶ φύσις ἀπεκύησε τὸν ἄνθρωπον αὐτῷ ἴσον, οὗ ἠράσθη ὡς ἰδίου τόκου· that is, 'God, the Father of Being, the Father of 'Life, and Nature, did frame, and fashion man much like himself, 'and love him as his proper off-spring: for those words of his, τὸν ἄνθρωπον αὐτῷ ἴσον, must be taken *in* an *allayed*, and *tempered* sense; for they must by no means be understood of an *equality*, but only of a *similitude*. In the very same sense he calls God ζωόγραφος, the *Painter*, and *Trimmer* of the Soul; thus representing himself to the *life*. As for the mind of the *Platonists*, and the *Stoicks*, we have before acquainted you with it: One looks so *high*, as if a *Creation* would scarce *consist* them, unlesse they may have it *ab æterno*; and the other seem to plead for a *traduction*, and *generation* of the *Soul*, not from the *Parents*, but from *God* himself, which makes *Epictetus* so often mention the *affinity*, and *consanguinity* of the Soul with the *Deity*, and to use such words as these; Ἐὰν ταῦτα ἐστιν ἀληθῆ, τὰ περὶ τῆς συγγενείας τοῦ Θεοῦ, καὶ ἀνθρώπων λεγόμενα ὑπὸ τῶν φιλοσόφων, διὰ τί μὴ εἴπῃ τις ἑαυτὸν κόσμιον, διὰ τί μὴ υἱὸν τοῦ Θεοῦ; 'If the *Philosophers* (says he) speak truth, 'when they tell us how near a kin the Soul is to God, why 'then doth such a soul streighten, and confine it self? why doth

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'it contract, and imprison so vast an Essence? why do's it look 'upon some spot of ground with such a partial, and peculiar 'affection? why doth it love the smoak of its Earthly Countrey, κάπνον ἐπιθρώσκοντα; 'why does it not rather warm it self in 'the flame of its Heavenly Original? why does such an one stile 'himself an *Athenian*, a *Corinthian*, a *Lacedemonian*? why does 'he not rather think, that he hath a whole world within him? 'why does he not sum up all his happiness in this great and ho-'nourable Title, that he is the Son of God? And thus you see ὁ κόσμιος will be the same with *Socrates* his κοσμοπολίτης· and the words, you see, will passe currantly in this sense: but yet (if we may take the *liberty* of a *conjecture*) I am ready to think, that the first *Negative Particle* doth intrude it self *too unseasonably*, against the *drift*, and meaning of the place, and therefore is to be *refused*, and *rejected*: so that, whereas the words were printed thus, Διὰ τί μὴ εἴπῃ τις ἑαυτὸν κόσμιον; read Διὰ τί εἴπῃ τις ἑαυτὸν κόσμιον; and then they will run thus, *Quid se mundanum vocat, cur non potiùs filium Dei?* why doth he think himself a *Worldling?* why doth he measure himself by *Earth*, if he were born of *Heaven?* where yet you may perceive, that the *Philosopher* ascribes that to the *first* γένεσις, which is due onely to the παλιγγενεσία to be called a *Son of God*. Nay, which indeed is onely to the ἀειγενεσία, to the *onely begotten Son of God*. Thus *Philo* the *Jew* (too *Stoical* in this) calls *souls* ἀπαυγάσματα, which is the very *same* Title, that the *Apostle* applies to *God* himself; and *Plotinus* gives as much to the *soul*, as the *Arrians* did to *Christ*; for he calls it ὁμούσιον, which *Plato* styled ἀθανάτοις ὁμώνυμον· but *Epictetus*, he goes on to keep τὰ σύμβολα τοῦ Θεοῦ, much in the *Language* of the *Oracle*, σύμβολα πατρικὸς νοῦς ἔσπειρε παῖς ψυχαῖς· by πατρικὸς νοῦς it can mean nothing else, but God himself, the *Father* of *spirits*, and these τὰ σύμβολα are such *Love-tokens*, as he has left with the *Sons of men* to engage their affections to him. These *Symbols* are the very same, which *Moses* calls the *Image* of *God*; those *representations* of himself, which he has *scattered*, and *sown* in the *Being* of man, as this word σπείρειν does imply, which made the wise *Grecian*, *Thales*, conclude ἀδελφοὺς εἶναι ἡμᾶς, ὡς ἂν τοῦ ἑνὸς Θεοῦ, καὶ ἑνὸς διδασκάλου, 'That All men were 'Brethren born of the same Supreme Being, that did educate, 'and instruct them. This *Teaching* is the same, which the *Per-*

sian Magi call'd a *Divine Inebriation*, Ὅλη θεόθεν μεμέθυσται, it was *replete* τῶν θείων καλῶν. You see then, that the *joynt consent* of the *Chaldeans*, *Egyptians*, *Persians*, *Grecians*, was for the *creation* of the *Soul*; and, if you desire more *Testimonies* from them, you may consult with *Eugubine*, in his learned work *De perenni Philosophia*, where you shall meet with whole *heaps* of them. But as for *Aristotle's Opinion* you know, that his *custom* was, when he could not beat out a *Notion* into a *rational account*, fairly to *passe it by*, and not to *piece* it *out* with such *Fabulous Inventions*, as *Plato* did abound withall; and, though it is like he did often *dispute* this *Question* in his *thoughts*, yet he makes no solemn entrance upon it in his *Works*, but onely toucheth it *occasionally*, and scatters a *passage*, or two, that seem very clearly to acknowledge the *Creation* of it: for (not to speak of the place in his *Morals*, where he calls the *Soul* τὸν νοῦν τοῖς Θεοῖς συγγενέστατον.) I shall onely commend unto you those *full*, and *pregnant* Words in his two Books *De generatione Animalium*; the words are these, Λείπεται δὲ τὸν νοῦν μόνον θύραθεν ἐπεισιέναι, καὶ θεῖον εἶναι μόνον. He had but a little before evinced, that the *sensitive*, and *vegetative souls* were conveyed in a *seminal* way, like a *couple* of *sparks*, they were struck *ex potentia materiæ*; but (saies he) the *rational*, that came θύραθεν, *ex altiori sede*, as *Seneca* speaks, the *window* of *Heaven* was open'd, and a *present light* sprung in, for the compleating of those former *rudiments*, and *preparations*; the mis-understanding of this ὁ νοῦς θύραθεν did, it may be, *occasion*, but it did, at least, *corroborate* the *phancy* of an *Angel's* being an *Intellectus agens*; yet *Simplicious*, that known *Interpreter* of *Aristotle*, does expound it of the *soul's Creation*; Καὶ γὰρ ἡ ψυχὴ ὑπὸ Θεοῦ ἐλλάμπεσθαι λέγεται, as he speaks; and this, which *Aristotle* here calls ὁ νοῦς θύραθεν, *Psellus* the *Philosopher* stiles ὁ νοῦς ἄνωθεν· *Plato* termed it φῶτον, οὐκ ἔκγειον, ἀλλ' οὐράνιον· the *Sybils* call'd it πυρινὸν νοῦν· some others νοερὸν πῦρ, καὶ ἀσώματον πῦρ, still conspiring with this of *Solomon's*, The *Candle of the Lord*; and *Seneca* setting aside his *Stoicisme*) has very *gallant*, and *brave apprehensions* of the *soul's Nobility*, and tells us, that it was *haustus ex divina origine*; which *Tully* thus varies, *Ex mente divina decerptus*. Souls, like so many *Flowers*, were *cropt*, and *gathered* out of the *garden* of God; and were *bound* up *in fasciculo viventium*, in the *bundle of the Living*: and, if you will but attend to

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the *noble Orator*, and *Philoſopher*; you ſhall hear him thus pleading for the *ſoul's Divinity*. *Animorum nulla in terris origo inveniri poteſt; nihil enim eſt in animo mixtum, atque concretum, aut quod è terra natum, atque fixum eſſe videatur: nihilque aut humidum quidem, aut flabile, aut ignеum; his enim in Naturis nihil inеſt, quod memoriæ vim, mentis, cogitationis habeat; quod & præterita teneat, & futura prævideat & complecti poſſit præſentia, quæ ſola divina ſunt, nec evincetur unquam unde ad hominem venire poſſunt, niſi à Deo: ſingularis igitur quædam eſt natura, atque vis animi, ſejuncta ab his uſitatis notiſque naturis; ita quicquid eſt illud, quod ſentit, quod ſerpit, quod vult, quod viget, cœleſte, & divinum eſt, ob eamque rem æternum ſit neceſſe eſt.* Which I ſhall thus render. 'Tis in vain to look for the *Soul's parentage* upon 'Earth; for there is no *mixing*, and *blending* of *ſpirituals* with 'corporeals, the *Earth* doth not contribute, for the *fixing*, and 'conſolidating of them; 'tis no *Aery puff* will ſuffice for the *ſwiftneſſe*, and *nimbleneſſe* of their *motion*; no *drops* of *Water* will 'quench their *thirſt*, and *longings*; they have a *purer light*, and 'heat, then could ever be fetch'd from an *Elementary ſpark*, in thoſe *humble*, and *ſordid Beings*, there's nothing fit to 're'preſent, much leſſe to *produce* the *claſping*, and *retentive* power 'of *Memory*; the *Maſculine*, and *vigorous* working of the *Mind*; 'the *refined*, and *comprehenſive* virtue of thoſe *Thoughts*, that 'can recall, and look back to *things paſt*, that can *interpret*, and 'comment upon all *preſent Objects*, and with a *Prophetical glance* 'can ſpy out *futurities*, and *poſſibilities*, which are *works* not un'worthy of a *Deity*: nor can it er'e be ſhewn, that ſuch *rare priviledges* ſhould be communicated to *humane Nature* any other 'way, then by the *immediate bounty*, and *indulgence* of *Heaven*; 'there being ſuch *ſingular*, and *inimitable idioms* in the *mind* of 'Man, as could never be *extracted* from thoſe *ordinary*, and 'vulgar entities. Though a *ſenſitive Soul* may *creep* upon the ground, though it may roll, and tumble it ſelf in the *Duſt*; yet an *Intellectual Being* ſcorns to look *lower*, then *Heaven* it ſelf; and though it be *dated* in time, yet it means to *live* as long as *eternity*. The *Poets* had *veiled*, and *muffled* up the ſame *Opinion* in their *Mythology*, whiles they tell us, that *Prometheus* (which is all one with *Providence*) did *work*, and *faſhion* the *Bodies* of men out of *clay*; but he was fain to *ſteal fire* from *Heaven* for the *quicken-*

ing, and *enlivening* them with *Souls*, which made the *Prince* of *Poets* ſing;

Igneus eſt ollis vigor, & cœleſtis origo,

and *Ovid* ſupplies him with a *ſhort Verſe*,

Sedibus ætherei Spiritus ille venit.

How often do you meet with this in *Homer*, that God is the *Father of Spirits*, Πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε, Θεῶν τε, the *Father* of *Angelical Beings*, and of the *Souls* of *men*; which *Virgil* renders

– hominum Sator, atque Deorum.

Yet all this while I know not whether you can, I am ſure I cannot, ſufficiently perceive, that the *generality* of the *Heathen* did think, that every *Soul* was immediately *created* by *God* himſelf, but onely, that, at the firſt, there was beſtowed more then *ordinary workmanſhip* upon them, which they knew *principally* by thoſe *generous motions*, which they found *working* in their own *Souls*; and partly by ſome *reliques* of *Moſaical Hiſtory*, that was ſcattered amongſt them. Thus then I have repreſented unto you, as *indifferently* as I can, the *ſtate* of this *great Controverſie*; and, though I could eaſily tell you, which part I do moſt eaſily *incline* to; yet I ſhall rather *refer* it to your *own thoughts*, with this *intimation*, that a *modeſt heſitancy* may be very *lawful* here: for, if you will believe *Gregory* the *Great*, he tells you its a *Queſtion*, which cannot be *determined* in this *Life*. However 'tis enough for us, that the *Spirit* of a *Man*, either by virtue of its *conſtant Creation*, or by virtue of its *firſt Creation*, is the *Candle of the Lord*.

As the *Soul* is the *ſhadow* of a *Deity*, ſo *Reaſon* alſo is a *weak*, and *faint reſemblance* of *God* himſelf, whom therefore that *learned Emperour*, *M. Antoninus*, calls λόγον σπερματικὸν. 'Tis God, that *plants Reaſon*, 'tis he, that *waters* it, 'tis he, that gives it an *increaſe*. Ὁ λόγος ἀνθρώπων πάντων ἀπὸ τοῦ αὐτοῦ λόγου. The *Title* of ὁ λόγος belongs to *Chriſt* himſelf; *in whom are hid the treaſures of Wiſdom, and Knowledge*. *Reaſon* firſt *danced*, and *triumphed* in thoſe *eternal Sun-beams*, in the *thoughts* of God himſelf, who is the *fountain*, and *original* of *Reaſon*. And, as his *Will* is the *rule* of *Goodneſſe*; ſo his *Underſtanding* is the *rule* of *Reaſon*. For God himſelf is a moſt *knowing*, and *intellectual Being*, he is the *firſt mover* of *Entity*, and does *determinate tendere in aliquem finem*, which ſpeaks an *Intelligent Agent*. He does propound moſt *choice deſignes*, and *bleſſed ends* to himſelf; and is not that a worke of

Reaſon?

Reason? He does contrive, and *dispose*, and *order* means for *acomplishing* of them, and doth not that require *Understanding*? He makes all *Beings instrumental*, and *subordinate* to him, he *moves* all *inferiour Wheels* in a *regular* manner; he *moves* all the *spheres* of *second Causes* in an *Harmonical* way; such *blind Entities*, as want *intellectual eyes*, he himself doth *lead* them, and *conduct* them; and to others he gives an *eye* for their *guidance*, and *direction*. Now he, that hath *framed* an *intellectual Eye*, shall not *he see*? he, that hath *cloathed* the Soul with *light*, *as with a garment*, shall not *he* much more be *cloathed* himself with a *fuller*, and *purer brightnesse*? In that, which we esteem *Reason* amongst *Men*, there are many *clouds*, and *blemishes*, many *dark spots*, and *wrinkles*, that are *scattered*, and *conquered* by this more *glorious light*. The *Soul*, 'tis fain to *climb up*, and *ascend* to *knowledge* by several *steps*, and *gradations*; but his *Understanding* is all at the same *height*, and *eminency*. Man's *Reason* is fain to *spend time* in *knitting* a *Proposition*, in *spinning* out a *Syllogism*, in *weaving* a *Demonstration*; but he is *infinitely beyond*, and *above* these *first Draughts*, and *Rudiments* of *knowledge*: he sees all ἐν ῥιπῇ ὀφθαλμοῦ; at the *first opening* of his *Eye* from *everlasting*, with one *intellectual glance* he pierceth into the whole depth of *Entity*, into all the *dimensions* of *Being*. Man's *Understanding* is fain to borrow a *Species* from the *Object*, which presents to the *Mind* the *Picture*, and *Portraicture* of it self; and strikes the *intellectual Eye* with a *colour suitable*, and *proportionable* to it: but the *Divine Understanding* never receives the *least Tincture* from an *Object*, no *Species ab extra*, but views all things in the *pure Chrystal* of his *own Essence*, he does not at all see himself in the *glasse* of the *Creatures*, as we see *him*; but he sees *Creatures* in the *glasse* of his own *Being*: how else should he see them *from everlasting*, before they were extant, before they were *visible* by any *Species* of their own? God therefore doth *primarily*, and *principally* look upon himself; for he is *nobilissimum intelligibile*, he cannot have a more *beautiful*, and *satisfying Object* to look upon, then his *own face*, τὸ γνωστὸν τοῦ Θεοῦ is an *object* fit to *enamour* all *Understanding*: for the more any *Being* is *abstracted* from *Materiality*, the more 'tis *refin'd* from *material* conditions, the more *graceful*, and *welcome* it is to the *Understanding*; for *matter* does *cloud*, and *darken* the *glosse* of *Being*; it doth *eclipse* an *Object*, and is no

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friend to *intelligibility*. So that God, being a *pure*, and *immaterial Spirit*, must needs be *præstantissimum intelligibile*; and a most *adæquate Object* for his *own eye* to look upon. And this *Understanding* is himself, it being *actio immanens*, always *dwelling* with him; *Dei scientia est Dei essentia*, (as the *Schoolmen* speak) God is ὅλος ὀφθαλμὸς, ὅλον φῶς, he is both *all Eye*, and *all Light*: as suppose, the *bright body* of the *Sun* had a *visive faculty*, so as it could *view*, and *survey* its own *light*, and *beams*, and could by virtue of them look upon all *other* things, which its own *Light* does *unveil*, and *discover*, 'twould then give some *languishing adumbration* of a *Deity*, who is always *looking* upon his own *perfections*, and seeing *Creatures* by his *own light*, by his own *uncreated beams*: for *Species*, & *similitudo omnium est in Dei essentia*. Thus God, looking upon his own *omnipotency*, knows all *possibilities*; viewing his own *determinations*, he sees all *Futurities*; looking upon his own *wisdom*, he beholds all *varieties*, all *degrees*, and *differencies* of *Being*: which yet put not the *least shadow* of *difference* in him; because the *excellencies* of all *Beings* are *treasured up* in him onely by way of *Transcendency*, not *per modum compositionis*, *sed per modum perfectionis* (as the *Scholes* have it.) So that, when God beholds all *created Beings* by virtue of his *own essence*, yet you must not imagine, that the *formality* of a *Creature* is contained in an *uncreated Being*, but onely, that there is enough of *Being* there to give a *representation* of all *Being* whatsoever. As when a *glass* reflects a *face*, there's not the least *mutation* in the *glasse*, much less is the *face* any part of the Glasse's *essence*; though the *glasse* give a sufficient *resemblance* of it. Yet herein there's this *disparity*, that the *glasse* of God's *essence* did *represent* a *Creature*, before any *created face* could look into it; for God, looking upon himself from *eternity*, did then know *quot modis aliquid assimilari potuit ipsius essentiæ*, and did know how far such a *Being* would *imitate* his *essence*, and how far it would fall short of it. He saw, that *this Being* would come *nearer*, that *that Being* would be more *distant*, and *remote* from him; this *Picture* would be liker him, that would shew very *little* of him. Now the *actuality*, and *existence* of such an *Object* is not requisite to the understanding of it; for how then could we conceive of the *privation* of a *non-Entity*? How can we otherwise *apprehend* them, then by framing the *notion* of *something positive* in our *minds*, and supposing

ſuppoſing a *total deficiency* from it? Thus, as they uſe to ſpeak, *Rectum eſt index ſui & obliqui*; & *Nobiliſſimum in unoquoque genere eſt menſura, & exemplar reliquorum*: that *firſt*, and *ſupreme Being*, by the great *example*, and *pattern* of himſelf, can judge of all *inferiour*, and *imperfect Beings*. Nor could he ſee them *ab æterno* any otherwiſe, then in *himſelf*; there being nothing elſe *eternal*, but *himſelf*, and in *himſelf* he could clearly ſee them, as we ſee *Effects* in their *Cauſe*. All *created Beings* weee *eminently* contained in the *Centre* of one *indiviſible Eſſence*; who, by his infinite virtue, was to *produce* them all; who, being an *intelligent Centre*, did ſee thoſe *ſeveral Lines*, that might be *drawn from* him; and withall, being a *free*, and a *voluntary Centre*, did know how *many Lines* he meant to draw for *himſelf*. Now you know amongſt *men*, a Demonſtration *à priori* is eſteemed *moſt certain*, and *ſcientifical*: *Scire eſt per cauſas cognoſcere*. God thus knew *Creatures*, perfectly knowing *himſelf*, who was the *firſt cauſe* of them all. This doth much ſpeak the *immutability* of the *eternal Reaſon*; and *Wiſdom* in the *mind* of God, and doth remove all *imperfections* from it. For you ſee, he did not move in an *axiomatical* way, *per compoſitionem, & diviſionem*; for he ſaw *things* by his own *uncompounded*, and *indiviſible eſſence*; much leſſe did his *knowledge* improve it ſelf in a *Syllogiſtical* way, *deducing*, and *collecting one* thing out of *another*. This is the *Scholemens* meaning, when they tell us, *Cognitio Dei non eſt ratiocinativa*, that is, *non eſt diſcurſiva*. They that will *light* a *Candle*, may ſtrike ſuch *ſparks*: but the *Sun*, and *Stars* want no *ſuch light*. *Angels* are above *Syllogiſmes*, how much more is *God* himſelf? Nay, even amongſt *men*, *firſt Principles* are above *Diſputings*, above *Demonſtrations*; now all things are more *naked* in reſpect of *God* himſelf, then *common* Notions are to the ſight of *men*. 'Tis a *modus teſtudineus*, a *tardy*, and *tedious work*, a *fetching* a *compaſs*, to gather *one* thing out of *another*: 'tis the *ſlow pace* of a *limited Underſtanding*. But there's no *ſucceſſion* in *God*, not in the *knowledge* of God. There's no *prius & poſterius*; no *Premiſſes*, or *Concluſions*; no *tranſitus ab uno ad aliud*, no *externum medium*: for he does not *cognoſcere per aliud medium à ſeipſo diſtinctum*. There's a compleat *ſimultaneity* in all his *knowledge*; his *Eſſence* is all together, and ſo is his *Knowledg*. *Plurality* of *Objects* will confound a *finite Underſtanding*, for they muſt be preſented

ſented by *different ſpecies*, and a *created Eye* cannot exactly view ſuch *different Faces* at *once*, ſuch ſeveral *Pictures* at *once*. The *Underſtanding* ſometimes loſes it ſelf in a *crowd* of *objects*; and when ſuch a *multitude* comes *thronging* upon it, it can ſcarce *attend* to any of them. But God, ſeeing them all *per unicam ſpeciem, per unicâ operationem*, takes notice of them all with an *infinite delight*, and *facility*. For he loves to *attend* to his own *Eſſence*, which doth ſo admirably *repreſent* them all: hence his *Knowledge* is always in *act*; becauſe his *Eſſence* is a *pure act*. *Humane Underſtandings* have much of their *knowledge* ſtor'd up in *Habits*; but there are no *Habits* in a *Deity*: for *Knowledge* is *dormant* in an *Habit*, but his *Underſtanding* never *ſlumbers*, nor *ſleeps*. There's no *Potentiality* in *him*, but hee's always *in ultima perfectione*, he is *ſemper in actu intelligendi*; as *Sol* is *ſemper in actu lucendi*. *Humane Underſtandings* are fain to *unbend* themſelves ſometimes, as if they were *faint*, and *weary*: but *Divinity* is always *vigorous*, and *Eternity* can never *languiſh*. The *Underſtanding* of God thus being fill'd with *light*, his *Will* alſo muſt needs be *rational*, *non cœca, ſed occultata notitia*. This makes the *Scholemen* very well *determine*, That, though there cannot be *cauſa divinæ voluntatis*, yet there may be aſſign'd *ratio divinæ voluntatis*. There can be no *cauſe* of his *Will*; for then there would be a *cauſe* of his *Eſſence*, his *Will* being *all one* with his *Eſſence*: but there cannot be *cauſa prior prima*. Yet *this account* may be given of his *Will*, that *bonum intellectum eſt fundamentum voliti*; ſo that as God does *primarily intelligere ſeipſũ*, ſo he does underſtand other things only *per ſeipſum*, ſo likewiſe he does principally, and *neceſſarily velle ſeipſum*, and does *will* other things *ſecondarily*, and out of a choice, *propter ſeipſum*. And, as God hath ſet all other *Beings* a *longing* after the *perfections*, and *conſervations* of their own *Beings*, and has in a *ſpecial* manner ſtamp'd upon a *rational Nature* an *intellectual appetite* of its own *well-fare*, and *happineſſe*; ſo, as that it cannot but propound an *ultimate ſcope*, and *end* to it ſelf, and *bend*, and *direct* all its *deſires* for the *hitting*, and *attaining* of it: ſo he himſelf alſo ſets up himſelf, as the moſt *adequate*, and *amiable end* of all his *workings*, and *motions*, and does *bend* the whole *creation*, does *ſhoot* every *Being*, and *order* it to his own *glory*. Now how *rational* is that *Will* of his, that does chiefly fix it ſelf upon the *faireſt good*, and *wills* other things onely, as they are *ſubſervi-*

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ent to it. *Deus vult bonitatem ſuam tanquam finem, & vult omnia alia tanquam media ad finem.* Out of the *intenſe*, and *vehement willing* of himſelf, he *wills* alſo ſome *prints*, and *reſemblances* of himſelf. The *beauty* of his own *face*, of his own *goodneſſe* is ſo great as that he *loves* the very *picture* of it: and, becauſe *one picture* cannot ſufficiently expreſſe it, therefore he gives ſuch *various*, and *numerous repreſentations* of it. As when *men* cannot expreſs their mind in *one word*, they are willing to *rhetoricate*, and *enlarge* themſelves into *more*. God doth give many *ſimilitudes* of himſelf, for the greater *explication* of his own *eſſence*. His *eſſence* in it ſelf not being capable of *augmentation*, or *multiplications*; he loves to ſee ſome *imitations*, and *manifeſtations* of it, to make known his *own power*, and *perfection* in a way of *cauſality*. Now the *Underſtanding* of God being ſo *vaſt*, and *infinite*, and his *Will* being ſo *commenſurate*, and *proportion'd* to it, nay, *all one* with it; all thoſe *Decrees* of his, that are the *Eternal product*, and *reſults* of his *Mind*, and *Will*, muſt needs be *rational* alſo. For in them his *Underſtanding*, and *Will* met together, his *Truth*, and *Goodneſs* kiſſed each other. And though theſe *Decrees* of God muſt be *reſolved* into his *abſolute ſupremacy*, and *dominion*, yet that very *Sovereignty* of his is founded upon ſo much *reaſon*, and does *act* ſo *wiſely*, and *intelligently*, as that no *created Underſtanding* can juſtly *queſtion* it, but is bound *obediently* to *adore* it. The *Proſecution* and *Application* of theſe *Decrees*, 'tis accompanied with the very ſame *wiſdome*, and *reaſon*: for what's *Providence*, but *Oculus in Sceptro*, a *rational guiding*, and *ruling* all affairs in the World? 'tis *ipſa ratio divina in ſummo Principe conſtituta*; 'tis *ratio ordinandorum in finem*; that, which in *Man* is called *Prudence*, in *God* is called *Providence*; the right *tuning*, and *regulating* of all *circumſtances*, and making them to *conſpire*, and *contribute* to his own *end*, and *glory*. And, if man could but rightly *interpret*, and *comment* upon *Providence*, what freſh *diſcoveries*, what *bright diſplayings* of *divine Reaſon* would they all continually meet with-all? What *ſhinings*, and *ſparklings* of *Divine Wiſdom* are there in ſome remarkable *providential paſſages*? You, that are moſt *acquainted* with the *ways* of God, tell us, if you did ever find any thing *unreaſonable* in them. Enquire ſtill more into his *dealings*, and you'll ſee more of *Reaſon* in them. Could you ſearch *deeper* into the *rich Mine* of his *councell*, you would ſtill meet with more

precious veins of *Wisdom*. The *depth of his Counsels*, what are they but the very *profoundnesse* of his *Reason?* τὰ βάθη τοῦ Θεοῦ, they are τὰ βάθη τοῦ λόγου. And whensoever this *secret counsel* of his *issues out*, and *bubbles forth*, it is in most *rational manifestations*. His *Commands* are all *rational*, his *Word* is the very *pith*, and *marrow* of Reason. His *Law* is the *quickening*, and *wakening* of mens *Reason*; his *Gospel*, 'tis the *flowing out* of his own *Reason*; 'tis the *Quintessence* of *wisdome* from above; his *spirit* is a *rational Agent*; the *motions* of the *holy Ghost* are *rational Breath*; the *revelations* of the *Holy Ghost*, a *rational Light*, as *rational* as a *Demonstration*: the *Apostle* calls them so. As when the *Spirit of God* overpowers the *Will*, it makes a *willingnesse* there, where there was an absolute *nolency*, an obstinate *refusal* before: So, when it over-powers the *Mind*, it makes it *understand* that, which it *did not*, which it *could not* understand before. *Spiritual irradiations* stamp *new light*, create *new reason* in the Soul. Nothing comes to Man with the *superscription* of a *Deity*; but that, which hath upon it some *signature* of *Wisdom*. God himself is an *intelligent worker* in his dealing with *all Beings*, how much rather in his dealing with *rational Beings?* By all this you see, that *God* himself is the *Eternal Spring*; and *Head* of *Reason*; and that *humane* Wisdome is but a *created*, and an *imperfect Copy* of his *most perfect*, and *original* Wisdom.

Now *Philosophy* could dictate thus much; Τέλος ἀπάντων ἕπεσθαι τοῖς Θεοῖς. God *loves* to see such a *noble Creature*, as *Man* is, to *follow*, and *imitate* him in his *Reason*; *Omnia intendunt assimilari Deo*; as the *Scholemen* have it. Now men cannot be more *assimilated* unto *God*, then by moving as *Intelligent Agents*. Does *God* himself work according to *Reason* from *eternity* to *eternity*? And has he made a *Creature* in time, whose very *essence* is *Reason?* Why then does it not open its *Eyes?* why does it not use its *Lamp*? and though it cannot discover *all*, yet let it discern *as much* as it can. Let it not act in the *choicest points* of *Religion* out of *blind*, and *implicite Principles*, and *huddle up* its chiefest *operations* in, I know not what, *confused*, and *obscure*, and *undigested* manner. This neither becomes *Sons of Light*, nor *works of Light*. The more men *exercise Reason*, the more they *resemble God* himself; who has but *few Creatures*, that can *represent* him in so *bright* an excellency, as this; onely *Angels*, and Men: and there-

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ſore he expects it the *more* from them. And the more they *exerciſe* their *own Reaſon*, the more they will *admire*, and *adore* his. For none can *admire Reaſon*; but they that uſe ſome *Reaſon* themſelves. And this may ſuffice for the *firſt Particular*, that *The Candle of the Lord*, 'tis *lumen derivatum*, it was *firſt lighted* at a *Sun-beam*.

CHAP. XII.

The Light of Reaſon *is a Diminutive Light.*

THis *Candle* of the *Lord*, 'tis *Lumen tenue, & diminutum*. A *Lamp* is no ſuch *dazling object*. A *Candle* has no ſuch *goodly light*, as that it ſhould *pride*, and *glory* in it. 'Tis but a *brief*, and *compendious* Flame, *ſhut up*, and *impriſon'd* in a *narrow* compaſs. How far diſtant is it from the *beauty* of a *Star*? How far from the *brightneſs* of a *Sun*? This *Candle of the Lord*, when it was firſt *lighted up*, before there was any *Thief* in it, even then it had but a *limited*, and *reſtrained Light*. God ſaid unto it, *Thus far ſhall thy Light go: hither ſhalt thou ſhine, and no farther*. *Adam*, in *innocency*, was not to *crown* himſelf with his own *ſparks*. God never intended, that a *creature* ſhould reſt ſatisfied with its own *Candle-light*; but that it ſhould run to the *Fountain* of *Light*, and *Sun* it ſelf in the *preſence* of its God. What a *poor happineſs* had it been for a man, onely to have enjoyed his *own Lamp*? Could *this* ever have been a *Beatifical Viſion*? Could this *Light* ever have made an *Heaven* fit for a *Soul* to dwell in? The *ſparkling Seraphims*, and *glittering Cherubims*, (if it were poſſible, that the *face of* God ſhould be *eclypſed* from them, that they ſhould have no *light*, but that, which ſhines from their *own eſſences*) *Blackneſs*, and *Darkneſs*, and *gloominеſs*, a *total*, and *fatal Eclypſe*, a *preſent*, and *perpetual Night* would *ruſh* in upon them. If the *Heaven* were fuller of *Stars*, then it is; and, if this *lower part* of the *World* were *adorned*, and *illuminated* with as many *Lamps*, as 'tis capable of, yet would they never be able to ſupply the *abſence* of one *Sun*.

Their *united Light* would not amount to ſo much, as to make up *one day*, or *one moment* of a day. Let *Angels*, and *Men* contribute as *much light*, as they can; let them *knit*, and *concentricate* their *Beams*: yet neither *Angelical Star-light*, nor the *Sons of men* with their *Lamps*, and *Torches*, could ever make up the *leaſt ſhadow* of *Glory*, the *leaſt appearance* of *Heaven*, the *leaſt fringe* of *Happines*. *Lucifer*, that needs would be an *Independent Light*, that would *ſhine* with his *own Beams*, you know that he preſently *ſunk*, and *fell* into *perpetual darkneſs*. And *Adam's Candle*, aſpiring to be a *Sun*, has burn'd the *dimmer* ever ſince. *God*, taking notice of it, and ſpying him in the *duſt*, 'Lo (ſaies 'he) here lies the *ſpark*, that would needs become a *God*. There 'lies the *Glow-worme*, that would needs become a *Sun*. *Man is become like one of us!* Yet, notwithſtanding *Adam's light*, at firſt, was a *pure light*, till he had *ſcil'd* it; 'twas a *Virgin-light*, till he had *deflowr'd* it. The *Breath*, that God *breath'd* into him, was very *precious*, and *fragrant*; till he had *corrupted* it. נשמת אדם the *ſpirit* of *Adam* (if we ſhould render the words ſo) 'twas in a *ſpecial* man נר יהוה *Lucerna Domini*. When *God* raiſed this *goodly ſtructure* of Man out of *nothing*, he built it moſt *compleatly*, and *proportionably*; he left it *in ſtatu integro*, *& perfecto*: for you cannot *imagine*, that an *obliquity*, or *irregularity* ſhould come from ſo *accurate* an Hand, as his was. When God printed the whole *Creation*, there were no *Errata* to be found, no *Blots* at all. Every *Letter* was *fair*, and *lovely*; though ſome *firſt*, and *Capital Letters* were *flouriſh'd* more *artificially*, then others. Other *inferiour Creatures* would ſerve like ſo many *Conſonants*: but *Men* were the *Vowels*, or rather the *Dipthongs*, to *praiſe* him both in *Soul*, and *Body*. When God firſt *tun'd* the *whole Creation*, every *ſtring*, every *Creature* praiſed him: but *Man* was the *ſweeteſt*, and *loudeſt* of the reſt; ſo that, when that *String apoſtatized*, and fell from its *firſt tuning*, it ſet the whole *Creation* a *jarring*. When God firſt *planted* the *Soul* of *Man*, it was the *Garden* of God himſelf, his ſpiritual *Eden*, he loved to *walk* in it; 'twas full of the *faireſt*, and *choiceſt Flowers*, of the moſt *precious*, and *delicious Fruits*; 'twas watered with all the *freſh Springs* of *heavenly Influence*: no *Weeds*, nor *Briars*, nor *Thorns* to be found there. The *Underſtanding*, that *Tree* of *Knowledg*, was very *tall*, and *ſtately*, and reaching up to *Heaven*.

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There was in *Man* a *cognitio plena, & lucida*, as the *Scholemen* ſpeak; *clara, & fixa contemplatio intelligibilium.* The Eye of the *Soul*, 'twas *quick*, and *clear*, 'twas *ſtrong*, and *fix'd*, God *tried* it by himſelf, by a *Sun beam*, and found it *genuine*. How preſently did *Adam* by this ſpy out the *Stamps*, and *ſignatures*, that were upon the *ſeveral Creatures?* when, by an *extemporary* facility, he gave them ſuch *Names*, as ſhould *interpret*, and *comment* upon their *Eſſences*. Nay, (according to the *Scholemens* Determinations) *Man* in this his *primitive* condition, *habuit ſcientiam omnium naturaliter ſcibilium.* As God framed him an *elegant Body* at his *full height*, and *ſtature*; (though not with his *Head* reaching up to *Heaven*, as ſome did ridiculouſly phanſie) ſo he gave him alſo a *comely*, and *amiable ſoul*, at its juſt ἀκμὴ, endowed with all *natural accompliſhments*, and *perfections*; his *Dove-like Spirit* dwelt in a *ſpotleſs*, and *beautiful Temple.* This makes the *Proteſtant Divines* very well determine, that *Pronitas ad malum non fluit ex principiis Naturæ integræ*; for it would be a thought too injurious to the *God of Nature*, to imagine he ſhould frame *Evil.* Yet ſome of the *Papiſts*, and ſome others, do conſtantly affirm, that ſuch a *rational Being*, as *Man* is, conſidered *in puris naturalibus*, will have an *unavoidable propenſity* unto Evil, *ex neceſſaria materiæ conditione*: and they bring forth ſuch bold words as theſe; *Deum non poſſe creare hominem, ex anima rationali, & materiali ſenſibili compoſitum; quin, præter divinam intentionem, homo ita conſtitutus habeat præcipitem inclinationem ad ſenſibilia.* Their meaning is this; By reaſon of that *intimate*, and *eſſential* conjunction of the *ſenſitive* Powers with the *intellectual*, there muſt needs ariſe ſome *ataxy*, and *confuſion* in the *Being* of *Man*, and too great a favouring of *ſenſitive Objects*, unleſſe that *inferiour* part of the *Soul* be reſtrained *ſupernaturali quodam fræno* (as they ſpeak) and, ſay they, it was thus *chain'd up* in a ſtate of *Innocency*; but now, being let *looſe*, tis extremely *wild*, and *unruly*. How *derogatory* is this from the *goodneſs*, and *power* of God's *Creation*, and from that *accurate harmony*, and *immaculate beauty*, that were to be found in ſuch a *Noble Being*, as *Man* was in his *native*, and original condition? *Nec frænum, nec calcar deſiderabatur*: for there was a *juſt*, and *regular tendency*, without the leaſt *ſwerving*, or *deviation*. There was no ſuch *tardity* in the *ſenſitive* part, as ſhould need a *Spur*; nor yet any ſuch *impetuoſneſs*, and *violence*,

lence, as ſhould require a *Bridle*. This indeed muſt be granted, that upon the *knitting*, and *uniting* of ſuch a *Soul* to ſuch a *Body*, of *ſenſitives* to *intellectuals*, there will naturally follow *reſpectus, & inclinatio ad ſenſibilia*; and tt is not *præter, ſed ſecundùm intentionem divinam*: but that this ſhould be *præceps*, *rebellis*, *& inordinata inclinatio*, is ſo far from being *neceſſary*, as that 'tis plainly *contra-natural*. For this *ſenſitive Appetite* of Man is born *ſub regno Rationis*, and ſo is to be govern'd *Sceptro Rationis*. By this *golden Scepter* it was peaceably *rul'd* in a ſtate of *Innocency*. *Anima non aggravata erat à corpore*, (as the *Schoolemen* ſay) tht *Body*, though it was not *beautified*, and *clarified* in the ſame meaſure, that a *glorified* Body is; yet it was *dutiful*, and *obedient*, and every way *ſerviceable* to the *Soul*. The *ſenſitive* Powers were not *factious*; but were willingly ſubject to the *higher Powers*, to the *intellectuals*. The *firſt bublings* of the *Soul* were *pure*, and *Chryſtalline*, and *ſtreamed* out very *freely*, and *fluently*, without any *murmuring*, without any *wavering*, without any *foaming*. There were no violent *motions*, no violent *perturbations*, which ſince have made ſuch *inſurrections* in the *Soul*, & with th ir *importunate breath* endeavour, as much as they can, to *blow out* this *intellectual* Lamp, this *light* of *Reaſon*. There were *nullæ paſſiones, quæ reſpiciunt malum*; as the *Schole* tells us. There was no *ſlaviſh fear*, to beſpeak, and antedate *grief*. There was no *paleneſſe* to be ſeen, no *tremblings*, nor *ſhiverings*; no *tears*, nor *ſighs*; no *bluſhes*, nor the leaſt tincture of *ſhame*. *Paradiſe*, it had ſo much of the *Lily*, as't had nothing of the *Roſe*; yet there were *iſtius modi paſſiones, quæ ordinantur ad bonum*. *Joy* would *dance*, and *leap* ſometimes; *Love* would *embrace*, and *twine* about its *deareſt good*: ſuch *pure*, and *noble Affections*, as *live*, and *dwell* in the *Breaſts* of *glorified Beings*, were not baniſh'd, and *excluded* from this ſtate of *Integrity*. The *Poets* ſhadowed out this *happy time* in their *Golden Age*, though they mix ſome *Droſſe* in the Deſcription of it. Now man being conſtituted in this *ſtate* of *Natural Rectitude*, his *Candle* ſhining *clearly*, his *Will* following *chearfully*, his *Affections* complying moſt *ſuitably*, a ſudden *Cloud* preſently *ruſh'd* upon him, and *blotted* all his Glory. And as the *Orator* ſtiled that *Romane Magiſtrate*, that was ſuddenly turned out of his place, *Conſul vigilantiſſimus*; becauſe he did not ſleep all the time of his *Conſulſhip*, (for he continued

but

but a *day* in it) in the very *ſame* ſenſe, and only in *this* ſenſe, *man* alſo was *vigilantiſſimus in honore*, in the *Pſalmiſt's Language*, בל ילין *non pernoctavit*, he would not *abide in honour*, he did not *lodge one night in honour*. Though I am far from laying ſuch *ſtreſſe* upon thoſe *words*, as they do, that will needs from thence *meaſure* the time ſo *exactly*, as that they'll tell you to a *minute* how long *Adam* enjoyed his *firſt glory*; this onely we are ſure of, it was a very *brief*, and *tranſient happineſſe*, a fading, and *withering glory*: he had waſted his *Oyl* preſently, and the *Lamp* was *going* out; but that God drop'd *freſh oyl* into it, by the *promiſe* of a *Meſſiah*. The *Schoolemen* are very *ſolicitous*, and *deſirous* to know how *Adam's Underſtanding*, being *in vigore viridi*, could be *entangled* in ſuch a *Snare*, and *deluded* with ſuch a *miſerable fallacy*. *Aquinas*, for his part, determines *hominem in primo ſtatu decipi non potuiſſe*; which yet is altogether *unconceivable*, for how could he *fall*, unleſſe his *Head declin'd*? 'Tis not very eaſily *perceptible* at any time, how there can be *Defectus in voluntate*, and yet not *Error in Intellectu*, much leſſe can we tell how this ſhould come to paſſe, when the *Will* was ſo *obediently* diſpoſed *ad nutũ intellectus*, when it gave ſuch *obſervance* to all the *commands*, and *dictates* of the *Underſtanding*, as that did in a ſtate of *Innocency*. And to reſolve the whole *anomaly*, and *irregularity* of that *firſt prevarication*, onely into the *Will's untowardneſſe*; what is it elſe then to ſay, that *Adam* ſinned *ex mera malitia contra claritatem judicii*? which is to entertain a thought very *groundleſſe*, *uncharitable*, and *diſhonourable* to the *firſt root* of *Mankind*, and to make his *tranſgreſſion* of the ſame *Dye* with thoſe *damned Angelical Spirits*, that were thrown into *irrecoverable miſery*. Therefore *Zanchy*, that was one of the moſt *Scholaſtical* amongſt the *Proteſtants*, doth moſt judiciouſly conclude, that 'The *Underſtanding* of *Adam* was 'defective in its office by a *negligent non-attendancy*. The *Eye* was *clear* enough, the *Bow* was *ſtrong* enough; but it was not *vigilant* enough, it was not *bent* enough: the *Balance* was not *deceitful*, but he forgot to *weigh* things in it. Now *Man* by this *fall* of his was not onely *ſpoliatus ſupernaturalibus*, but alſo *vulneratus in ipſis naturalibus*. How ſoon is this *beautiful* Creature *withered*! his *Spring* is gone, his *May* is gone, his *gloſs*, and *greenneſſe* gone; the *Flower* droops, the *Tree* is neither ſo *flouriſhing*, nor ſo *fruitfull* an *untimely*, and *diſconſolate Autumn* comes upon

on him. Thus the *purest complexions* are alwaies most *frail*, and *brittle*. Thus the *highest Conditions* are most *tottering*, and *precipitious*: and the *noblest perfections*, if built onely upon *Nature's bottome*, are but *voluble*, and *uncertain*. There arises a sudden δυσκρασία, a present ἀσυμμετρία, in the *Being* of *Man*. The *Philosophers* were very *sensible* of it, and groaned under it. You may hear them complaining of the τὰ νοσήματα περὶ τὴν ψυχὴν, of the *languishings*, and *faintings* of the *Soul*, of a νόθος λογισμὸς, a *spurious*, and *adulterate* kind of *Reason*. You may hear them complaining of an ἀπτηρία, and περόρρυσις, a *defluvium pennarum*. The *Wings* of the Soul *flag*, many of the Feathers are *sick*, and *drop away*. And that *Soul*, which was wont to build its *nest* in the *stars*, is now fain to build it in the *Dust*. You may hear one *Philosopher* complaining of the Κεφαλαλγία, his *Head*, his *Understanding akes*; another of the Ὀρθαλμία, his *Eye*, his *Reason* is *dimm'd*; a third of the Καρδιαλγία, the *Palpitatio cordis*, his Soul *trembles* with *doubts*, and uncertainties. You may see one grasping a *cloud* of *Errours*; another spending much of his time in *untying* some one *knot*, in *solving* some one *difficulty*: you may see some one *pleasing* himself, and sitting down in the *shaddow* of his own *Opinion*; another bending all his *nerves*, and *endeavours*, and they presently *snap* asunder. You may see *Socrates* in the *twilight*, and lamenting his *obscure*, and *benighted* condition, and telling you, that his *Lamp* will shew him nothing, but his own *darkness*. You may see *Plato* sitting down by the *waters* of *Lethe*, and *weeping*; because he could not *remember* his *former Notions*. You may hear *Aristotle* bewailing himself thus, that his νοῦς ἐν δυνάμει will so seldome come into *act*, that his *abrasa Tabula* has so *few*, and such *imperfect impressions* upon it; that his *Intellectuals* are at so *low* an *Ebb*, as that the *motions* of *Euripus* will *pose* them. You hear *Zeno* complaining, that his Στοὰ is dark; and *Epictetus* confessing, that he had not the right *ansa*, the true *apprehension* of things. Look upon the *Naturalist's Head*, and you'll see it *non-plus'd* with an *Occult Quality*: feel the *Moralist's Pulse*, (his *conscience* I mean) and you'll find it beating *very slowly*, very *remissly*: look upon the most *speculative Eagles*, that stare the *Sun* in the *face*, that fly highest in *Contemplation*, those, that love to *sport*, and *play* in the *light*; yet, at length, you may see the *Sun* striking them through with one of his *glorious Darts*, and chastising their *inquisitive*

Eyes

Eyes with one of his *brighteſt Beams.* The *Sun,* 'tis ready to put out this *Candle of the Lord,* if it make too *near approaches* to it: *Humane Underſtandings* are glad to *wink* at ſome *dazeling objects.* As *vehemens Senſibile* doth *deſtruere ſenſum:* ſo *vehemens Intelligibile* doth *perſtringere intellectum.* For in all *Knowledge* there's required a *due proportion* between the *objectum cognoſcibile,* and the *virtus cognoſcitiva;* but when the ſeveral *powers,* and *faculties* of the *Soul* loſt that *comely proportion,* which they had amongſt themſelves, they loſt alſo much of that *correſpondency,* and *conformity,* which they had to their *ſeveral Objects.* And the *Soul,* beſides its *own* loſſe, had a *ſhare* in the Bodie's *loſſe* alſo: for the *Body,* wanting much of that *accurate,* and *elegant compoſure,* which once it had, *Knowledge* it ſelf muſt needs be prejudic'd by it: that being amongſt *men* founded in *ſenſe,* and in ſome meaſure depending upon *organical diſpoſitions.* So that the *ſtreitning,* and *ſtopping* of theſe *Windows* muſt needs *prohibit Light. Sin* entred in firſt at a *corporeal,* then at an *intellectual Window,* and *ſtole away* the *Heart;* and the *Windows* have been *broken* ever ſince. I know the *generality* of *Philoſophers* do partly excuſe the *Underſtanding,* and do blame the *Objects* for their *exility,* and *poverty,* for their little *diminutive Entity,* for their want of *Intelligibility.* But the *ſubtle Scotus* doth endeavour to *invalidate* that, by telling them, that *Omnia eâdem facilitate intelliguntur à Deo.* Thus much is evident, and undeniable, that the ſpying out of a *little lurking Object* doth argue the *ſtrength,* and *quickneſſe,* and *clearneſſe* of the *Eye.* The *Sun* diſcovers *Atomes,* though they be inviſible by *Candle-light;* yet that makes them dance *naked* in his *Beams. Created Underſtandings* want *Spectacles* to *augment,* and *majorate* ſome *Objects.* But the *Soul* never meets with more *difficulty,* then in the *underſtanding* of *Spiritual Beings,* although they have moſt of *Entity,* and ſo moſt of *Intelligibility.* Yet the *Soul,* being *impriſon'd* in a *Body* not ſufficiently clarified, and *refined,* cannot ſo fully *cloſe,* and *comply* with *incorporeal Beings.* This *Candle of the Lord* will diſcover more of *Spirituals,* when 'tis took out of the *Lanthorn, in ſtatu ſeparato;* or, when 'tis put into a clearer, *in ſtatu conſummato.* But for the preſent, how *little* doth it know of *it ſelf?* How *little* of *Angels?* How *little* of *God?* And yet how *much* might be known of them? Look but a while (if you can endure to look) upon ſo *unlovely,* and

unpleaſant an *Object*, I mean upon thoſe *black*, and *prodigious Errours*, that *cover*, and *beſpot* the face of theſe Times. And they'll ſoon convince you of the *weakneſs*, and *dimneſs* of this *Lamp-light* of the *Spirit of a Man*. *The Candle of the Lord*, though it be amongſt them, yet 'tis not ſo powerfull as to *ſcatter*, and *conquer* their *thick*, and *palpable darkneſs*. 'Tis not an eaſie, nor a *ſudden*, nor a *delightful work* to number ſo many *Errours*; yet, if I could reckon them up all, from the *blundring Antinomian* to the *vagabond Seeker*, or the *wild Seraphick*, ſet on *fire* of *Hell*, they would all ſerve for ſo many *fatal examples* of the *miſerable weakneſs* of mens *Underſtanding*. Tis true they do not follow the *Candle of the Lord*; for then *Reaſon* would have guided them better. But this very conſideration ſhews the *weakneſs* of their *Candle-light*; for, if it had been a *brighter*, 't would not have been ſo ſoon *put out*. Tis eaſie to *blow out* a *Candle*, but who can *put out* a *Star*? or who can *extinguiſh* the *Sun*? And men can *ſhut* up *Natural Light*, but who can *impriſon* a *Star*? or who can *ſhut* up the Sun? This *faint*, and *languiſhing Candle-light* does not alwavs prevail upon the *Will*, it doth not ſufficiently *warm*, and *inflame* the *Affections*. Men do not uſe to *warm* their hands at a *Candle*, 'tis not ſo *victorious*, and *over-powering*, as to ſcater all the *works* of *Darkneſs*. It will be *Night* for all the *Candle*. The *Moraliſts* were not onely *frigid* in their *Devotions*; but ſome of them were very *diſſolute* in their *Practiſes*. When you think upon theſe things, ſure you'll willingly ſubſcribe to the *forementioned Particular*, which you may do very ſafely, that the *Spirit of a man*, 'tis but a *Candle*; *Lumen exile, & diminutum*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

The Light of Reaſon *diſcovers preſent, not future things.*

TIs *lumen explicans præſentia, non aperiens futura*; for did you ever hear of ſuch a *Lamp*, as would diſcover an *object* not yet *born*, nor yet in *Being*? Would you not ſmile at him, that ſhould light up a *Candle* to ſearch for a *futurity*? 'Tis the glorious *prerogative* of the *Divine Underſtanding*, to have ſuch a *fair*, and *open*, and *unlimited Proſpect*, as that in one glorious *twinkling* of an *intellectual Eye* he can ſee the whole *compaſſe*, and *extent*, and *latitude* of *Being*; and the whole *duration* of *Being*: for *Eternity*, at one draught, doth ſwallow up the whole fluency of *Time*, and is infinitely above thoſe *temporal* conditions of *paſt*, *preſent*, and *to come*. *Nullum tempus occurrit Regi*; ſay the *Lawyers*: *Nullum tempus occurrit Deo*; ſay the *Philoſophers*. An *Intellectual Sun* doth not *occidere*, & *redire*; but makes one *bright*, and *perpetual day*, and by its *pure*, and *uninterrupted irradiations*, doth *paraphraſe*, and *comment* upon all *objects*, ſo as to *uncloud*, and *reveal* the moſt *obſcure contingency*, and to make it *preſent*, and *naked*, and *viſible*. For, as the *Scholemen* tell us, *Scientia Dei ad omnia præſentialiter ſe habet*; his *Knowledge* being all one with his *Eſſence*, without the *leaſt ſhadow of Change*. Inſomuch as that, which with men is a *futurity*, and *contingency*, with him is always *preſent*, and *extant*; which ſpeaks for the *certainty*, and *infallibility* of his *Preſcience*, though it be converſant about ſuch things, as ſeem to us moſt *caſual*, and *fortuitous*. For even we our ſelves know theſe things *certainly*, when they are in *act*, and in *being*; becauſe that then they loſe their *volubility*, and *contingency*, and put on *reality*, and *neceſſity*: according to that unqueſtionable *Rule*; *Omne quod eſt, quando eſt, neceſſe eſt eſſe*. A *Contingency*, when 'tis *extra ſuas cauſas*, when 'tis *actually* produc'd, having a *determinatum Eſſe*, it may then alſo have a determinate *cognoſcibility*. Now God always thus ſees a Contingency *in termino*, *in eventu*, *in periodo*; whereas *created Underſtand-*

ings look upon it, *in medio, in motu, in itinere.* Nay, ſuch is the *poverty*, and *imperfection* of Man's *Knowledge*, that many things, which are in their own Nature *neceſſary*, and *demonſtrable*; yet perhaps they know them *per modum probabilitatis*, *& non per modum neceſſitatis.* But ſuch is the *height*, and *tranſcendency* of the *Divine Underſtanding*, as that ſuch things as are in their own Natures moſt *dubious*, and hovering between *eſſe* and *non eſſe*, yet God knows even theſe *per modum infallibilem*, and plainly perceives which way they will incline, when men ſee onely an *equipoiſe*, and *neutrality*. So that the whole *riſe* of *Contingency* flows from the *wavering* of *Second Cauſes*. And, though *ſcientia Dei* be *cauſa rerum*; yet, being but *cauſa remota*, it doth not take away *Contingency*: but God himſelf ſees that ſome things will *evenire contingenter*. For he doth not onely *cognoſcere res*, but *ordinem*, *& modum rerum.* And knows, that there are ſome *cauſæ intermediæ*, which are *impedibiles*, and *defectibiles* (as the *Scholemen* ſpeak ſomewhat rudely) and by virtue of theſe there ariſes a *Contingency*. Thus in a *Syllogiſm*, though the *Major* be *neceſſary*; yet, if the *Minor* be *Contingent*, the *Concluſion* will be ſo alſo, and will *ſequi deteriorem partem*. Though the *firſt Cauſe* be certain; yet if there be *obſtructions* in the *ſecond*, you cannot promiſe your ſelf what the *Effect* will be. Though the *ſpring* of *Motion* cannot *fail*; yet, if the *Wheels* may poſſibly *break*, the *progreſſe* will be very *uncertain* to all, but to God himſelf: for other *Underſtandings* onely know, that the *Wheels* may break; but *God* he ſees, whether they *will* break, or *no*. So that, which, in reſpect of *Creatures*, is *periculoſæ plenum opus aleæ*, in reſpect of *God* is *fixum*, *& πεπάγωον*, *determined*, and *immoveable* in his everlaſting thoughts. *Angelical Beings* cannot reach to ſo high a *perfection* of *Knowledge*, as this is. For *futurum*, *quatenus futurum*, is *objectum improportionatum intellectui Angelico*; as acute *Suarez* doth abundantly evince. The *Philoſophers* find difficulty enough in explaining the manner, *how* God hath a *certain*, and *infallible preſcience* of theſe *future Uncertainties*; and they find it a plain *impoſſibility* for the *Angels* to have any ſuch *knowledge*: for they neither have *æternitatem intuitûs*, which ſhould *ambire in objecto ſuo omnes differentias temporis*, which ſhould remove all *ſucceſſion*, all *prius*, *& poſterius*, and make a compleat *ſimultaneity*, nor yet have they *plenitudinem rationis repræſentativæ*,

præsentativæ; they have no such *boundlesse*, and *infinite Species*, as the *Divine Essence* is, by which God beholds *all* things. *Angels* have neither *light* enough of their own to manifest a *future object*; nor an *Eye* strong enough to *pierce* into it. They cannot *infallibly* foretell their own *motions*, because God can *alter* them, and *overpower* them: much lesse can they know the *determinations* of God himself, or any *operations*, that depend upon a *free Agent*, till they *bud*, and *blossome* in some *actual discoveries*, and *appearances*. Nor are they so well acquainted with the whole *context*, and *coherence* of *Natural Agents*, with all those secret *twinings*, and *complications*, as to spy out beforehand those *events*, which are brought forth in a *casual*, and *unusual*, and very *unlikely* manner. Whensoever then they have any *prescience* of *future Contingencies*, 'tis onely by *revelation* from *God* himselfe. They may see the face of a *future* Object *in speculo Divino*, but yet that's *speculum voluntarium*, and shews onely *what* it *pleaseth*, and *when*, and to *whom* it pleaseth. The *Wicked Angels* know this well enough, that they for their parts have *no* knowledg of *future Uncertainties*, though they *desire* to have it, as much as any, & they pretend to it as much as any; yet you know how *cautelous* they were in their *Oracular responsals*, as that *elegant Moralist*, *Plutarch*, doth most excellently shew in several places. They always drew a *curtain* before their *Predictions*, and wrap'd them up in *obscurity*, which plainly argued a *consciousnesse* of their own *ignorance* in respect of *future Events*. The *good Angels* are so fill'd with their *present happinesse*, they are so *quieted* with the *enjoyment* of *God* himself, as that they are not at all *solicitous*, or *inquisitive* about *future events*; but they chearfully *entertain*, and *drink* in all those *beams*, that come flowing from the *face* of their *God*, and they *desire* no more, then he is pleased to *communicate* to them; nay, indeed they can *desire* no more, for he gives them as much as they are *capable* of. Now if *Angelical Understandings* are not so *wide*, and *comprehensive*, as to *grasp*, and take in such *Objects*: what mean then the *Sons* of *men* to *aspire*, and *reach* after the knowledge of them? If those *tall*, and *eminent Beings*, standing upon the *Mount of God*, cannot *see* them: how shall the *Sons of men*, that are of a *lower stature*, hid in a *valley*, how shall they *behold* them? Yet there was always in the *generality* of *Mankinde* a *prurient desire*, and *hankering* after the knowledge of

future

future Events. Men ſtill *ſtretch out* the Hand to the *forbidden Tree*, they *long* for the *Fruit* of it, and would fain be *plucking* ſome *Apples* from it. Nay, *men* long for the *greeneſt Apples*, for the *precocious* knowledge of *Events* before they come to their juſt *ripeneſſe*, and *maturity*. The *deſire* of this ſets the *Aſtrologer* a *lighting* his *Candle* at the *Stars*. O, how doth he flatter himſelf in his own *imaginary Twinklings?* and how doth he perſwade the more *ſimple*, and *credulous* part of the world, that he can diſcover every *future Atome*, that he can put thoſe *capital Stars*, thoſe *golden Letters* together, and ſpell out all the *fates* of *Kingdomes*, and *Perſons?* It makes the *Augur*, (the οἰωνοσκόπος, as the *Greeks* call him) *chatter* with the *Birds* in their own *Dialect*, and, as if he were their *Scholiaſt*, he writes *Comments*, and *Expoſitions* upon their *Language*. O, how devoutly will he *liſten* to a *Prophetical Crow?* how will he *Criticize* upon the *harſh accents* of the *ſcreech-Owl?* upon the *diſmall*, and *melancholly Notes* of the *Night-Raven?* It makes the *Auſpex* watch the *Birds* in their *ſeveral poſtures*, and to be as *diligent*, and *judicious* a *Spectatour* of them, as the other was an *Auditor*. He can *interpret* every *Fluttering*, he can tell you all their *Journeys*, where they *lodg'd*, where they *baited laſt*, what *Tree* they *viſited*, what *Bough* they ſtayed *longeſt* upon; and at length he will pluck ſome *Pens* out of their *ſacred Wings* for the writing of all his *learned Predictions*. It moved the *Exſpex* to conſult with the *inwards*, to ſearch into the *bowels* of things; hee'll but look upon a *Liver*, and will preſently tell you the *colour*, and *complexion* of all Affairs. It caus'd the *Aruſpex* to behold the *behaviour* of the *dying Sacrifice*, and from the *quietneſſe*, or *ſtrugling* of thoſe *ſenſitive Creatures*, to foretell the *reluctancies*, or *facilities* in *higher* matters. It ſet the *Chiromancer* a ſtudying to read thoſe *Lines*, that ſeem to be *ſcribled* upon his *Hand*, and to explain them with his own *interlineary Gloſſes*; and to look upon them as *Nature's Manuſcripts*, as an *Enchyridion* of *Nature's penning*, in which ſhe gave him a *brief* Synopſis of all ſuch *Paſſages* of his *Life*, as ſhould come into *Being* afterward. It moved the *Interpreter* of *Dreams* to ſet up his *ſeat* of *Judicature* in thoſe *gates* of *Fancy*, the *Porta Cornea* I mean, and the *Porta Eburnea*; and, as if the *Night* were to *enlighten* the *Day*, he will regulate all his *waking motions* by thoſe *ſlumbering intimations*;

tions; yet uſually the *Interpretation* of the *Dream* is the more *non-ſenſical Dream* of the two. Some others will needs caſt *Lots* for their *Fortunes*, and think, that the Judgment of a *Dy* is *infallible*, will undertake no matters of *moment*, till they be *predetermined* by it; *Facta eſt alea, & per præſentem ſortem judicant de futura.* A *rare device* to find out *one contingency* by *another*: to loſe *one Arrow*, and to ſhoot *another* after it! Theſe are ſome of thoſe many *methods*, and *contrivances*, which the *Sons of men* have contriv'd to themſelves, for the finding out of *future Events*. What ſhould I tell you of the reſt, of the γαστρομαντία, and the πυρομαντία, of the ὑδρομαντία, and the ψηφομαντία, and βολομαντία, of the λιθομαντία, of the κοσκινομαντία, which are all but the *various expreſſions* of the ſame *Madneſſe*? What ſhould I tell you of thoſe ſeveral *Nations*, that have been *enamour'd* with theſe *follies*? the *Aſſyrians*, the *Chaldeans*, the *Perſians*, the *Grecians*, the *Romans*, have had always amongſt them ſeveral *Profeſſours* of theſe *Vanities*. You ſee how fain the *Sons of men* would have ſome *key*, or other, to *unlock*, and *open* theſe *ſecret* and *reſerved* Paſſages, which *Providence* hath wiſely *ſhut up*, and *hid* from the eyes of *Men*. But *Aquinas* paſſes this *cenſure* upon them all: *Hujuſmodi artes non utuntur patrocinio intellectûs bene diſpoſiti ſecundùm virtutem.* And that *ſacred Author* is much of the ſame mind; *Fruſtrà illud quæris in Terris, quod ſolus Deus novit in cœlis.* Yet this *Tree* of *Knowledge* is *fair to the Eye*, and *pleaſant to the Taſt*. The *Soul* doth *reliſh* all *notionall dainties* with *delight*: And theſe *Prenotions*, and *anticipations* of things are the more *ſweet*, and *delicious* to the *palates*, and *taſtes* of Men; becauſe moſt of their *Being* is *treaſur'd up* in their *future* condition. They have no *ſatisfaction*, no *Sabbath*, nor *quiet* in their *preſent* ſtate; and therefore they would fain know what the *next day*, and what the *next year*, and what the *next Age* will bring forth. The *deſires*, the *Prayers*, the *Hopes*, the *Endeavours*, the *Counſels* of men, they all look towards the *Future*. For (as *Mirandula* the *Younger* doth well obſerve) the *Soul* of *Man*, 'tis *trium temporum particeps. Tempus præteritum memoriæ, præſens intellectui, futurum Voluntati congruit, & reſpondet.* God therefore, that he may keep ſuch a *Creature*, as *Man* is, in a *waiting*, and *obedient* poſture, in a poſture of *dependance*, and *expectation*, he doth chooſe *gradually*,

and

and *leisurely* to discover to him, πολυμερῶς, καὶ πολυτρόπως, those *thoughts*, which he hath concerning him. God will have man in this sense *in Diem vivere*, to entertain *Fortune by the day*; as the Noble *Verulam* saith, that *Prince* did, whose *Life* he writes, and commemorates.

Τὸ σήμερον μέλει μοι, τὸ δ' αὔριον τίς οἶδε;

'Tis a *speech*, that may be took in a *better sense*, then *Anacreon* e're meant it. and so may that of the *Latin Lyrick*,

Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quærere.

And the *Heroical Poet* shews them the necessity of this *sobriety*, and *temperance* in *Knowledge*; for, saith he,

Nescia mens hominum fati, sortisque futuræ.

For mens *Knowledge* naturally enters in at the *gate* of *Sense*; but a *future Object* can have no *admission* there. And, as the *Minde* cannot recall *objectum totaliter præteritum*, when there is no remaining *Species*, neither the least *print*, or *vestigium* of it: so neither can it present an *object*, that's altogether *future*, and hath no such *colour*, as can *move*, and *strike* the *intellectual eye*. Such *Effects* indeed, as are *stored* up in *pregnant*, and *eminent*, and *necessary Causes*, may be easily, and certainly *foreknown* by *visible*, and *unquestionable Demonstrations*. The foretelling of an *Eclipse* may be done without an *Oracle*; and may be believed, though there be no *Miracle* to *seal*, and confirme it. Such *Effects*, as lurk in *probable Causes*, that seem to *promise* very *fairly*, may be known also, in an answerable, and proportionable manner, by *strong*, and *shrewd conjectures*. Hence spring all the *prænotiones Medicorum*, *Nautarum*, *Pastorum*; as the fore-mentioned *Mirandula* tells us. Yet the great pretenders of the *Antedating Knowledge* do very frequently, *& pro more*, deceive both themselves, and others, in these more *ordinary*, and easie *Scrutinies*. This might cloath your *Almanacks* in more *red*, and put them to the *Blush* for guessing at the *Weather* no better: you may write upon them, *Nulla dies sine errato*. Did they n'ere threaten you with *Thunder*, and *Lightning* enough to make a *Caligula* prepare new *Lawrels*, when yet the *Heavens* prov'd very *pacate*, and *propitious*? Did they ne're tell you of a *sad discontented Day*, which would weep its *eyes out*? which yet, when 'twas born, prov'd a *Democritus*, and did nothing, but *laugh* at their *ignorance*, and *folly*. Did they ne're *flatter* you with *fine*, *pleasant*, *temperate*

Weather,

Weather; ἡ κατέβη ἡ βροχὴ, καὶ ἔπνευσαν οἱ ἄνεμοι: the *Rain* deſcended, the *Winds* aroſe, the *Hail* beat, the *Prediction* fell, becauſe 'twas built upon ſo *weak* a *Foundation*. So that *Aquinas* for his part thinks, that the *ſenſitive Creatures*, the *Crows*, and the *Cranes*, and the *Swallows*, thoſe *flying Almanacks*, that know their *appointed times*, are more *happy*, and *ſucceſsful* in their *Predictions*, and are better directed by their feeling the *impreſſion* of ſome *Heavenly Bodies*, then *Men* are by their *ſeeing* of them. Now, if theſe *Anni ſpecula* be *crack'd*, and *broken*, and give ſuch *unequal repreſentations* of things moſt *obvious*; how then will they be ever able to ſhew you *objects* far more *imperceptible*, and *immaterial*, that *depend* upon the *Will*, and *Decrees* of *God* himſelf? and upon the *motions* of moſt *free*, and *indifferent Agents*? This makes the great *Aſtrologo-maſtix*, I mean the moſt Noble, and Eminent *Mirandula*, with indignation to conclude, that this *blaſing Art* of theirs (that is, *Aſtrology abuſ'd*, for ſo either he means, or ought to mean) 'tis, at the beſt, but *Domina*, & *Regina Superſtitionum*, and he breaks out into ſuch words as theſe; *Vanitas vanitatum Aſtrologia*, & *omnis ſuperſtitio vanitas*. Yet, notwithſtanding, God hath provided ſome, that ſhall give ſome *faint reſemblances* of himſelf, in the knowledge of *future* things, by a *participation* of *Light* from him. Ἐχομεν βεβαιότερον τὸν προφητικὸν λόγον, ᾧ καλῶς ποιεῖτε προσέχοντες, ὡς λύχνῳ φαίνοντι ἐν αὐχμηρῷ τόπῳ. that I may borrow theſe words of the *Apoſtle*. This *Lumen Propheticum*, 'tis *Lumen ſuper-naturale*. *Prophetical ſpringings* come not from the *Will* of *Man*; but from the *Breathings* of the *Holy Ghoſt*, they are *impreſſiones*, & *ſignaturæ divinæ Scientiæ*. As God himſelf is ὁ ὤν, ὁ ὢν, ὁ ἐρχόμενος· ſo he will have a *Prophet* to be a *ſhadow* of himſelf,

Ὅς τ' ἤδη τὰ τ' ἐόντα, τά τ' ἐσσόμενα, πρό τ' ἐόντα·

which *Virgil* well tranſlates,

Novit namque omnia Vates,
Quæ ſint, quæ fuerant, quæ mox ventura trahantur.

God thus *revealing*, and *communicating* his mind to his *Prophets* doth clearly manifeſt, that he himſelf hath an exact knowledge of *future Events*: he doth expreſsly ſhew, that he doth *curare res humanas*; that he is *actor*, & *ordinator futurorum*; that his *Providence* doth *over-rule* the *greateſt Contingencies*. He doth therefore upbraid the *Idols* of the *Heathens* with their *ignorance*

rance of theſe things הגידו האתיות לאחור ונרעה כי אלהים אתם Ἀναγγείλατε ἡμῖν τὰ ἐπιγενόμενα ἐπ' ἐχάτε, καὶ γνωσόμεθα ὅτι θεοί ἐτε, *Iſaiah* xli. 23. *Prophetical Language* is *divini ſermonis Character*, and doth neceſſarily require *ſuper-humanam cognitionem*, which makes me wonder at the great *Doctour Maimon*, that reſolves the *power* of *Propheſying* into nothing elſe, then an *healthful Temper*, a *lively Complexion* of *Body*, and a *vigorous Mind* advanced with *ſtudy*, and *induſtry*, an *Opinion*, which ſmells too ſtrongly of the *Garlick*, and *Onions* of that *Countrey*, the *Egyptian Superſtition* I mean, with which he was ſufficiently acquainted: yet he tells us, that it's the *publick Tenent* of the *Jews*, *Sententia legis noſtræ*; for ſo he *entitles* it, and withall *adds*, that the *Art* of *Propheeying* (for though he does not *ſtile* it ſo, yet he *makes* it ſo) 'tis *ſupremus gradus hominis*, & *ſumma perfectio ſpeciei*; the *qualifications*, which he requires, are theſe: *Men* muſt be *idonei ad Prophetiam ab ipſa conceptione*, & *nativitate*, there muſt be *diſpoſitio*, & *dexteritas naturalis*, there muſt be *optimus humor cerebri*, he muſt be *optimus vir in intellectualibus*, & *moribus ſuis perfectus*. But his *principal condition* is, that there muſt be *ſumma facultatis imaginatricis perfectio*. For, ſaith he, if the influence of an *Intellectus Agens*, (ſuch an one as he falſely, and vainly ſuppoſes) be pour'd out onely upon the *Rational part* of the *Soul*, and doth not *drop* upon the *Fancy*, either by reaſon of the *ſcarcity* of *Oil*, or the *incapacity* of the *Fancy*, there will be onely *ſecta ſapientum Speculatorum*. Such men may be eminent for *deep Contemplation*; but they will ne're be famous for *Propheeying*. If the *Fancy* be onely *quickned*, or *heightned*; then there will be *ſecta Politicorum*, *Jurisperitorum*, *Præſtigiatorum*, *Incantatorum*: but, if the *Underſtanding*, and *Fancy* be both *heightned* to their due *apex*, *repentè fiunt prophetæ*: onely this I had almoſt forgot, which yet he thinks very convenient, that they ſhould have *good Dyet* for the time of their Prophcying; for, as he tells you, according to the mind of the *Jews*, *Prophetia neque habitat inter triſtitiam*, *neque pigritiam*. So that the *Terræ-filii*, the עם הארץ. the *vulgar* ſort of *people* are no more fit to *Propheſie*, *quàm vel Aſinus*, *vel Rana*. They are his *own words* turn'd into *Latine*. But ſurely this *Doctour* himſelf did not *propheſy*, but *dream* all this while; how elſe did he think, that ſuch a *noble*, and *ſpiritual imployment*, ſuch a *rare*, and *glorious priviledge*, as this is, could

be

be raiſed by the *power* of *Man* out of the *ſtrength* of *Nature*? that *Nature*, that's ſo *fallen*, and *degenerated*? And what means he to *limit the holy one of* Iſrael, *& to reſtrain the ſpirit of the Almighty*? Grant, that *Eſay* was a *Courtier*, yet was not *Amos* an *Herdſman*? and was not he alſo among the *Prophets*? Did he ne're hear of the *weaker Sex* ſometimes *propheſying*? which yet was ne're famous for *Intellectuals*. Does not this *Prophetical ſpirit* breath *when* it pleaſeth, and *where* it pleaſeth, and *how* it pleaſeth? Methinks this *ſecond Moſes* ſhould not be offended, though ſome of the *ordinary people* be *Prophets*. Or if *natural endowments*, or *artificial preparations* muſt be had, and if they of themſelves be ſo *potent*, and *energetical*; how then comes *Viſion* to *fail*, and how does *Prophecy ceaſe*? Are there none, that have their *imagination* ſtrong enough, that have their *Underſtandings* rais'd enough? that are of *unqueſtionable integrity*, and are not wanting in *ſtudy*, and *induſtry*; and yet are no *Prophets*, nor *Prophets ſons*? Let then this *Candle of the Lord* content it ſelf with its *proper object*. It finds *work* enough, and *difficulty* enough in the diſcovery of *preſent* things, and has not ſuch a *copious light*, as can ſearch our *future Events*.

CHAP. XIV.

The Light of Reaſon *is a certain Light.*

THis *Lumen certum*. *Lamp-light*, as 'tis not *glorious*, ſo 'tis not *deceitful*. Though it be but a *faint*, and *languiſhing light*; though it be but a *limited*, and *reſtrained light*: yet it will diſcover ſuch *objects*, as are within its *own ſphere*, with a ſufficient *certainty*. The *letters* of *Nature's Law* are ſo *fairly printed*, they are ſo *viſible*, and *capital*, as that you may read them by this *Candle-light*; yet ſome *weak*, and *perverſe Beings*, not fit to be *honoured* with the *name* of *Men*, ſlight all the *workings*, and *motions* of *Reaſon*, upon this *account*, that they are *rolling*, and *fluctuating*, that they are *treacherous*, and *unconſtant*. And they look upon *Logick*, which is nothing elſe but the *juſt advancement* of *Reaſon*, an *Art* of *ripe-*

pening, and *mellowing reason*, an *Art* of *clarifying*, and *refining* of the *mind*; yet they look upon it as an *intellectual* kind of *Jugling*, an *artificial* kind of *cheating*, and cozening their *Understanding*. Nor were it a *wonder*, if onely the *dregs* of *people*, the rude *lump* of the *multitude*, if they onely were *sunk*, and *degenerated* into this *folly*: but I *meet* with a *famous*, and antient *Sect* of *Philosophers*, that *delight* in the *name* of *Sceptists*, who by a strange kind of *Hypocrisie*, and in an *unusual way* of *affectation*, pretend to more *ignorance* then they *have*, nay, then they are *capable* of. They *quarrel* with *Arts*, and *Sciences*, and do as much as they can to annihilate all *knowledge*, and *certainty*; and *professe* nothing, but a *Philosophical* kind of *Neutrality*, and *Luke-warmnesse*. *Socrates* did not *please* them; for he shewed himself but a *Semi-Sceptick*, one, that was too *confident* in saying, that he did *Hoc tantùm scire, se nihil scire*; for they will not allow so much *knowledge* as that comes to, this they tell you, that they don't know this, whether they know any thing, or no. There was one sort of *Academicks*, that came very near them, their *Motto* was, Οὐ καταλαμβάνω, their meaning was, that they could not *grasp*, or *comprehend* any *object*. *Lucian* (that *unhappy Wit*) makes himself very *merry* with them, and *laughs* at one of them, that had a *Servant*, that prov'd a *fugitive*, and *ran* away from him; 'His *Master* (saies he) 'is very unfit to run after him δραπέτην μεταθώκειν for he will 'always cry, Οὐ καταλαμβάνω, οὐ καταλαμβάνω, *I cannnot reach him, I cannot come near him*. Yet, if these *Academicks* by their ἀκαταληψία meant no more, then this, that the whole *Intelligibility* of any *Entity* could not be *exhausted* by them, that they could not *perfectly*, and *powerfully* pierce into any *object*, as to discover all, that was *knowable* in it; their *Opinion* then was not onely *tolerable*, but very *commendable*, and *undeniable*: for onely *God* himself doth thus καταλαμβάνειν. There is not enough in any *created Lamp* to give such a bright *displaying* of an *Object*. Nor is there *vigour* enough in any *created Eye*, so to pierce into the *pith*, and *marrow* of *Being*, into the *depth*, and *secrecy* of *Being*. But, if their mind was this (as 'tis generally thought to be) that there was nothing in *Being* so *visible*, as that their *Understanding* could pierce it with *certainty*, and *satisfaction*; such an *Errour* as this was very *derogatory* to the *plenitude*, and *exuberancy* of *Beings*, that streams out in a *clear cognoscibility*, and 'twas

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very injurious to their own *rational capacities*, which were not made so *strait*, and *narrow-mouth'd*, as not to receive those *Notions*, that continually drop from *Being*: but they were *contriv'd*, and *proportion'd* for the *well-coming*, and *entertaining* of *Truths*, that love to *spin*, and *thread* themselves into a *fine continuity*; as if they meant to *pour* themselves into the *Soul* without *spilling*. But the *Sceptiks* will bid you ἐπέχειν, and will desire you not to *believe* one word of this. They have no lesse then ten several *Bridles*, *ad compescendum*, & *cohibendum assensum*, (*Sextus Empiricus*, that grand *Sceptick*, will give you a sight of them all) from whence they were styl'd οἱ ἐφεκτικοὶ, men that did *check*, and *constrain Knowledge*: that whereas the οἱ δογματικοὶ, their Adversaries *ex Diametro*, did lay down their *Determinations* in a more *positive*, and *decretorious* manner; these οἱ Σκεπτικοὶ would take time to *consider*, and no lesse then all their *life-time*. They chose to be so many perpetual *Questionists*, that would *pose* themselves, and *rub* themselves, and *stay* themselves *finally*, and would by no means be perswaded to *commence*, or take any *Degree* in *Knowledge*. Πάντα ὅστιν ἀόριστα, that was the *sum* of all their *Philosophy*. Their most *radical*, and *fundamental Principle*, if they may be said to have any such, was this, Τῷ παντὶ λόγῳ τὸν λόγον ἶσον ἀντικεῖσθαι· That all *Propositions* were *in Æquilibrio*; That there was nothing could encline the *Balance* this way, or that; That there was an ἰσοθένεια μαχομένη πρὸς πίστιν καὶ ἀπιστίαν; there was an *exact equality* of *Reason* for the *affirmation*, or *negation* of any *Proposition*. *Lucian* brings in one of them with a *pair* of *Balances* in his Handing, crowding three, or four *Arguments* for the *Affirmative* into one *scale*, and just as many for the *Negative* into the other, and then telling them his meaning in these words, Ξυγοστατῶ ἐν αὐταῖς τοὺς λόγους, καὶ πρὸς τὸ ἴσον ἀπευθύνω, καὶ ἐπειδὰν ἀκριβῶς ὁμοίους τε καὶ ἰσοβαρεῖς ἴδω, τότε δὲ ἀγνοῶ τὸν ἀληθέστερον. "I have took (saith he) a great deal of pains in weighing 'of Controversies, and yet find in them such an undistinguish-'able equipoise, as that there is not in me the least inclination to 'one side more, then the other. This they term an ἀδιαφορία, an ἀῤῥεψία, a *speculative* kind of ἀπροσωποληψία, an *impartiality* in respect of *all* things. In *Morals* they call it ἀπραγμοσύνη. For as they would not acknowledge any *verum*, or *falsum*; so neither would they trouble themselves about any *turpe*, or *honestum*,

nestum; οὐ μᾶλλον ὅπως, ἢ ἐκείνως, ἢ οὐδετέρως. They had no better *Ethicks*, then *that speech* would amount to; yet they had some *Laws* amongst them, some *Customs*, and *Rules* of *Life*: but they did not observe them as τὰ βεβαίως γιωστὰ, things, that were *fix'd*, and fit to be *establish'd*, they were far from being *irreversible*, like those of the *Medes*, and *Persians*; but they put them under the Head of τὰ φαινόμενα, Laws *pro tempore*, such *shadows*, and *appearances*, as they would for the present please themselves in. And, after all *Debates*, after all their *siftings*, and *discussing* of *Affairs*, they would conclude no otherwise then this; Τάχα δὲ ἐστι, τάχα δὲ οὐκ ἔστιν· ἐνδέχεται, καὶ οὐκ ἐνδέχεται· ἔξεστι μὲν εἶναι, ἔξεστι δὲ μὴ εἶναι· which were all but so many *frigid expressions* of their *hesitancy*, and *stammering Opinion*. Yet this they call'd στάσις διανοίας, a *judicious pausing*, and *deliberation*, which they did far prefer, or rather seem to prefer, before the *daring rashness* of others, that were more *Dogmatical*, and *Magisterial*, κενέης ὀνήσιος ἔμπλεον ἀσκὸν (as they call'd them) *swelling Bladders*, *empty Bottles*, that were stop'd, and *seal'd up*, as if they had some *precious liquor* in them; when as they were fill'd with nothing, but *air*, and *wind*. There was more *modesty*, and lesse *ostentation*, as they thought, in their ἀπορία, which they esteem no small *temperance*, and *sobriety* in *Knowledge*: an *intellectual* kind of *Continence*, and *Virginity*, to keep their *Mind pure*, and untouch'd; when as other *Understandings* were *ravish'd*, and *deflower'd* with the violence of every *wanton Opinion*; whereas *Demonstrations* did not move these men at all: for, as they tell you, they always run, either εἰς τὴν διάλληλον, or εἰς τὴν ἄπειρον τρόπον, they either rest in a *medium* equally *obscure*, which must needs be *invalid*, and *inefficacious*; or else there will be no *period* at all, but a *processus in infinitum*. If you expect, that they should *acquiesce*, and rest contented with *first principles*, they know no such things; they tell you, they are onely some *artificial Pillars*, which some *faint*, and *tired understandings* have set up for themselves to *lean* upon; they wont be *fetter'd* with an *Axiome*, nor *chained* to a *first Principle*, nor *captivated* by a *Common Notion*. As they break the most *binding cords* of *Demonstrations* asunder; so they threaten to make these *Pillars* of *Truth* to *tremble*. To prove by a *first Principle* (say they) 'tis but *Petitio principii*, 'tis τὸ ζητούμενον συναρπάζειν, 'tis to *beg* a *Truth*, not to *evince* it. If you

you tell them, that theſe *Common Notions* ſhine with their *native Light*, with their own *proper Beams*; all, that they return, will be this, that perhaps *you* think ſo, but *they* do not. Yet, that they might the better *communicate* their mindes, they allow'd their *Scholars* to take ſome things for *granted* for a *while*, upon this *condition*, that they would *diſtruſt* them afterwards. But theſe *Doubters*, theſe *Sceptick*s, were never ſo much *convinc'd*, as when they were *quickened*, and *awaked* by *ſenſitive Impreſſions*. This made ſome *laugh* at *Pyrrhon*, (though not the *Authour*, as is falſely ſuppoſed by ſome, yet a *principal amplifier*, and *maintainer* of this *Sect*, whence they had their Name of οἱ Πυῤῥώνειοι,) who, when a *Dog* was ready to *bite* him, he *beat* him away, and *ran* as *faſt* as he could from him; ſome, that took *notice* of it, gave him a *ſmiling Reproof* for his *apoſtatizing* from *Sceptiſm*; but he returns him this *grave* Anſwer, Ὡς χαλεπὸν τὸ μηδὲν ἀνθρώπου δοκεῖν ἄνθρωπον. Where he ſpoke *truth*, before he was *aware*; for his *words* are Πυῤῥωνείως ἀποτυπωσει, (as I may ſo *phraſe* them) a *brief Deſcription* of the whole *drift*, and *intention* of that *Sect*; which was δοκεῖν ἄνθρωπον, for they had ſufficiently put off *Reaſon*, and they did endeavour indeed to put off *Senſe*, as much as they could. Yet the *Sceptical* Writer, *Sextus Empiricus*, confeſſes, that the ἀνάγκη τῶν παθῶν, the *vehemency*, and *importunity* of *Senſitives*, ἀβιάστους ἡμᾶς ἄγουσιν εἰς ζωοπαθεῖσθαι, *they are* (ſaith he) *ſo urgent, and cogent, as that they do extort ſome kind of aſſent from us*, λιμὸς μὲν ὅτε προσλιὼ ἡμᾶς ἐδηδῦ, κόρος δ' ὅτε πόσις, *When we ſeem to be hungry* (ſaith he) *perhaps we go to our meat, and when we have made a ſhew of eating, at length we ſeem to be ſatisfied.* All ſuch matters of *ſenſe* they reſolve into their τὰ φαινόμενα, into ſome kind of *appearances*, that do for the *preſent* affect them. Φαίνεται ἡμῖν γλυκάζειν τὸ μέλι. *Honey* ſeems to be pretty *ſweet*, and *pleaſant* to them; but whether it do not *diſſemble*, whether it be, as it *ſeems* to be, that they *queſtion*. I find, that *Pyrrhon*, the great *Promoter*, and *propagatour* of this *Sect*, was at firſt a *Painter* by his *Trade*; and, it ſeems, he was very loath *ab arte ſua recedere*: for he looks upon every *Being*, as a *Picture*, and *Colour*, a *Shadow*, a *rude Draught*, and *Portraicture*, a meer *Repreſentation*, that hath nothing of *ſolidity*, or *reality*. Theſe *Pictures* of his *drawing* enamour'd many others: for this *Sect* was *patroniz'd* by men of *acuteneſſe*, and *ſubtilty*;

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the *Wits* of the *age*; *magna ingenia*, *ſed non ſine mixtura dementiæ*; *mala Punica*, *ſed non ſine grano putrido*: I could name you *Authours* of good *worth*, and *credit*, who tell you, that *Homer*, and *Archilochus*, and *Euripides*, and the *Wiſe men* of *Greece* were all *Scepticks*: yet thoſe *proofs*, which they bring to *evidence*, and *evince* it, are not ſo *pregnant*, and *ſatisfying*; but that you may very lawfully doubt of it, and yet be no *Scepticks* neither. But *Francis Mirandula* reckons many very *Learned* men, that were *deeply engaged* in this *Sect*, and ſome others, that did very *near border* upon it. *Protagoras*, among the reſt, whom *Plato* frequently mentions, and whom *Ariſtotle* confutes, who was of this minde, that all *Opinions* were *true*. *Sextus Empiricus* paſſes this *cenſure* upon him, that he was *too poſitive*, and *Dogmatical* in aſſerting this; but, if he had onely *queſtion'd*, and *deliberated* upon it, whether all *Opinions* were not true, he had then been a *rare*, and *complete* Sceptick. The *ground*, that *Protagoras* went upon, was this, Πάντων πραγμάτων μέτρον εἶναι τὸν ἄνθρωπον. By μέτρον he meant nothing elſe but κριτήριον: and *Ariſtotle* thus explains the words, Ὁ τοῖς δοκοῦσι φαίνεται πράγματα, ταῦτα καὶ ἔστιν. for he made *Appearance* of the *whole eſſence*, and *formality* of *Truth*. So that, according to him, *ſeveral Opinions* were but the *various diſcoveries*, and *manifeſtations* of *Truth*. There was one *verum quod ad te pertinet*; and another *verum*, *quod ad illum pertinet*. *Honey* was as *truly bitter* to a *ſeaveriſh Palate*, as it was *ſweet*, and *delicious* to an *ordinary Taſte*. *Snow* was as truly *black* in reſpect of *Anaxagoras*, as it was *white* in the *eye*, and *eſteem* of another. 'Thus (ſaith he) *mad* 'men, *wiſe* men, *children*, *old* men, men *in a dream*, and men *awake*, 'they are all *competent Judges* of theſe things, that belong to their 'ſeveral conditions; for (*as he tels us*) *Truth* varies according 'to *ſeveral circumſtances*: that's true *to day*, which is not true 'to *morrow*; and that's true at *Rome*, that's not true at *Athens*; 'that's true in *this age*, that's not true in the *next*; that's true 'to *one man*, that's not true to *another*. There's none of you, but can *ſpy out* ſuch a *weak Fallacy* as this is; and, if he meant to have ſpoken *Truth*, he would have ſaid no more then this, that *Every man thinks his own Opinion true*. For, as the *Will cannot* embrace an *Object*, unleſſe it be preſented *ſub umbra Boni*: ſo neither can the *Underſtanding* cloſe, and comply with any *Opinion*, unleſs be diſguiſed *ſub apparentia Veri*. But to make *Appear-*

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ance the very *eſſence* of *Truth*, is to make a *Shadow* the *eſſence* of the *Sun*, 'tis to make a *Picture* the *eſſence* of a *Man*. I ſhall ſay no more to *Protagoras*, then this, that, if any *Opinion* be *falſe*, his cannot be *true*, but muſt needs be the *falſeſt* of all the reſt. Yet the end, that theſe *Sceptick*s propound to themſelves, was (if you will *believe* him) ἀταραξία, ἢ μετριοπάθεια, a *freedom* from *Jars*, and *Diſcords*; from *Hereſie*, and *Obſtinacy*; to have a Mind *unprejudic'd*, *unprepoſſeſs'd*; the avoiding of *perturbations*, a milky *whiteneſſe*, and *ſerenity* of *Soul*. A *fair mark* indeed! but how a *roving Sceptick* ſhould ever *hit* it, is not eaſily imaginable: for what *Philoſophy* more *wavering*, and *voluble*? was there ever a more *reeling*, and *ſtaggering* Company? was there ever a more *tumbling*, and *toſſing* Generation? What ſhall I ſay to theſe *old Seekers*, to this *wanton*, and *laſcivious Sect*, that will eſpouſe themſelves to no *one Opinion*, that they may the more *ſecurely* go a *whoring* after *all*? If they be reſolv'd to deny all things, (as they can do it very eaſily, & have ſeemed to do it very *compendiouſly*) truly then they have took a *very ſure* way to prevent all ſuch *Arguments*, as can be brought *againſt* them; yet, becauſe they ſeem to grant *Appearances*, we will, at leaſt, preſent them with a few φαινόμενα, and we will ſee how they will *move* them, and *affect* them. 'Twere weſt then, if *Pyrrhon*, the forementioned *Painter*, would but tell us, whether a *Picture* would be all one with a *Face*; whether an *Appearance* be all one with a *Reality*; whether he can *paint* a *Non-entity*, or no; whether there can be an *appearance*, where there can be no *Foundation* for it; whether all *Pictures* do *equally* repreſent the *Face*; whether none can *paint* a little *better* then he uſed to do; whether all *Appearances* do *equally* repreſent *Being*; whether there are not ſome *falſe*, and *counterfeit Appearances* of things? If ſo, then his ἀδιαφορία muſt needs be took away; or, if there be always *true*, and *certain Appearances* of things, then his *doubting*, and ἀπορία muſt needs vaniſh. When he is *thirſty*, and chooſes rather to *drink*, then *abſtain*, what then becomes of his ἀδιαφορία? if he be ſure, that he is a *thirſt*, and if he be ſure, that he ſeems to be a *thirſt*; what then becomes of his ἀπορία? When the *Dog* was ready to *bite* him, if he was *indifferent*, why did he *run* away? If it were an *Appearance*, why did he flee from a *ſhadow*? why was the *Painter* afraid of *colours*? If his *Senſe* was onely *affected*, not his

Underſtanding; how then did he differ from the *ſenſitive Creature*? from the *Creature* that was ready to *bite* him? If he tells us, that he was the *handſomer picture* of the two; who was it then, that *drew* him ſo *fairly*, was it an *Appearance* alſo? Doth *one Picture* uſe to draw *another*? When he *perſwades* men to encline to his *Scepticiſm*, what then becomes of his ἀδιαφορία? When he makes no *doubt*, nor *ſcruple* of denying *Certainty*; what then becomes of his ἀπραξία? But not to diſquiet this ſame *Pyrrhon* any longer, I ſhall chooſe more *really* to ſcatter thoſe *empty fancies* by diſcovering the *true original*, and *foundation*, the right *progreſs*, and *method* of all *Certainty*.

Now *God* himſelf, that *eternal*, and *immutable Being*, that *fix'd*, and *unſhaken Entity*, that τὸ ὄντως ὄν, καὶ τὸ βεβαίως ὄν, muſt needs be the *Fountain* of *Certainty*, as of all other *perfections*; and, if *other* things be compared to him, they may in this ſenſe, without any *injury* to them, be ſtiled τὰ σαρδωνια, in reſpect of the *infinite reality*, and weighty, and *maſſy ſolidity*, that is in his *moſt glorious Being*; by virtue of which, as himſelf hath everlaſtingly the ſame *invariable knowledge* of all things, ſo he is alſo the *moſt knowable*, *and intelligible Object*; a *Sun*, that ſees all things, and is in it ſelf moſt *viſible*. An *Atheiſt* muſt needs be a *Sceptick*; for God himſelf is the onely *immoveable verity*, upon which the *Soul* muſt *fix*, and *anchour*. *Created Beings* ſhew their *face a while*, then *hide* it again; their *Colour goes*, and *comes*; they are *in motu*, *& fluxu*: God is the onely *durable Object* of the *Soul*. Now, that the *Soul* may have a *ſatisfactory enjoyment* of its *God*, and that it may be *accurately made* according to his *Image*, God *ſtamps*, and *prints* as *reſemblances* of his other *Perfections*, ſo this alſo of *Certainty* upon it. How elſe ſhould it *know* the *mind* of its God? How ſhould it *know* to *pleaſe* him, to *believe* him, to *obey* him? With what *confidence* could it *approach* unto him; if it had onely *weak*, and *wavering conjectures*? Now God lets the *Soul* have ſome certain acquaintance with *other Beings* for his *own ſake*, and in order to his own *glory*. Nor is it a ſmall expreſſion of his *Wiſdom*, and *Power*, to lay the beginnings of man's *Certainty* ſo *low*, even as low as *Senſe*; for by means of ſuch an *humble Foundation* the *Structure* proves the *ſurer*, and the *taller*. 'Tis true, there is a *purer*, and *nobler Certainty* in ſuch *Beings*, as are *above* Senſe; as

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appears by the *Certainty* of *Angelical knowledge*, and the *knowledge* of *God* himſelf: yet ſo much *Certainty*, as is requiſite for ſuch a *Rational Nature*, as *Man* is, may well have its *riſing*, and *ſpringings* out of *Senſe*; though it have more *refinings*, and *puriſyings* from the *Underſtanding*. This is the right proportioning of his *Certainty* to his *Being*: for, as his *Being* reſults out of the *myſterious Union* of *Matter* to *Immateriality*; ſo likewiſe his *Knowledge*, and the certainty of his *knowledge* (I ſpeak of *Natural knowledge*) firſt *peeps out* in *Senſe*, and *ſhines* more *brightly* in the *Underſtanding*. The *firſt dawnings* of *certainty* are in the *Senſe*, the *noon-day glory* of it is in the *Intellectuals*. There are indeed *frequent Errours* in the firſt *Edition* of *Knowledge* ſet out by *Senſe*; but 'tis then onely, when the *due conditions* are *wanting*, and the *Underſtanding* (as ſome *Printers* uſe to do) *corrects* the old *Errata* of the *firſt Edition*, and makes ſome *new Errours* in its own. And I need not tell you, that 'tis the ſame *Soul*, that moves both in the *Senſe*, and in the *Underſtanding*; for τῆς ὀρᾷ, & τῆς ἀκούει. And as it is not *priviledged* from *failings* in the *motions* of the *Senſes*; ſo neither is it in all its *intellectual Operations*, though it have an *unqueſtionable certainty* of ſome, in both. The *certainty* of *Senſe* is ſo great, as that an *Oath*, that *high expreſſion* of *Certainty*, is uſually, and may very ſafely be *built* upon it. *Mathematical Demonſtrations* chooſe to preſent themſelves to the *Senſe*, and thus become *ocular*, and *viſible*. The *Sceptick*s, that were the *known enemies* of *certainty*, yet would grant more *ſhadow*, and appearance of it in *Senſe*, then any where elſe; though *erroneouſly*. But *Senſe*, that *rack'd* them ſometimes, and *extorted* ſome *confeſſions* from them, which *Speculative Principles* could never do. Away then with that *humour* of *Heraclitus*, that tells us, Κακοὶ μάρτυρες ἀνθρώποισιν ὀφθαλμοὶ: *Mens Eyes* (ſayes he) *are but weak, and deceitful Witneſſes*. Surely he ſpeaks onely of his own *watry*, and *weeping Eyes*, that were ſo *dull'd*, and *blurr'd*, as that they could not *clearly* diſcern an *Object*. But he might have given *others* leave to have ſeen *more*, then *he* did. Nor can I tell how to excuſe *Plato* for too much *ſcorning*, and *ſleighting* theſe *outward Senſes*, when that he truſted too much *inwardly* to his own *Fancie*. *Sextus Empiricus* propounds the *Queſtion*, Whether he were not a *Sceptick*? but he onely ſhew'd himſelf a *Sceptick* by this, for

which he mov'd ſuch a *Queſtion*. 'Tis ſure, that *Plato* was ſufficiently *Dogmatical* in all his *Aſſertions*, though this indeed muſt be granted, that ſome of his *Principles* ſtrike at *Certainty*, and much *endanger it*; for being too *fantaſtical*, and *Poetical* in his *Philoſophy*, he plac'd all his *ſecurity* in ſome *uncertain*, *aery*, and *imaginary Caſtles* of his own *contriving*, and *building*, and *fortifying*. His *connate Idea's* I mean, which *Ariſtotle* could not at all *conſide* in, but blowed them away preſently: and, perceiving the *proud emptineſſe*, the *ſwelling frothineſſe* of ſuch *Platonical Bubbles*, he was fain to ſearch for *Certainty* ſomewhere elſe, and caſting his *Eye* upon the *ground*, he ſpyed the *bottom* of it lying in *Senſe*, and laid there by the *wiſe diſpenſation* of *God* himſelf: from thence he look'd up to the *higheſt top*, and *Apex*, to the πεφύκον, and *Pinnacle* of *Certainty*, plac'd in the *Underſtanding*. The *firſt Rudiments* of *Certainty* were drawn by *Senſe*: the *compleating*, and *conſummating* of it was in the *Underſtanding*. The *certainty* of *Senſe* is more *groſs*, and *palpable*: the *certainty* of *Intellectuals*, 'tis more *clear*, and *Chryſtalline*, more *pure* & *ſpiritual*. To put all *certainty*, or the *chiefeſt certainty* in *Senſe*, would be *exceſſively* injurious to *Reaſon*, and would advance ſome *ſenſitive Creatures* above *Men*; for they have ſome *quicker ſenſes*, then *Men* have. *Senſe*, 'tis but the *gate* of *Certainty*, (I ſpeak all this while but of *humane Certainty*) the *Underſtanding*, 'tis the *Throne* of it. *Des Cartes*, the *French Philoſopher*, reſolves all his *Aſſurance* into *thinking*, that he *thinks*; why not into *thinking*, that he ſees? and why may he not be *deceived* in that, as in any other *operations*? And, if there be ſuch a virtue in *reflecting*, and *reduplicating* of it; then there will be more *certainty* in a *ſuper-reflection*, in thinking that he thinks that he thinks: and ſo if he run *in infinitum*, according to his *conceit*, he will ſtill have *more certainty*; though in *reality* he will have *none* at all, but will be fain to *ſtop*, and *ſtay* in *Scepticiſm*: ſo that theſe *refuges* of *Lyes* being *ſcatter'd*, *firſt Principles*, and *Common Notions*, with thoſe *Demonſtrations*, that *ſtream* from them, they onely remain as the *nerves* of this *Aſſurance*, as the *ſouls* of *natural Plerophory*; and he, that will not caſt *Anchor* upon theſe, condemns himſelf to *perpetual ſcepticiſm*: which makes me wonder at a Paſſage of a *Right Honourable* of our own, (though whether he be the *Author* of the *Paſſage*, you may take time

time to consider it; but) this it is, (the *sense* of it I mean) That *Absolute contradictions may meet together*: in the same respect *Esse*, & *Non Esse*, it seems, are *espoused* in a most *near*, and *conjugal Union*, and *live* together very *affectionately*, and *embracingly*. O *rare*, and *compendious Synopsis* of all *Scepticism!* O the *Quintessence* of *Sextus Empiricus*, and the *Pyrrhonian* ὑποτυπώσεις of all their ἐποχὴ, and ἀπορία of their ἀφασία, and ἀφεστία! that, which is the most *paradoxical* of all, you have all this in a *Book*, that calls it self by the name of *Truth*. Yet let none be so vain, as to imagine, that this is, in the least measure, spoken to the *disesteem* of that *Noble Lord*, who was well known to be of *bright* and *sparkling Intellectuals*, and of such *singular*, and *incomparable ingenuity*; as that, if he had liv'd till this time, we cannot doubt, but he would have *retracted* it, or at least better *explain'd* it before this time. However I could not but take notice of so *black* an *Errour*, that did *crush*, and *break* all these *first Principles*, and had an *irreconcileable Antipathy* against *Reason*, and *Certainty*; though it had hid it selfe under the *protection* of so *good*, and so *great* a *Name*. *Certainty* is so *precious*, and *desireable*, as where *God* hath given it, 'tis to be kept *sacred*, and *untouch'd*: and *men* are to be *thankful* for these *Candles of the Lord*, for this *Lumen certum*; set up, not to *mock*, and *delude* them; but to deal *truly*, and *faithfully* with them.

CHAP. XV.

The Light of Reason *is directive.*

TIs *Lumen dirigens*, this νόμος γραπτὸς, 'tis a *Light for the Feet*, and a *Lanthorn for the Paths*. For the *Understanding*, 'tis the τὸ ἡγεμονικὸν, the *leading*, and *guiding Power* of the *Soul*. The *Will* looks upon that, as *Leander* in *Musæus* look'd up to the *Tower* for *Hero's Candle*, and calls it, as he doth there,

Λύχνον ἐμοῦ βιότοιο, φαέσφορον ἡγεμονήα.

Reason doth *facem præferre*, it carries a *Torch* before the *Will*, nay, more then so, 'tis an *Eye* to the *Blinde*; for otherwise 'twere in vain to light up a *Candle* for a *Cæca potentia* to see withall. *Intellectuals* are first in *motion*. Αἱ πόλαι φωτὸς, these *Gates* of *Light* must first be *set open*, before any *glorious*, and

and *beautiful Object* can enter in, for the *Will* to *court*, & *embrace*. The *Will* doth but *eccho* to the *Underſtanding*, and doth *practically* repeat the laſt *ſyllable* of the *ultimum dictamen*; which makes the *Moraliſt* well determine, *Virtutes Morales non poſſunt eſſe ſine Intellectualibus*: for to the preſence of *Moral Virtues* there are *neceſſarily* pre-required *Intelligentia*, & *Prudentia*, the one being the knowledge of *Principia ſpeculativa*, as the other of *Principia operativa*. That Action muſt needs be *hopeful*, and *promiſing*, when the *Underſtanding* aims before the *Will* ſhoots; but he, that in an *implicite* way ruſhes upon any performance, though the *action* it ſelf ſhould prove *materially* good, yet ſuch an one deſerves no more *commendation* for it, then he would do, that firſt put out his *Eyes*, and then *contingently* hit the *Mark*. Other *Creatures* indeed are ſhot more *violently* into their *ends*: but *Man* hath the *skill*, and *faculty* of *directing* himſelf, and is (as you may ſo imagine) a *rational kind* of *Arrow*, that moves *knowingly*, and *voluntarily* to the *Mark* of its own *accord*. For this very *end* God hath ſet up a *diſtinct Lamp* in every *Soul*, that men might make uſe of their *own Light*. all the *works* of *men* they ſhould *olere lucernam*, *ſmell* of this *Lamp* of the *Lord*, that is to *illuminate* them all. *Men* are not to depend wholly upon the *courteſie* of any *fellow-creature*; not upon the *dictates* of *men*; nay, not upon the *Votes*, and *determinations* of *Angels*: for, if an *Angel from Heaven* ſhould *contradict firſt Principles*, though I will not ſay in the *Language* of the *Apoſtle*, *Let him be accurſed*; yet this we may ſafely ſay, that all the *Sons of men* are bound to *diſ-believe* him. All *Arguments* drawn from *Teſtimony*, and *Authority* (*created Authority* I mean) were always look'd upon as more *faint*, and *languiſhing*, then thoſe that were *fetch'd* from *Reaſon*. Matters of *fact* indeed do neceſſarily depend upon *Teſtimony*: but in *Speculations*, and *Opinions* none is bound ſo far to *adore* the *Lamp* of another, as to put out his *own* for it. For when any ſuch *Controverſie* is mov'd, when any *Author* is *quoted*, and *commended*, all the *credit*, and *eſteem*, that is to be given him, is *founded* either in the *Reaſon*, which he doth *annex* to his *Aſſertion*; or elſe in this more *remote*, and *general Reaſon*, that ſuch an one had a very *clear*, and *bright Lamp*, that the *Candle of the Lord* did *ſhine* very *eminently* in him: therefore what he ſays is much to be attended to; for in his *words*, though

though there ſhould not be *ratio explicata*, yet it is to be ſuppoſ'd, that there's *ratio ſubintellecta*. So that the *aſſent* here is *ultimately* reſolv'd into the *Reaſon* of him that *ſpeaks*, and the other that *receives* it; for he, that *complies* with a *naked Teſtimony*, makes a *tacit acknowledgment* of thus much, that he is willing to *reſign* up himſelf to anothers *Reaſon*, as being *ſurer*, and *fuller* then his *own*; which *temper*, and *frame* of *Spirit* is very *commendable* in a ſtate of *inchoation*: for χρὴ τὸν μανθάνοντα πείθειν. *Knowledge* in the *Cradle* cannot *feed* it ſelf. *Knowledge*, in its *infancy*, muſt *ſuck* at the *Breaſts* of another. And *Babes* in *Intellectuals* muſt take in the ἄλλον γάλα, thoſe *ſpoonfuls* of *Knowledge*, that are put in their *mouths* by ſuch, as are to *nurſe*, and to *educate* them. *Paul*, when he ſits at the *feet* of *Gamaliel*, muſt obſerve the *prints* and *foot-ſteps* of the *Hebrew Doctour*, and muſt *roll* himſelf *in pulvere ſapientum*. *Knowledge*, in its *non-age*, in its *pupil-age*, and *minority*, muſt *hide* it ſelf under the *wing*, and *protection* of a *Guardian*. Men uſe at firſt to *borrow light*, and to light their *Candle* at the light of *anothers*; Yet here I find ſome *Licence*, and *encouragement* given to theſe *firſt-beginners*, to theſe *ſetters up* in *Learning*, to be ζητητικοὶ, modeſtly *inquiſitive* into the *grounds*, and *Reaſons* of that, which is delivered to them.

Thus that *Sacred Writer*, *Hierom*, commends *Marcella*, though one of the *weaker Sex*, upon this account, that ſhe was wont to *ſearch*, and to *examine* his *Doctrine*: *Ita ut me ſentirem* (ſaies he) *non tam Diſcipulum habere, quàm Judicem.* Nay, a far greater then *Hierom*, honours the *Bereans* with the *Title* of οἱ εὐγενέστεροι, a more *noble*, and *generous* ſort of *Chriſtians*, that would bring even *Apoſtolical words* to the *Touch ſtone*. Why is it not then lawful for them, that are *in ſtatu adulto*, that are come to ſome *pregnancy*, and *maturity* in *knowledge*, to look upon the *ſtamp*, and *ſuperſcription* of any *Opinion*, to look any *Opinion* in the *face*? The *great*, and *noble Verulam* much complains (and not without too much cauſe) of thoſe *ſad obſtructions* in *Learning*, which aroſe upon the *extreme doting* upon ſome *Authors*, which were indeed men of *rare accompliſhments*, of *ſingular worth*, and *excellency*, and yet but *men*, though, by a ſtrange kind of Ἀποθέωσις, a great part of the world have worſhip'd them as *Gods*. The *Canonizing* of ſome *profane Authours*, and eſteeming all others as *Apocryphal*, hath *blaſted* many *buds* of *Knowledge*, it has *quench'd* many

many *sparks*, and *beams* of *Light*, which otherwise would have *gilded* the World with an *orient*, and *unspotted lustre*. Far be it from me to drop one word, that should tend to the *staining*, and *eclipsing* of that *just glory*, that is due to the *immortal* name of *Aristotle*. There are those, that are *envious*, and *ungrateful* enough, let them do it if they please; yet this I shall say, and it shall be without any *injury* to him, that to set him up as a *Pope* in *Philosophy*, as a *Visible Head* of the *Truth militant*, to give him a *Negative Voice*, to give him an *Arbitrary power*, to quote his *Texts* as *Scripture*, to look upon his *Works* as the *irreversible Decrees* of *Learning*; as if he had *seal'd up* the *Canon*, so that whoe're *adds* to him, or *takes* one word *from* him, must be struck with a present *Anathema*: to condemn all for *Hereticks*, that *oppose* him; for *Schismaticks*, that depart from him; for *Apostates*, that *deny* him; what's all this but to forget, that he was but *the Candle of the Lord*, and to *adore* him, as a *Sun* in the *Firmament*, that was set to *rule the day* of *Knowledge*? 'Tis to make him an ὂν ὄντων, the *Causa prima*, the *first Mover of Learning*; or, at least, 'twas to make him such an *Intellectus Agens*, as *Averroes* would have, that must *enforme*, and *quicken* all, that come *after* him, Could that *modest Philosopher* have *foreseen*, and *prophesied*, that the World would thus *flatter* him, 'tis to be fear'd, that he would have thrown his *Works* also, his *legible self*, into *Euripus*, rather then they should have occasioned such *excessive Idolatry*, and *partiality*: yet 'tis no fault of his, if the World would *over-admire* him; for that, which first *inhanc'd* the *price*, and *esteem* of *Aristotle*, was that *rich vein* of *Reason*, that *ran along*, and *interlin'd* most of his *Works*. Let *this* therefore, and *this onely* commend him still; for this is of *indelible*, and *perpetual duration*; yet, if these blind *Admirers* of him could have followed him *fully*, and *entirely*, they might have learn'd of him a *braver liberty*, and *independency* of *spirit*: for he scorned to *enslave*, and *captivate* his thoughts to the *Judgment* of any whatsoever; for though he did not deal *violently*, and *dis-ingeniously* with the *Works* of his *Predecessours*, (as some affirm) yet he dealt *freely* with them, and was not *over-indulgent* to them He came like a *Refiner* amongst them, he *purged away* their *Drosse*, he *boyl'd away* their *froth*, and *scum*, he gathered a *Quintessence* out of their *rude*, and *elementary Principles*. How *impartially* did he

he deal with his Master *Plato?* & not *favour* him in any of his *Errours*: and his *words* are answerable to his *practises*, you may hear him what he saith, and professes, τοὺς παλαιοὺς, αἰδεῖσθαι μὲν δίκαιον, φρίττειν δὲ οὐκ ἄξιον, to have a reverend *esteem* of *Antiquity* is but *fitting*, and *equal*; but to stand in *awe* of it, is *base*, and *unworthy*. *Potestas Senatoria* is very *honourable*, and *beneficial*; but *Dictatoria Potestas* is not to be allowed in the *Common-wealth* of *Learning*: yet such hath been the *intolerable Tyranny*, and *Oppression* of the *Roman Faction*, as that they have *enjoyn'd*, and *engaged* as many as they could to *screw*, and *torture* their, Wits for the maintaining of whatever such an one as *pleaseth* them shall *please* to say: for they care not how *prejudicial*, or *detrimental* they prove to *Learning*; so that they may but *train* up their *Scholars* in an *implicite faith*, in a *blind obedience*, in a *slavish acknowledgment* of some *infallible Judge* of *Controversies*, and may *shut up*, and *imprison* the generality of people in a *dark*, and *benighted* condition; not so much as allowing them the *light* of their own *Candle*, this *Lamp* of the *Lord*, that ought to *shine* in them. That *great Advancer* of *Learning*, whom I commended before, takes notice, that by such *unhappy means*, as these, the more *noble*, and *liberal Sciences* have made no *progress* proportionable to that, which more *inferiour*, and *Mechanical Arts* have done: for in these later *ingenia multorum in unum coeunt*; whereas in the former, *ingenia multorum sub uno succubuerunt*. What *brave improvements* have been made in *Architecture*, in *Manufactures*, in *Printing*, in the *Pyxis Nautica?* For here's no limiting, and restraining men to *Antiquity*, no *chaining* them to *old Authours*, no *regulating* them to, I know not what, *prescribed Forms*, and *Canons*: no such *strange voices* as these; *You must not build better, then your Predecessours have done; you must not Print fairer*, then the *first* Tullie's Offices, *that e're was printed*. Tis not look'd upon, as a *transgression*, and a *piaculum*, if they should chance to be a little more *accurate*, then they were, that went before them. But in *Speculatives*, in meer *Mathematicks* (which one would think were far enough from any breach of *Faith*, or *Manners*, yet here) if a *Galilæus* should but present the world with an handful of *new Demonstrations*, though never so *warily*, and *submissively*; if he shall but *frame*, and *contrive* a *Glass* for the discovery of some more *Lights*: all the *reward* he

muſt expect from *Rome* is, to *rot* in an *Inquiſition*, for ſuch *unlicenced Inventions*, for ſuch *venturous undertakings*. The ſame *ſtrain* of *Cruelty* hath march'd more vehemently, and impetuouſly in *ſacred*, and *religious matters*: for here *Babylon* hath *heated* her *Furnace ſeven times hotter*, whileſt under the *pompous* name of a *Catholick Church*, under the *glittering pretences* of *Antiquity*, and *Authority*, they have, as much as they could, put out all the *Lamps* of the *Lord*, and that *Beſtial Empire* hath transform'd all its *Subjects* into *ſenſitive*, and *irrational Creatures*. A *noble Author* of our own tells us in his Book *De Veritate*, that he for his part takes them for the *Catholick Church*, that are *conſtant*, and *faithful* to *firſt Principles*; that *Common Notions* are the *bottom*, and *Foundation*, upon which the *Church* is built. Excuſe our diffidence here, *great Sir*: the *Church*, 'tis built upon a *ſurer*, and *higher Rock*, upon a more *Adamantine*, and *precious Foundation*; yet thus much is acceptable, and undeniable, that who e're they are, that by *any practiſes*, or *Cuſtomes*, or *Traditions*, or *Tenents*, ſhall ſtop the paſſage of *firſt Principles*, and the *ſound Reaſon*, that flows from them, they are in this farther from a *Church*, then the *Indians*, or the *Americans*, whilſt they are not onely *Anti-Chriſtian*, but *unnatural*. And, of the two, the *Church* hath more ſecurity in reſting upon *genuine Reaſon*, then in relying upon ſome *ſpurious Traditions*; for think but a while upon thoſe *infinite deceits*, and *uncertainties*, that ſuch *Hiſtorical conveyances* are liable, and expoſed to. I always except thoſe *ſacred*, and *heavenly Volumes* of *Scripture*, that are *ſtrung* together as ſo many *Pearls*, and make a *Bracelet* for the *Spouſe* to wear upon her *Hands* continually: Theſe *Writings* the *Providence* of *God* hath deeply engaged it ſelf to keep as the *Apples* of his own *Eye*. And they do not borrow their *certainty*, or *validity* from any *Eccleſiaſtical*, or *univerſal Tradition* (which is at the moſt but *previous*, and *preparatory*) but from thoſe *prints* of *Divinity* in them, and ſpecially from the *ſeal* of the ſame *Spirit*, that *endited* them, and now aſſures the *Soul*, that they were *Oracles* breathed from *God* himſelf. As for all other *ſacred Antiquity*, though I ſhall ever honour it as much, as any either *did*, or *can* do *juſtly*, and with ſobriety; and ſhall always *reverence* a *gray-headed Truth*: yet, if *Antiquity* ſhall ſtand in *competition* with this *Lamp of the Lord* (though *genuine* Antiquity would never offer to do it) yet, if it ſhould, it

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must not think much, if we prefer *Reason*, a *daughter* of *Eternity*, before *Antiquity*, which is the *off-spring* of *Time*. But, had not the *spirit* of *Anti-Christianism*, by its early *twinings*, and *insinuations*, wound, and wrought it self into the most *flourishing*, and *Primitive Times*, into the *bosome* of a *Virgin-Church*, and had it not offered *violence* to the *works* of some *sacred Writers*, by *detracting*, and *augmenting*, according to its several *exigencies*; by *feigning*, and *adulterating*; by *hiding*, and *annihilating* some of them, as much as they could, (the ordinary *tricks* of *Anti-Christ*, which he used always more *subtilly*, though of late more *palpably*) had it not been for such *devices* as these, *Antiquity* had come flowing to us in *purer*, and *fuller streams*, in more *fair*, and *kindly derivations*, and so might have *run down* more *powerfully*, and *victoriously*, then now it will. But *Anti-Christ* hath endeavoured to be the *Abaddon*, and the *Apollyon* of all *sacred Antiquities*; though the very *Reliques* of those *shining*, and *burning Lights*, that adorn'd the *Church* of God, have *splendour* enough to scatter the *darkness* of *Popery*, that *empty shadow* of *Religion*, that arises *ob defectum Luminis*: yet *Antiquity* (setting aside those, that were peculiarly θεοπνευστοί) was but the *first dawning* of *Light*, which was to *shine out brighter, and brighter*, till *perfect day*. Let none therefore so *superstitiously* look back to *former ages*, as to be angry with *new Opinions*, and *displayings* of *Light*, either in *Reason*, or *Religion*. Who dares oppose the *goodnesse*, and *wisdom* of God; if he shall *enamour* the World with the *beauty* of some *Pearls*, and *Jewels*, which, in former times, have been *hid*, or *trampled* upon? if he shall discover some *more light* upon *Earth*, as he hath let some *new stars* be found in the *Heavens*? This you may be *sure*, and *confident* of, that 'tis against the mind, and meaning of *Antiquity*, to stop the *progresse* of *Religion*, and *Reason*. But I know there are some will tell us of a *visible Tribunal*, of an *infallible Head* of the *Church*, born to *determine* all *Controversies*, to *regulate* all *Men*, 'tis a wonder they do not say *Angels* too; others, more *prudently*, and *equally*, resolve the *final judgment* of *Controversies* into a *general*, and *Oecumenical Council*: but I shall speak to them all in the *language* of the *Philosopher*, Διὸ ἐν νόμῳ ἄρχειν πάντων, and I shall explain it according to the minde of the learned *Davenant* in his Discourse *De Judice, ac norma fidei, & cultûs Christiani*. God onely is to *rule* his own *Church*

ἀυθεντικῶς, ϗ νομοθετικῶς, *judicio auctoritativo*, by a *determining*, and *Legiſlative power*: men, that are *fitted* by God himſelf, are to *guide*, and *direct* it ὑπηρετικῶς, ϗ ἑρμηνευτικῶς, *judicio miniſteriali*, in way of *ſubſerviency* to him, by an *explication* of his mind; yet ſo, as that every one may judge of this ἰδιωτικῶς, ϗ ἀκριβατικῶς, *judicio privato, & practicæ diſcretionis*, by *acts* of their *own Underſtanding illuminated* by the *ſpirit* of God; for there are no *repreſentatives* in *Intellectuals*, and *Spirituals*. *Men* may repreſent the *bodies* of others, in *Civil*, and *Temporal Affairs*, in the *acts* of a *Kingdome*; and thus a *bodily obedience* is always due to *juſt Authority*: but there is none can always repreſent the *mind*, and *judgment* of another in the *vitals*, and *inwards* of *Religion*; for I ſpeak not of *repreſentations* in *outward Order*, and *Diſcipline*. A *Gentral Councel* does, and may produce *judicium forenſe*; but ſtill there is reſerved, to every ſingle *individuum*, *judicium rationale*: for can you think, that *God* will excuſe any one from *Errour* upon ſuch an account as this, *Such a* Doctour *told, me thus*; *Such a piece of* Antiquity *enform'd me ſo*; *Such a* General Councel *determin'd me to this*. Where was thine own *Lamp* all this while? Where was thy *Ratio illuminata, & gubernata ſecundùm normas bonæ & neceſſariæ conſequentiæ rationali creaturæ impreſſas*? Yet this muſt be gratefully acknowledged, that theſe *General Councels* have been of *publick influence*, of moſt admirable *uſe*, and *advantage* to the *Church* of God; though they are not of the very *Eſſence* of it: for tis well known, that there were none of them till the days of *Conſtantine*. But herein is the *benefit* of *Councels*, that they *are* (or *ought* to be) a *comparing*, and *collecting* of many *Lights*, an *uniting*, and *concentricating* of the *Judgments* of many *holy*, *learned*, *wiſe Chriſtians* with the *Holy Ghoſt* breathing amongſt them; though not always ſo *fully*, and *powerfully*, as that they ſhall be ſure to be *privilg'd* from every *Errour*: but being all of them ſubject to *frailty*, and *fallibility*, and ſometime the *major part* of them proving the *pejor part*, there is none bound to give an *extemporary aſſent* to their *Votes*, and *Suffrages*, unleſs *his* mind alſo concur with *theirs*. That worthy *Divine* of our own, whom I mentioned before, ſpeaks very fully, and clearly to this, *Ad nudam præſcriptionem, aut determinationem alterius ſine lumine privati judicii nemo eſt, qui credere poteſt, etiamſi cupiat maximè.* The moſt

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eminent *Mirandula* will give you the reaſon of it; For (ſaies he) *Nemo credit aliquid verum præcisè, quia vult credere illud eſſe verum: non eſt enim in potentia hominis facere aliquid apparere intellecti ni ſuo verum, quando ipſe voluerit.* But, before there can be *Faith* in any *Soul*, there muſt be *cognitio propoſitionis credendæ*, and there muſt be *inclinatio intellectûs ad aſſentiendum huic propoſitioni revelatæ, & cognitæ.* Before you underſtand the *terms* of any *Propoſition*, you can no more believe it, then if it came to you in an *unknown Tongue.* A *Parrat* may repeat the *Creed* thus. *Corvos Poëtas Poetridáſque Picas cantare credas Pegaſeium melos.* Though ſuch at length may very ſafely conclude, as that *talkative Bird* is reported to have done by an *happy*, and *extemporary* contingency; *Operum & oleum perdidi.* This is the miſery of thoſe *implicite believers* amongſt the *Papiſts* ('tis well, if not among ſome *Proteſtants* too) that do *in aliorum ſententias pedibus potiùs, quàm cordibus ire*; dancing in a *circular* kind of *Faith*; they *believing* as the *Church* believes, and the *Church* believing as *they* believe, *&c.* and this is with them כל האדם, the whole *perfection* of a *Roman Catholick*, yet let none be ſo *fooliſh*, or *wicked*, as to think, that this ſtrikes at any think, that is *truly*, or *really* a matter of *Faith*, when as it doth only detect the *wretched vanity*, and *deceit* of a *Popiſh*, and *implicite Credulity*, which commands men to *put out* their *Lamps*, to *pluck* out their *Eyes*, and yet to *follow* their *Leaders*, though they ruſh upon the mouth of *Hell*, and *Deſtruction*; whereas tis better to be an *Argus* in *Obedience*, then a *Cyclops*, a *monſtrum horrendum*, &c. An *eye open* is more acceptable to God, then an *eye ſhut.* Why do they not as well command men to *renounce* their *Senſe*, as to *diſclaim* their *Underſtandings?* Were it not as eaſie a *Tyranny* to make you to believe that to be *white*, which you ſee to be *black*, as to command you to believe that to be *true*, which you know to be *falſe?* Neither are they at all wanting in *experiments* of both: for *Tranſubſtantiation*, that *heap*, & *crowd* of *contradictions*, doth very compendiouſly put out the *eyes* of *Senſe*, and *Reaſon* both at once: yet that *prodigious Errour* was eſtabliſhed in the *Lateran Councel* under *Innocent* the *Third*, which (as ſome contend) was a *General*, and *Oecumenical Councel.* And, if the *Pope*, whom they make *equivalent* to all *Councels*, nay *tranſcendent*, if he in *Cathedra* ſhall think fit to *determine*, that the *right* hand is the *left*, they muſt all *immediately* believe I im-

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under pain of *Damnation*. So that *firſt Principles*, *Common Notions*, with the *products*, and *improvement* of them, muſt needs be look'd upon as of *bad conſequence*, of *pernicious influence* at *Rome*. What? to ſay, that *two* and *two* makes *four*, that *totum eſt majus parte* (eſpecially, if the *Church* ſhall *determine* againſt it) O dangerous point of *Socinianiſm*! O unpardonable *Hereſie* of the *firſt Magnitude*! *Rebellion* againſt the *Catholick Church*! A proud *juſtling* againſt the *Chair* of *Infallibility*! Away with them to the *Inquiſition* preſently, deliver them up to the *ſecular Powers*, bring *Fire*, and *Faggot* immediately; *Bonner's* learned *Demonſtrations*, and the *bloody Diſcipline* of the *Scarlet*, and *Purple Whore*. No wonder that ſhe *puts out* the *Candle*, and *loves Darkneſs rather then Light, ſeeing her deeds are evill*. She holds a *Cup* in her hand, and won't let the world *ſip*, and *taſte*, and ſee how they like it, but they muſt *ſwallow down* the whole *Philtrum*, and *potion*, without any *delay* at all. Thus you may ſee the *weak Reeds*, that *Babylon* leans upon, which now are *breaking*, and *piercing* her thorow. But *Religion*, fram'd according to the *Goſpell*, did always *ſcorn*, and *refuſe* ſuch *carnal ſupports*, as theſe are. That *Truth*, that muſt look the *Sun* in the *face* for ever, can you think, that it will fear a *Candle*? muſt it ſtand in the *preſence of God*, and will it not endure the *tryal* of *Men*? Or can you imagine, that the *Spouſe* of *Chriſt* can be ſo unmerciful as to *pull out* her *Childrens Eyes*? though ſhe may very well *reſtrain* their *Tongues* ſometimes, and their *Pens*, if they be too *immodeſt*, and *unruly*. I ſhall need to ſay no more then this, that true *Religion* never *was*, nor *will be*, nor *need* be ſhy of *ſound Reaſon*, which is thus far *Lumen dirigens*, as that 'tis oblig'd by the *will*, and *command* of God himſelf, not to entertain any *falſe Religion*, nor any thing under *pretenſe* of *Religion*, that is *formally*, and *irreconcileably* againſt *Reaſon*; *Reaſon* being above *humane Teſtimony*, and *Tradition*, and being only *ſubordinate* to God himſelf, and thoſe *Revelations*, that come from God: Now 'tis expreſs *blaſphemy* to ſay, that either *God*, or the *Word of God* did ever, or ever will oppoſe *Right Reaſon*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

The Light of Reason *is calm, and peaceable.*

TIs *Lumen tranquillum, & amicum*, 'tis a *Candle*, not a *Comet*, it is a *quiet*, and *peaceable Light*. And though the *Candle of the Lord* may be too *hot* for some, yet the *Lamp*, tis onely maintain'd with *soft*, and *peaceable Oyl*. There is no *jarring* in *pure Intellectuals*; if men were *tun'd*, and *regulated* by *Reason* more, there would be more *Concord*, and *Harmony* in the World. As *Man* himself is a *sociable Creature*; so his *Reason* also is a *sociable Light*. This *Candle* would shine more *clearly*, and *equally*, if the *Windes* of *Passions* were not injurious to it. 'Twere a commendable piece of *Stoicism*, if men could always *hush*, and *still* those *Waves*, that *dash*, and *beat* against *Reason*. If they could *scatter* all those *Clouds*, that *soil*, and *discolour* the *face* and *brighenesse* of it: would there be such *fractions*, and *commotions* in the *State*; such *Schisms*, and *Ruptures* in the *Church*; such *hot*, and *fiery persecutions* of some *trifling Opinions?* If the *soft*, and *sober voice* of *Reason* were more attended to: *Reason* would make some *differencies* kiss, and be *friends*, 'twould *sheath* up many a *Sword*, 'twould *quench* many a *flame*, 'twould *bind up* many a *Wound*. This *Candle of the Lord*, 'twould *scatter* many a *dark suspicion*, many a *sullen jealousie*. Men may *fall out* in the *dark* sometimes, they cannot tell for what: if the *Candle of the Lord* were but amongst them, they would chide one another for nothing then, but their *former breaches*. Ἡ ἐπιστήμη ἵστησι τὴν ψυχὴν· it *calms*, and *composes* a *Soul*; whereas *Passion* (as the grand *Stoick*, *Zeno*, paints it) is ὅρμη πλεονάζουσα, καὶ παρὰ φύσιν τῆς ψυχῆς κίνησις. An abounding, and over-boyling *impetus*, a *præternatural agitation* of Soul; *animi commotio aversa à recta ratione, & contra naturam*, as the *Oratour* stiles it. The *Soul*, 'tis *toss'd* with *Passion*; but it *anchors* upon *Reason*. This *gentleness*, and *quietness* of *Reason* doth never commend it self more, then in its *agreeing*, and *complying* with *Faith*; in *not opposing* those *high*, and *transcendent Mysteries*, that are above its own

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reach, and *capacity*: nay, it had always ſo much *humility*, and *modeſty*, waiting, and attending upon it, that it would always *ſubmit*, and *ſubordinate* it ſelf to all ſuch *Divine Revelations*, as were above its own *Sphere*. Though it could not *graſp* them, though it could not *pierce* into them; yet it ever reſolv'd with all *gratitude* to admire them, to *bow* its head, and to *adore* them. *One Light* does not oppoſe *another*. *Lumen fidei*, & *Lumen rationis*, may ſhine both *together*; though with *far different* brightneſſe. The *Candle of the Lord*, tis not impatient of a *ſuperiour Light*; 'twould both *ferre parem*, & *priorem*. The *light* of the *Sun*, that indeed is *Lumen Monarchicum*, a *ſupreme*, and *ſovereign Light*; that with its *golden Scepter* rules all *created Sparkles*, and makes them *ſubject*, and *obedient* to the *Lord*, and *Rule* of *Light*. *Created Intellectuals* depend upon the *brightneſs* of *God's Beams*, and are *ſubordinate* to them. *Angelical Star-light* is but *Lumen Ariſtocraticum*; it *borrows*, and *derives* its glory from a *more vaſt*, and *majeſtical Light*. As they *differ* from *one another* in *glory*, ſo all of them infinitely differ from the *Sun* in *glory*. Yet 'tis far above the *Lumen Democraticum*, that *Light*, which appears unto the *Sons of men*; 'tis above their *Lamps*, and *Torches*, *poor*, and *contemptible Lights*, if left to *themſelves*. For do but *imagine* ſuch a thing as this, that this *external*, and *corporeal World* ſhould be adjudg'd never to ſee the *Sun* more, never to ſee one *Star* more; if *God* ſhould ſhut all the *Windows* of *Heaven*, and ſpread out nothing but *clouds*, and *curtains*, and allow it nothing, but the light of a *Candle*: how would the *World* look like a *Cyclops* with its *Eye* put out? 'Tis *now* but an *obſcure priſon* with a few *grates* to look *out* at; but what would it be then, but a *capacious Grave*, but a *nethermoſt Dungeon*? Yet this were a more *grateful Shade*, a *pleaſanter*, and more *comely Darkneſſe*, then for a *Soul* to be *condemned* to the *ſolitary Light* of its own *Lamp*, ſo as not to have any *ſupernatural irradiation* from its God. *Reaſon* does not refuſe any *auxiliary Beams*; it joys in the *company* of its *fellow-Lamp*, it delights in the *preſence* of an *intellectual Sun*, which will ſo far *favour* it, as that 'twill *advance* it, and *nouriſh* it, and *educate* it; 'twill *encreaſe* it, and *inflame* it, and will by no means *put* it *out*. A *Candle* neither *can*, nor *will* put out the *Sun*; and an *intellectual Sun* can, but *will not* put out the *Lamp*. The light of *Reaſon* doth no more *preju-*

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dice the light of *Faith*; then the light of a *Candle* doth *extinguish* the light of a *Star*. The *same Eye* of a *Soul* may look sometimes upon a *Lamp*, and sometimes upon a *Star*; one while upon a *first Principle*, another while upon a *revealed Truth*; as hereafter it shall *always* look upon the *Sun*, and see God *face to face*. *Grace* doth not come to pluck up *Nature* as a *Weed*, to *root out* the *Essences* of *Men*, but it comes to *graft Spirituals* upon *Morals*, that so, by their *mutual supplies*, and *intercourse*, they may produce *most noble*, and *generous fruit*. Can you tell me, why the *Shell*, & the *Kernell* may not dwell together? why the *Bodies* of *Nature* may not be *quickened* by the *Soul* of *Grace*? Did you never observe an *Eye* using a *Prospective Glasse*, for the *discovering*, and *amplifying*, and *approximating* of some *remote*, and yet *desireable Object*? and did you perceive any *opposition* between the *Eye*, and the *Glass*? Was there not rather a *loving correspondency*, and *communion* between them? Why should there be any *greater strife* between *Faith*, and *Reason*; seeing they are *Brethren*? Do they not both *spring* from the same *Father of Lights*? and can the *Fountain* of *Love*, and *Unity*, send forth any *irreconcileable streams*? Do you think, that God did ever intend to *divide* a *rational Being*, to *tear*, and rend a Soul in *pieces*, to scatter *Principles* of *discord*, and *confusion* in it? If God be pleased to open some *other passage* in the Soul, and to give it another *Eye*, does that *prejudice* the former? *Man*, you know, is ordained to a *choicer end*, to a *nobler happinesse*, then for the *present* he can *attain* unto, and therefore he cannot expect, that God should now *communicate* himself in such *bright*, and *open discoveries*, in such *glorious manifestations* of himself, as he means to give *hereafter*. But he must be content, for the *present*, to behold those *infinite treasures* of reserved *Love*, in a *darker*, and more *shadowy* way of *Faith*, and not of *Vision*. *Nature*, and *Reason*, are not sufficiently *proportion'd* to such *blessed Objects*: for there are such *weights* of *Glory* in them, as do *opprimere ingenium humanum*; there are such *Depths*, such *Pleonasms*, such *Oceans* of all *Perfections* in a *Deity*, as do infinitely exceed all *Intellectual capacity*, but its *own*. The most, that *Man's Reason* can do, is to fill the *Understanding* to the *brim*: but *Faith*, that throws the *Soul* into the *Ocean*, and lets it *roll*, and *bath* it self in the *vastnesse*, and *fulnesse* of a *Deity*. Could the *Sons of men* have extracted all

the *Spirits* of *Reason*; and made them *meet*, and *jump* in one *Head*; nay, could *Angels*, and *Men* have *united*, and *concentricated* all their *Reason*: yet they would never have been able to *spy out* such *profound*, and *mysterious excellencies*; as *Faith* beholds in *one twinkling* of her *Eye*. *Evangelical Beauties* shine through a *veyl*, that's upon their *face*; you may see the *precious Objects* of *Faith*, like so many *Pearls*, and *Diamonds*, *sparkling*, and *glittering* in the *Dark*. *Reveal'd Truths* shine with their own *Beams*, they do not borrow their *Primitive*, and *original Lustre* from this *Candle of the Lord*; but from the *purer Light*, wherewith God hath *cloathed*, and *attir'd* them, as with a *Garment*. God crowns his *own Revelations* with his *own Beams*. The *Candle of the Lord*, it doth not discover, it doth not *oppose* them, it cannot *eclipse* them. They are no *sparks* of *Reason's striking*; but they are *flaming Darts* of *Heavens shooting*, that both *open*, and *enamour* the Soul. They are *Stars* of *Heaven's lighting*. *Men* behold them at a great distance *twinkling* in the *Dark*. Whatsoever comes in *God's name* does *aut invenire viam*, *aut facere*. Whatever God *reveals* in his *Word*, 'tis *supra providentiam rerum communem constitutum*. Tis not the *road* of *Nature*; and therefore, for the *welcoming*, and *entertaining* of it (as a *Noble Author* of our own doth very well observe) *explicatur sensus quidam supernaturalis*, & θαυμάσιος, there's an *opening* of a *new Window* in the *Soul*, an *Intellectual Eye* looks out at the *Window*, and is much *pleased*, and *affected* with the *oriency* of that *Light*, that comes *springing*, and *rushing* in upon it. As there's a νόμος γραπτὸς· so there's an εὐαγγέλιον γραπτὸν 100: the one 'tis written by the *Pen* of *Nature*; the other by the *finger* of the *Spirit*: for *ubi desinit Natura*, *ibi incipit Gratia*; and this *Second Edition* set out by *Grace*, 'tis *auctior*, & *Emendatior*, yet so as it doth not at all *contradict* the *first Edition*, that was set out by *Nature*, for this is the *voice* of *Nature* it self, that *Whatsoever God reveals must needs be true*, and this *Common Principle* is the *bottom*, and *foundation* of all *Faith to build upon*. The *Soul* desires no greater *satisfaction*, then an Αὐτὸς ἔφη· for, if God himself *say* it, who can *question* it? who dare *contradict* it? Reason *will* not, Reason *cannot*: for it does most immovably *acknowledge* a *Deity*, and the *unquestionable Truth* of a *Deity*. In all *believing* there is an *assent*, a *yeilding to* him, that speaks, by virtue of his

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own Authority; though he don't *prove* it, though he don't *evince* it. Now *men* themselves look upon it, as a *contempt*, and *injury*, not to have their *words taken*; and *Reason* it self *dictates* thus much, that we are to *believe* such an one, whom we have no *reason* to *distrust*; for without some *Faith* there would be no *commerce*, nor *trafficking* in the World; there's no *trading* without some *trusting*. A general, and *total Incredulity* would threaten a *present*, and *fatal dissolution* to *humane Society*. Matters of *fact*, are as certain in *being*, and *reality*, as *Demonstrations*; yet in appearance most of them can never be *prov'd*, or *evinc'd* any other way, then by *meer Testimony*. Much *Historical Knowledge*, many a *Truth* has been *lost*, and *buried* in *Unbelief*; when as many a *Falsity* in the mean time has prov'd more *fortunate*, and *triumphant*, and has past *currantly* through the world under the *specious disguise* of *Probability*. Yet, because no *created Being* is *infallible*, or *authentical*; because the *Sons of men* are so *easily deceived* themselves, and are so *apt*, and *propense* to *deceive*, and *impose* upon others: 'twill be very lawful to move *slowly*, and *timorously*, *warily*, and *vigilantly* in our *assents* to them: for a *sudden*, and *precocious Faith* here is neither *commendable*, nor *durable*. But God being *Truth* it self, an *Eternal*, *Immutable Truth*; his *Word* being *vehiculum veritatis*; and all *Revelations* flowing from him, shining with the *prints*, and *signatures* of *Certainty*: hence it is, that his *naked Word* is a *Demonstration*; and he that won't *believe* a God, is worse then a *Devil*, he is the *blackest Infidel*, that was e're yet extant. This *Sin* is so *unnatural*, as that none, but an *Atheist* can be guilty of it; for he, that *acknowledges* a *Deity*, and knows what he acknowledges, sure he wont offer to make his God *a lyar*. That, which might otherwise seem to some to be *against Reason*, yet, if it bring the *seal* of God in its *fore-head*, by this you may know, that tis not *against* Reason. *Abraham's slaying* of his *Son* may seem a most *horrid*, and *unnatural act*, against the νόμος γραπτὸς, against the *Candle of the Lord*; yet being commanded, and *authorized* by God himself, the *Candle* durst not *oppose* the *Sun*. That *pattern* of *Faith*, the *Father of the Faithful*, does not *dispute*, and make *Syllogisms* against it; he does not *plead*, that tis against *Common Notions*; that tis against *Demonstrations* (for he had said false if he had said so) but he doth *dutifully obey* the God of *Nature*, that *high*, and

supreme Law-giver, who by this *call*, and *voice* of his, did *plainly*, and *audibly* proclaim; that for *Abraham* to *kill* his *Son* in these *circumstances*, was not against the *Law of Nature*. So that all the *stresse*, and *difficulty* will be to know whether *God reveals* such a thing, or *no*, for here *Reason* (*corrupt Reason* I mean,) is wont to *slip*, and *evade*, and when it cannot frame a *conceit adequate*, and *commensurate* to some *transcendent*, and *supernatural Mysteries*, it would then fain *cloud* them, and *eclipse* them, that it may *quench*, and *avoid* the *dazeling brightnesse* of them. It would fain make them *stoop*, and *condescend* to its own *capacity*, and therefore it puts some *inferiour Notion* upon them. When it cannot *grasp* what God saith, it then presently *questions*. whether God say *so*, or *no*, whether that be the *mind* of his *Word*. Hence many may *erre* very deeply, and *dangerously*, yet will *acknowledge* the *Scriptures*, they will *own*, and *honour* them, as the *Word* of God; for they are not yet arriv'd to that full *perfection* of *Errour*, as those *lumps*, and *dunghils* of all *Sects*, I mean that *young*, and *upstart generation* of grosse *Anti-Scripturists*, that have a *Powder-plot* against the *Gospel*, that would very *compendiously* behead all *Christian Religion* at *one blow*, a *device*, which *old*, and *ordinary Heretickes* were never acquainted withall. Though they be not come to such an *height* as this; yet, either by their *flat*, and *frigid explicating*, they do endeavour to *dispirit*, and *enervate* the *Word* of God; or else, in a *more violent*, and *injurious* manner, they do even *ravish* it, and *deflower* the *virginity* of it; or else in a *more subtle*, and *serpentine* manner, they seek to *bend* the *Rule*, and *expound* it to their *purposes*, and *advantages*. The *Letter* of the *Word*, the *vagina verbi*, that does not *wound* them, that does not *strike* them: and as for the *edge*, they think they can *draw* that, as they please; they can *blunt* it, as they list, they can *order* it, as they will. But the *Law* of *sound reason*, and *Nature*, does oppose such *unworthy dealings* as these are: for men look upon't very *heinously*, to have their *words mis-interpreted*, to have their *meaning wrested*, and *violenc'd*. Can you think that the *Majesty* of *Heaven* will allow, or endure, that a *Creature* should study, or busie it self in *perverting* his *Words*, in corrupting his *meaning*, in *blending* it, and *mixing* it with the *crude imaginations* of their *own Brain*? That *Spirit*, which *breath'd out* the *Word* at first, and which *convinces*, and *satisfies* the Soul, that 'tis the

Word

Word of God, the very *same Spirit* is the *Interpreter* of it, he is the *Commentatour* upon it. The *Text* is his, and the *Gloss* is his, and whosoever shall call this a *private Spirit*, must needs be a bold *Blasphemer*, a *Jesuit*, an *Atheist*. But they, that know what the *Spirit of God* is, will easily grant, that the *Spirit* of God *unsheaths* his own *Sword*; that he *polishes* Evangelical *Pearls*; that he *anoints*, and *consecrates* the *eye* of the *Soul*, for the *welcoming*, and *entertaining* of such *precious Objects*. Tis true indeed, that some *Explications* are so impertinent, and *distorted*, as that a *prophane*, and *carnal* Eye may presently discern, that there was either some *violence*, or *deceit* used in them; as who cannot tell when any *Authour* is extremely *vex'd*, and *wrong'd*? But, if there be any such *obscurity*, as may give just occasion of *doubting*, and *diffidence*, who then can be fitter to *clear*, and *unfold* it, then the *Authour* himself? nay, who can *explain* his *mind* certainly, but he himself? Is it not thus in *Spirituals* much rather? When God scatters any *Twilight*, any *Darkness* there, is it not by a more *plentiful shedding abroad* of his own *Beams*? Such a *Knot*, as a *created Understanding* cannot unty, the *edge* of the *Spirit* presently cuts asunder. Nor yet is *Providence* wanting in *external* means, which by the *goodness*, & *power* of God, were annexed, as *figilla verbi*: *miracles* I mean, which are upon this account very *suitably*, and *proportionably subservient* to *faith*: they being above *natural power*, as *revealed Truths* are above *natural Understanding*. The one's above the *hand* of *Nature*, as the other's above the *head* of *Nature*. But *Miracles*, though they be very *potent*, yet they are not always *prevalent*, for there were many *spectatours* of *Christ's miracles*, which yet, like so many *Pharaohs*, were *hardened* by them, and some of them, that *beheld* them, were no more moved by them, then some of them, who onely *hear* of them, will not at all *attend* to them. So that onely the *seal* of the *Spirit* can make a *firm impression* upon the *Soul*; who *writes* his own Word upon the *soul* with a *conquering*, & *triumphant Sun-beam*, that is impatient either of *cloud*, or *shadow*. Be open therefore, ye, *everlasting Doors*, and stand *wide open*, ye, *intellectual Gates*, that the *spirit* of *Grace*, and *Glory*, with the goodly *train* of his *revealed Truths*, may *enter in*. There's *foundation* for all this in a *Principle* of *Nature*; for we must still put you in mind of the *concord*, that is betwixt *Faith*, and *Reason*. Now this is the *voice* of *Reason*, that God *can*, and

that

that none, *but* God can aſſure you of his *own mind*; for if he ſhould *reveal* his mind by a *Creature*, there will ſtill be ſome *tremblings*, and *wavering*s in the *Soul*, unleſſe he does withall *ſatisfie* a Soul, that ſuch a *Creature* does *communicate* his mind *truly*, and *really*, as it is: ſo that *ultimately* the *Certainty* is reſolv'd into the *voice* of *God*, and not into the *courteſie* of a *Creature*. This *Holy Spirit* of God *creates* in the Soul a *Grace* anſwerable to theſe *tranſcendent objects*: you cannot but know the *name* of it, tis called *Faith*, *Super-naturalis forma fidei*, as *Mirandula* the *Younger* ſtiles it, which *cloſes*, and *complies* with every word, that drops from the *voice*, or *pen* of a *Deity*, and which *facilitates*, the Soul to *aſſent* to *revealed Truths*. So as that with an *Heavenly inclination*, with a *delightful propenſion* it moves to them, as to a *Centre*. *Reaſon* cannot more delight in a *Common Notion*, or a *Demonſtration*; then *Faith* does in *revealed Truth*. As the *Unity* of a *Godhead* is *demonſtrable*, and clear to the Eye of *Reaſon*: ſo the *Trinity* of *Perſons*, that is, *three glorious relations* in *one God*, is as *certain* to an Eye of *Faith*. Tis as certain to this eye of *Faith*, that *Chriſt* is *truly God*; as it was *viſible* to an eye both of *Senſe*, and *Reaſon*, that he is *truly Man*. *Faith* ſpies out the *Reſurrection* of the *Body*, as *Reaſon* ſees the *immortality* of the *Soul*. I know there are ſome *Authours* of great *worth*, and *Learning*, that endeavour to maintain this *Opinion*, that *Revealed Truths*, though they could not be *found* by *Reaſon*; yet, when they are *once revealed*, that *Reaſon* can then *evince* them, and *demonſtrate* them. But I much rather encline to the *Determinations* of *Aquinas* and multitudes of others, that are of the *ſame Judgment*, that *humane Reaſon*, when it has *ſtretch'd* it ſelf to the *uttermoſt*, is not at all *proportion'd* to them: but, at the beſt, can give onely ſome *faint illuſtrations*, ſome *weak adumbrations* of them. They were never *againſt* Reaſon, they were always *above* Reaſon. 'Twill be *employment* enough, and 'twill be a *noble employment* too, for *Reaſon* to *redeem*, and *vindicate* them from thoſe *thorns*, and *difficulties*, with which ſome *ſubtle* ones have *vex'd* them, and *encompaſs'd* them. 'Twill be *honour* enough for *Reaſon* to ſhew, that *Faith* does not *oppoſe Reaſon*; and this it *may* ſhew, it *muſt* ſhew this; for elſe *ἔσω*, thoſe, that are *within* the incloſure of the *Church*, will never reſt *ſatisfied*; nor *ἔξω*, *Pagans*, *Mahumitans*, *Jews*, will never be *convinc'd*. God, indeed, may *work* upon them by *immedi-*

immediate revelation; but *man* can onely *prevail* upon them by *reason*: yet 'tis not to be *expected*, nor is it *required*, that every weak, and *new-born Christian*, that gives *real assent*, and *cordial entertainment* to these *mysterial Truths*, should be able to deliver them from those *seeming contradictions*, which some cunning *Adversaries* may cast upon them. There are some things *demonstrable*, which to many seem *impossible*, how much more easily may here be some *matters* of *Faith*, which every one cannot *free* from all *difficulties*? Tis sufficient therefore for such, that they so far forth *understand* them, as to be sure, that they are not *against* Reason, and that principally upon this account, because they are sure God has *revealed* them. And others, that are of more *advanced*, and *elevated intellectuals*, may give such *explications* of them, as may *disentangle* them from all Repugnancy, though they cannot *display* them in their *full glory*. Nor must the *multitude*, or *strength*, and *wit*, of *Opposers* fright men out of their *Faith*, and *Religion*. Though the *major* part of the World do *disesteem*, and look upon them, as *meer contradictions*; yet this being the *censure* of most *unequal*, and *incompetent Judges*, is not at all *prejudicial* to their *worth*, and *excellency*: for to most of the world they were never *revealed* so much as in an *external* manner, & to all others, that *refuse*, and *reject* them, they were never *powerfully revealed* by the *irradiations* of the *Holy Ghost*. So that one *Affirmative* here is to be preferred before a whole heap of *Negatives*; the *judgment* of one *wise*, *enlighten'd*, *experienc'd*, *spiritualiz'd Christian* is more to be attended to, then the *votes*, and *suffrages* of a *thousand gain-sayers*; because this is *undeniable*, that God may *give* to one that *Eye*, that *Light*, that *discerning power*, which he does *deny* to many others. Tis therefore a piece of *excessive vanity*, and *arrogancy* in *Socinus*, to *limit*, and *measure* all *Reason* by his *own*. Nor does this put any *uncertainty* in *Reason*, but onely a *diversity* in the *improvings* of it; *one Lamp* differs from *another* in *glory*; and withall, it laies down an *higher*, and *nobler principle*, then *Reason* is: for in things meerly *natural*, every *rational Being* is there a *competent Judge* in those things, that are within the *sphere*, and compasse of *Reason*, the *Reason* of all men does *agree*, and *conspire*, so as that, which implies an *expresse*, and *palpable contradiction*, cannot be own'd by any; but in things *above Nature*, and *Reason*, a *paucity* here is a *better argument*, then

then a *plurality*; becauſe *Providence* uſes to open his *Cabinets* onely for his *Jewels*. God manifeſts theſe *myſterious Secrets* onely to a *few friends*; his *Spirit* whiſpers to a *few*, *ſhines* upon a *few*: ſo that, if any tell us, that *Evangelical Myſteries* imply a *contradiction*; becauſe they cannot *apprehend* them, it is no more, then for a *blind man* confidently to *determine*, that it involves a *Contradiction* to ſay, there is a *Sun*, becauſe he *cannot ſee* it. Why ſhould you not as well think, that a *greater part* of the World *lies in Errour*, as that it lies in *Wickedneſs*? is it not *defective* in the *choiceſt Intellectuals*, as well as in the *nobleſt Practicals*? Or can any perſwade himſelf, that a moſt eminent, and *refined* part of *Mankind*, and (that which is very conſiderable) a *Virgin-company*, which kept it ſelf *untouch'd* from the *pollutions* of *Anti-Chriſt* upon *mature deliberation*, for *long* continuance, upon *many debatings*, *examinings*, *diſcuſſings*, *conſtant prayers* unto God for the diſcovery of his mind, ſhould all this while embrace *meer contradictions*, for the *Higheſt points* of their *Religion*? Or can any conceive, that theſe *Evangelical Myſteries* were invented, and *contriv'd*, and *maintain'd* by men? Could the *Head* of a *Creature* invent them? Could the *Arm* of a *Creature* uphold them? Have they not a *Divine Superſcription* upon them? Have they not an *heavenly Original*? Or can you imagine, that *Providence* would have ſo *bleſt*, and *proſper'd* a *contradiction*? as always to pluck it out of the *paws* of *devouring Adverſaries*? When the whole *Chriſtian World* was ready to be *ſwallowed* up with *Arrianiſm*, dare any to ſay, that God then prepar'd an *Ark* only for the *preſerving* of a *contradiction*? *Providence* does not uſe to countenance *Contradictions* ſo, as to let them *ride* in *triumph* over *Truth*. The moſt, that any *Oppoſer* can ſay, if he will ſpeak *truth*, is no more, then this, that they ſeem to him to *imply* a *Contradiction*? Which may very eaſily be ſo, if he want an higher *principle* of *Faith*, ſuitable, and anſwerable to theſe *matters* of *Faith*; both of them (the *Principle*, and *Object* I mean) being *ſupernatural*, neither of them *contra-natural*. For there is a *double modeſty* in *Reaſon* very remarkable. As it does not *multa aſſerere*, ſo it does not *multa negare*; as it takes very few things for *certain*, ſo it concludes very few for *impoſſible*. Nay, *Reaſon*, though ſhe will not *put out* her *eye*, for that's *unnatural*; yet ſhe will *cloſe* her *eye* ſometimes, that *faith* may *aime* the *better*, and that's *commendable*. And *Faith* makes

Reaſon

Reaſon abundant *compenſation* for this, for, as a learned *Author* of our own, and a great *Patron* both of *Faith*, and *Reaſon*, does notably expreſs it; *Faith is a ſupply of Reaſon in things Intelligible, as the Imagination is of Light in things Viſible.* The *Imagination*, with her *witty*, and *laborious Penſil*, *draws*, and *repreſents* the *Shapes*, *Proportions*, and *Diſtances* of *Perſons*, and *Places*; taking them onely by the help of ſome *imperfect Deſcription*, and tis fain to ſtay here, till it be better ſatisfied with the *very ſight* of the things *themſelves*. Thus *Faith* takes things upon an *heavenly repreſentation*, and *deſcription*, upon a *Word*, upon a *Promiſe*, it ſees an *heavenly Canaan* in the *Map* before an *Intellectual Eye* can behold it in a way of *clear*, and *open Viſion*; for men are not here capable of a *preſent Heaven*, and happineſs of a *compleat*, and *beatifical Viſion*; and therefore they are not capable of ſuch *Myſteries* in their full *ſplendour*, and *brightneſſe*; for they would make it, if they were thus *unfolded*: but they now *flouriſh* onely in the *Latices*, as *Chriſt* himſelf, the *Head* of theſe *Myſteries*; they do κατὰ τὸ ἡμῖν, they put a *veil* upon their *face*, out of *pure favour*, and *indulgence* to an *Intellectual Eye*, leſt it ſhould be too much *overcome* with their *glory*. The *veils* of the *Law* were *veils* of *obſcurity*; but the *veils* of the *Goſpel* are onely to *allay* the *brightneſſe* of it. Tis *honour* enough for a *Chriſtian*, if he can but *touch* the *hem* of *Evangelical Myſteries*: for he will never ſee a *full Commentary* upon the *Goſpel*, till he can behold the *naked face* of his God. Yet the *knowledge*, which he hath of him here, *imperfecta cognitio rerum nobiliſſimarum*, tis moſt *pleaſant*, and *delicious*. Tis better to know a little of *God*, and *Chriſt*; then to ſee all the *Creatures* in their full *beauty*, and *perfection*. The *gleanings* of *Spirituals* is better, then the *vintage* of *Naturals*, and *Morals*. The *leaſt ſpangle* of *Happineſſe* is better, then a *Globe* of *Temporals*. This ſets a *gloſs*, and *luſtre* upon *Chriſtian Religion*, and highly *commends* the *purity*, and *perfection* of it, above all other whatſoever, in that it hath τὸ καθ' ὑπερβολὴν θεῖον. *Chriſt* tries all his *followers* by his own *Sun-beams*. Whereas the *dull*, and *creeping Religion* of *Mahomet* has nothing at all *above Nature*, and *Reaſon*; though it may have many things againſt *both*. No need of *faith* there, there are no *Myſteries* in his *Alcoran*; unleſs of *deceit*, and *iniquity*. Nothing at all; *niſi quod de facili, à quolibet mediocriter ſapiente, naturali ingenio cognoſci poteſt*;

as that *ſolid Author* very well obſerves. And therefore that *ſtupid impoſtour* did not *ſeal* his *Words* with any *Miracles*; for there was not one *ſuper-natural Truth* to be *ſealed*, nor could he have *ſealed* it, if it had been there: but onely he *proſecutes* it with a *Sword*. *Mahomet's Loadſtone* does not *draw* Men; but his *ſword*, that *conquers* them: he *draws* his *ſword*, he bids them *deliver up* their *Souls*, and tells them, that upon *this condition* he will ſpare their *Lives*. *Signa illa, quæ Tyrannis, & Latronibus non deſunt*; as he ſpeaks notably. But the very *Principles* of *Chriſtian Religion* are *attractive*, and *Magnetical*; they *enamour*, and *command*; they *overpower* the *Underſtanding*, and make it *glad* to look upon ſuch *Myſterious Truths*, as are reflected in a *Glaſs*; becauſe it is *unable* to behold them πρόσωπον πρὸς πρόσωπον. This ſpeaks the great preeminence of Mount *Sion* above Mount *Sina*. In the *Law* you have the *Candle of the Lord* ſhining; in the *Goſpel* you have the *Day-ſpring* from *on high*, the *Sun ariſing*. *Nature*, and *Reaſon triumph* in the *Law*; *Grace*, and *Faith flower out* in the *Goſpell*. By virtue of this *wiſe*, and *free diſpenſation*, *weak* ones chiefly receive the *Goſpel*: for they are as well *able* to *believe*, as any *others*; nay, they are *apter* to believe, then *others*. If it had gone onely by the *advancement* of *Intellectuals*, by the *hightnings*, and *clariſyings* of *Reaſon*; who then would have been *ſaved*, but the *Grandees* of the World, the *Scribes*, the *Phariſees*, the *Philoſophers*, the *Diſputers*? But *God* has fram'd a way, that *confounds* thoſe *Heads* of the *World*, and drops *Happineſſe* into the *mouths* of *Babes*. There are ſome *Underſtandings*, that neither *ſpin*, nor *toil*; and yet *Solomon*, in all his *wiſdom*, and *glory*, was not *cloathed like one of theſe*: for this *way* of *Faith*, 'tis a more *brief*, and *compendious* way. *Longum iter per Rationem*; *breve per Fidem*. Very *few* Underſtandings, much leſs *all*, can *demonſtrate* all, that is *demonſtrable*: but, if *Men* have a power of *believing*, they may preſently *aſſent* to all, that's *true*, and *certain*. That, which *Reaſon* would have been *ſweating* for this *many a year*, *Faith* ſups up the *quinteſſence* of in a *moment*. *All men* in the world have not *equal abilities*, *opportunities*, *advantages* of *improving* their *Reaſon*, even in things *Natural*, and *Moral*: ſo that *Reaſon* it ſelf tells us, that theſe are in ſome meaſure *neceſsitated* to *believe* others. How many are there, that can't *meaſure* the *juſt magnitude*

magnitude of a *Star*; yet, if they will believe an *Astronomer*, they may *know* it presently: and if they be sure, that this *Mathematician* hath *skill* enough, and will speak nothing but *Truth*, they cannot then have the *least shadow* of *Reason* to *dis-believe* him. 'Tis thus in *Spirituals*: such is the *weaknesse* of *Humane Understanding pro hoc statu*, as that they are *necessitated* to *believing* here; yet such is its *happinesse*, that it hath one to *instruct* it, who can neither *deceive*, nor be *deceived*. God hath chosen this way of *Faith*, that he may *stain* the *pride*, and *glory* of *Man*, that he may *pose* his *Intellectuals*, that God may *maintain* in Man *great apprehensions of himself*, of his own *Incomprehensibleness*, of his own *Truth*, of his own *Revelations*; as that he may keep a *Creature* in a *posture* of *dependency*, so as to *give up* his *Understanding*, so as to be *disposed*, and *regulated* by him. And if a *Cherubim* be ambitious of stooping, if an *Angelical Understanding* do so earnestly παρακύψαι, me thinks then the *Sons of men* might *fall down* at the *beautiful feet* of *Evangelical Mysteries*, with that *humble* acknowledgment, *Non sum dignus solvere corrigiam hujus Mysterii*. Onely let thy *faith* triumph *here*, for it shall not triumph *hereafter*: let it *shine* in *time*; for it must *vanish* in *eternity*. You see then, that *Reason* is no *enemy* to *Faith*: for all, that has been said of *faith*, it has been fetch'd out of *Reason*. You see there are *mutual embraces* 'twixt the *Law*, and the *Gospel*: *Nature*, and *Grace* may *meet together*; *Reason*, and *Faith* have *kissed each other*.

CHAP. XVII:

The Light of Reaſon *is a pleaſant Light.*

TIs *Lumen jucundum.* All *Light* is *pleaſant*, tis the very *ſmile* of *Nature*, the *gloſs* of the *World*, the *varniſh* of the *Creation*, a *bright Paraphraſe* upon *Bodies*. Whether it diſcover it ſelf in the *modeſty* of a *morning* Bluſh, and open its *fair*, and *Virgin-Eye-lids* in the *dawning* of the *day*; or whether it *dart out* more vigorous, & *ſprightful beams*, ſhining out in its *noon-day-glory*; whether it *ſport*, and *twinkle* in a *Star*; or *blaze*, and *glare* out in a *Comet*; or *friſk*, and *dance* in a *Jewel*; or *diſſemble*, and play the *Hypocrite* in a *Glow-worm*; or *Epitomize*, and *abbreviate* it ſelf in a *Spark*; or ſhew its *Zeal*, and the *ruddineſſe* of its *Complexion*, in the *yolk* of the *fire*; or grow more *pale*, pining, and *conſuming* away in a *Candle*: however tis pleaſ'd to *manifeſt* it ſelf, it carries a *commanding luſtre* in its *face*; though ſometimes indeed it be *veil'd*, and *ſhadowed*; ſometimes tis *clouded*, and *impriſon'd*, ſometimes tis *ſoyl'd*, and *diſcolour'd*. Who will not ſalute ſo *lovely* a *beauty* with a χαῖρε φῶς, *Welcome* thou *firſt-born* of *Corporeal Beings*; thou *Lady*, and *Queen* of *Senſitive Beauties*; thou *clarifier*, and *refiner* of the *Chaos*, thou *unſpotted Beauty* of the *Univerſe*: let him be *condemn'd* to a *perpetual night*, to a *fatal diſconſolate Grave*, that is not *enamour'd* with thy *Brightneſſe*. Is it not a pleaſant thing to behold a *Sun?* nay, to behold but a *Candle*, a *deputed Light?* a *vicarious Light*, the *Ape* of a *Sun-beam?* Yet there are ſome *ſuperſtitious* Ones, that are ready to *adore* it. How *devoutly* do they *complement* with a *Candle*, at the *firſt approach*? How do they *put off* the *Hat* to it, as if, with the *Satyr*, they meant to *kiſs* it. You ſee how *pleaſant* the *Light* is to them. Nay, that *learned Knight*, in his Diſcourſe *Of Bodies*, tells us of one *totally blind*, who yet knew when a *Candle* came into the *room*, onely by the *quickening*, and *reviving* of his *Spirits*. Yet this *Corporeal Light*, 'tis but a *Shadow*, tis but a *black Spot* to ſet off the *fairneſſe* of *Intellectual Brightneſſe*.

Brightneſſe. How pleaſant is it to behold an *Intellectual Sun?* Nay, to behold but the *Candle of the Lord?* How *pleaſant* is this *Lamp* of *Reaſon.* Πᾶν ευφυὲς ἡδύ. All the *Motions,* and *Operations* of *Nature* are *mix'd,* and *ſeaſon'd* with *ſweetneſſe.* Every *Entity,* tis *ſugared* with ſome *delight.* Every *Being,* tis *roll'd up* in ſome *Pleaſure.* How does the *Inanimate* Being *claſp,* and *embrace* its *Centre,* and *reſt* there, as in the *Boſome* of *Delight?* How *flouriſhing* is the *pleaſure* of *Vegetatives?* Look but upon the *beauty,* and *pleaſure* of a *Flower.* Behold the *Lilies* of the *Valleys,* and the *Roſe* of *Sharon: Solomon* in all his *Pleaſure,* was not *cloathed like one of theſe.* Go then to *Senſitive Creatures,* and there you meet with *pleaſures* in a greater *height,* and *exaltation.* How are all the *Individua* amongſt them maintained by *acts* of *Pleaſure?* How are they all *propagated* by *acts* of *Pleaſure?* Some of them are more *merry,* and *chearful,* then the *reſt.* How *pleaſant,* and jocund is the *Bird?* How *Muſical* is it? How does it *ſing* for *joy?* Did you never ſee the *Fiſh* playing in its *Element?* Did you never ſee it caught with a *bait,* of *Pleaſure?* Does not *Leviathan* ſport in the *Sea,* and *dally* with the *Waves?* If you look up higher to *Rational Beings,* to the *ſons of Men,* you'll find there a *more ſingular,* and *peculiar* kind of *Pleaſure:* whileſt they have both a *Taſt* of *Senſitive Delight,* and a *participation* of *Intellectual.* The *Soul,* and *Body* enjoying a *chaſt,* and *conjugal Love:* the *pleaſure* of the *Soul* is more *vigorous,* and *maſculine;* that of the *Body* more *ſoft,* and *effeminate* The *nobler* any *Being* is, the *purer* pleaſure it hath *proportion'd* to it. *Senſitive* pleaſure, it hath more of *Dregs: Intellectual* pleaſure, it hath more of *Quinteſſence.* If *pleaſure* were to be meaſured by *Corporeal Senſes,* the *Brutes,* that are more *exquiſite* in *Senſe,* then *Men* are, would, by virtue of that, have a *choicer portion* of *Happineſſe,* then *Men* can arrive to, and would make a *better* Sect of *Epicureans,* then *Men* are ever like to do. But therefore *Nature* hath very *wiſely provided,* that the *Pleaſure* of *Reaſon* ſhould be *above* any *pleaſure* of *Senſe;* as much, and far *more,* then the *pleaſure* of the *Bee* is above the *pleaſure* of the *Swine.* Have you not ſeen a *Bee* make a *Trade* of *pleaſure,* and, like a *little* Epicure, *faring deliciouſly every day;* whileſt it lies at the *breaſt* of a *flower,* drawing, and *ſucking* out the *pureſt ſweetneſs?* and, becauſe 'twill have *variety* of *Diſhes,* and

Daintits,

Dainties, it goes from *flower* to *flower*, and *feaſts* upon them all with a *pure*, and *ſpotleſſe pleaſure*: when as the *Swine*, in the mean time *tumbles*, and *wallows*, in the *mire*, *rolling* it ſelf in *dirt*, and *filthineſſe*. An *Intellectual Bee*, that *deflowers* moſt *elegant Authours*; a *learned Epicure*, that *ſups up* more *Orient Pearls*, then ever *Cleopatra* did; one, that *delights* in the *embraces* of *Truth*, and *Goodneſſe*, hath he not a *more refin'd*, and *clarified Pleaſure*, then a wanton *Corinthian*, that courts *Laïs*; then a *ſoft Sardanapalus* ſpinning amongſt his *Courtizans*; then a *plump Anacreon*, in *ſinging*, and *dancing*, and *quaffing*, and *laſcivious Playing*? Τῶν ἡδέων τὰς σωματικὰς δι' ἀφειμένοι, ἢ φιλόπονοι τῇ χαίρειν τῆς ψυχῆς δι' ἐπιβολῆ, ἢ μίγνυσθαι & ἐναφανίζεσθαι, ἢ καταβαπτίζεσθαι· as the *elegant Moraliſt* hath it: And 'tis as if he had ſaid, The *delights* of a *ſtudious*, and *contemplative Athenian*, or of a *couragious*, and *active Lacedemonian*, are infinitely to be *preferr'd* before the *pleaſure* of a *delicate Sybarite*, or a *diſſolved Perſian*. The *delight* of a *Philoſopher* does infinitely *ſurpaſs* the *pleaſure* of a *Courtier*. The *choiceſt pleaſure* is nothing, but the *Efflorescentia Veri, & Boni*; there can be no *greater pleaſure*, then of an *Underſtanding* embracing a moſt *clear Truth*, and of a *Will* complying with its *faireſt Good*. This is ἐν τοῦτῳ χαίρειν, as the *Greeks* call it; or, as the *Latines*, *In ſinu gaudere*. All *Pleaſure* conſiſting in that *Harmonious Conformity*, and *Correſpondency*, that a *Faculty* hath with its *Object*, 'twill neceſſarily *flow* from this, that the *better*, and *nobler* any *Object* is, the *purer*, and *ſtronger* any *Faculty* is; the *nearer*, and *ſweeter* the *Union* is between them, the *choicer* muſt be the *Pleaſure*, that ariſeth from thence. Now *Intellectual Beings* have the braveſt *Object*, the *higheſt*, and moſt *generous Faculties*, the ſtricteſt *Love-knot*, and *Union*; and ſo can't want a *Pleaſure* anſwerable to all this. *Epicurus* himſelf (as that known *Writer* of the *Philoſophers Lives*, who himſelf alſo was a *favourer*, and *follower* of the *Epicurean Sect*, does repreſent him) that *grand Maſter* of *Pleaſure*, though ſometimes he ſeem to *ſteep* all *Pleaſure* in *Senſe*, yet, upon more *digeſted thoughts*, he is pleaſed to tell us, that the *ſupreme delight* is *ſtor'd*, and *treaſur'd up* in *Intellectuals*. Sometimes indeed he breaks out into ſuch *diſſolute* words, as theſe, Οὐκ οἶδα ἔγωγε νοῦσον, ἀγαθὸν ἀφαιρῶν αὐτὸν τὰς διὰ χυλῶν ἡδονὰς, καὶ τὰς ἀφροδισίων, καὶ τὰς διὰ μορφῶν. *I know no pleaſure*, ſaith he, *if you take away the Bribes, and Flatteries of Luſt*,

Lust, the enticings, and blandishings of Sense, the Graces, and Elegancies of Musick, the Kisses, and Embraces of Venus. But afterwards he is in a far different, and more *sober strain*, and seems to drop a *Pearl*, though his *Auditours* prov'd *Swine*; his words were these, Οὐ τὰς τῶν ἀσώτων ἡδονὰς, καὶ τὰς ἐν ἀπολαύσει κειμένας, *I mean not* (saies he) *the pleasures of a Prodigal, or those, that are situated in a carnal fruition*; ἀλλὰ νήφων λογισμοὺς, καὶ τὸ μέγιστον ἀγαθὸν πρόνοιαν· *I intend a rational pleasure, a prudential kind of pleasure:* which makes him lay down this for an *Axiome*, Οὐκ ἔστιν ἡδέως ζῆν ἄνευ τοῦ φρονίμως, καὶ καλῶς, that is, *There can be no pleasure, unlesse it be dipp'd in goodness, it must come bubbling from a fountain of Reason, and must stream out virtuous expressions, and manifestations.* And whereas other in their *Salutations* were wont to write Χαίρειν, he always writ Εὐπράττειν. But that *ingenuous Moralist*, whom I mentioned before, who could easily *spy out* the mind of *Epicurus*, and who was of greater *candour*, and *fairnesse*, then to wrong his *Opinion*, doth yet so far lay it *open*, and *naked* to the World, as that he notably *detects* the *follies*, and *vanities* of that *voluptuous Philosopher* in that *golden Tractate* of his, which he entitles, Οὐκ ἔστιν ἡδέως ζῆν κατ' Ἐπίκουρον, *Non potest suaviter vivere secundùm* Epicuri *decreta*; where he shews that this *jolly Philosopher* makes the *Body* onely the *proper Centre* of *Pleasure*; and, when he tells you, that the *Mind* hath a more *rarefied delight*, he means no more, then this, that the *Mind* perceives the *pleasure* of *Sense* better then the *Sense* does, which makes the forementioned *Authour* pass this *witty Censure* upon them, Τὴν ἡδονὴν, καθάπερ οἶνον ἐκ τοῦ πονηροῦ ἀγγείου, διαχέοντες· they pour no *pleasure* upon the *Soul*, but that which comes out of the *impure*, and *musty vessel* of the *Body*. The whole *sum* of *Epicurus* his *Ethicks*, which he stiles his *Canonical Philosophy*, is this, Τὴν ἡδονὴν, ἀρχὴν, καὶ τέλος λέγομεν τοῦ μακαρίως ζῆν, that *Pleasure* was the *Alpha*, and *Omega* of all *Happiness*. To this purpose he wrote a *multitude* of *Books*, and scattered them like so many of his *Atomes*, and the *greedy Appetite* of his *licentious followers* was easily caught with these *baits* of *Pleasure*; which made his *Opinions* to be stiled *meretricia dogmata*, that *curl'd* their *Locks*, that *painted* their *Faces*, that *open'd* their *naked Breasts*, that *cloath'd* themselves in *soft*, and *silken apparrel*, to see if they could thus entice the *World*; they were δογματικαὶ Σειρῆνες, that with a *melting*, and *delicate voice*, did

did endeavour to *ſoften*, and *win upon* the *Hearts* of men as much as they could; the *quinteſſence* of all his *Doctrine* was this,

—*Dux vitæ dia Voluptas*;

as *Lucretius*, the *Epicurean* Poet, ſings. The practice of that *frolick* Profeſſour of *Pleaſure* did ſufficiently explain, and *comment* upon his *Mind*. His *dwelling* was in a *Garden*, a fit place to *crown* with Roſe-*buds*, ῥόδων κορυδὰς, to *crop* the *tops* of *Pleaſure*, to let no *flower* of the Spring paſſe *untouch'd* of him; here he was *furniſh'd* with all his *voluptuous accommodations*, and he might *ſpread* like a *green*, and *flouriſhing Bay-tree*. But, amongſt all his *pleaſure*, me thinks, none ſhould *envie* that (which yet the *Writer* of his *Life* is pleaſed to obſerve) that he was wont δὶς ἡμέρας ἐμεῖν ἀπὸ τροφῆς, to *vomit* twice a day conſtantly after *meals*, by virtue of his *exceſſive luxury*. O rare *Philoſopher*! that *Head* of a *vomiting Sect*, that lick'd up his, and their own *filthineſſe*. Is this the *work* of an *Athenian*? is this his mixing of *Virtue* with *Pleaſure*? will he call this ζῆν ἡδέως· ſure he will not call this ζῆν σωφρόνως· yet his *death* was very *conformable* to his *Life*; for he expir'd with a *cup* of *Wine* at his *mouth*: which puts me in mind of the *end* of the other *carouſing Epicure*, that merry *Greek*, *Anacreon*, who by a moſt *emphatical Tautopathy* was choak'd with the *huſk* and *kernel* of a *Grape*. So ſoon does the *pleaſure* of an *Epicure* wither, ſo ſoon are his *Reſolves blaſted*, he *eats*, and *drinks*, and dies before to morrow. Αἱ ἡδοναὶ καθάπερ αὔραι, &c. they ſeem to *refreſh*, and *fan* the *Soul* with a *gentle breath*; but they are not *certain*, nor *durable*. Thoſe *corporeal delights* (as that florid *Moraliſt*, *Plutarch*, tells us) ἐξαλλὰ ἅμα, καὶ σβέσιν ἐν σαρκὶ λαμβάνουσιν· like ſo many *ſparks*, they make a *crack*, and *vaniſh*; like ſome *extemporary Meteors*, they give a *bright*, and *ſudden coruſcation*, and *diſappear* immediately. The *pleaſures* of *Taſte* are but *in fine palati*; as that famous *Epicure*, *Lucretius*, tells us. Whereas *intellectual joy* ſhines with a *fix'd*, and *undecaying brightneſſe*, and though theſe ἡδοναὶ ἔξω ἐγγενόμεναι (as *Plato* calls them elegantly) theſe *outward pictures* of *Pleaſure*, though they loſe their *gloſs*, and *colour*; yet the *inward face* of *Delight* maintains its *original*, and *primitive Beauty*. *Senſitive Pleaſure* is *limited*, and *contracted* to the *narrow point* of a νῦν· for *Senſe* hath no *delight*, but by the *enjoyment* of a *preſent Object*, when as *intellectual Pleaſure*

is

is not at all restrained by any *temporal conditions*; but can suck *Sweetnesse* out of time *past*, *present*, and *to come*: the *Mind* does not onely drink *pleasure* out of *present Fountains*; but it can *tast* those *streams* of *Delight*, that are run away long ago, and can quench its *Thirst* with those *streams*, which as yet run under *ground*. For does not *Memory* (which therefore *Plato* calls αἰσθήσεων σωτηρία) does it not *reprint*, and *repeat* former *pleasure?* and what's *Hope*, put *pleasure* in the *bud?* does it not *antedate*, and prepossess future *delight?* Nay, by virtue of an *intellectual percolation*, the *Waters* of *Marah*, and *Meribah* will become sweet, and *delicious*. The *mind* can extract *honey* out of the *bitterest Object*, when tis past, how else can you construe it.

—*Hæc olim meminisse juvabit?*

Corporeal pleasure, tis but *drossie*, and *impure*, the *Wine*, tis *dash'd* with *Water*, there is a γλυκυπικρότης (as *Plato* in his *Philebus*, that *Book* of *Pleasure*, doth very *plainly*, and *fully* explain it) and the instance, that there *Socrates* gives, is a *quenching* of *Thirst*, where there's a very *intimate connexion* betwixt *vexation*, and *satisfaction*. Tell me, you, that *crown* your selves with *Rose-buds*, do you not at the same time *crown* your selves with *Thorns?* for they are the *companions* of *Rose-buds*. But *intellectual pleasure*, tis ἄλυπος, ἀπαθὴς, εἰλικρινὴς, *clear*, and *chrystalline joy*, there's no *mud* in it, no *feculency* at all. Men are *asham'd* of some *corporeal pleasures*: the *crown* of *Roses*, tis but a *blushing* crown: but who ere *blush'd* at *intellectual Delights?* *Epicurus* his Philosophy was very well term'd νυκτερίνη φιλοσοφία, 'twas afraid to come to the *light*, whereas *intellectual* pleasure need not fear the *light*, or the *Sun-shine*. Men *faint*, and *languish* with *sensitive* pleasures.

Membra voluptatis dum vi labefacta liquescunt,

as *Lucretius* himself upon much experience acknowledges.

Lassata viris, nondum satiata,

as the *Satyrist* speaks of the *eminent Wanton*. Nay, such is the *state*, and *temper* of the *Body*, σώματος φαυλότης, καὶ ἀφορία, as that it will better endure *extream grief*, then *excessive* pleasure. Did you ne're hear of the *soft Sybarist*, who complain'd in the *morning* of his *weariness*, and of his *pimples*, when he had lien all *night* onely upon a *bed* of *Roses*: but who ever was tir'd with *Intellectual* pleasure? who ever was *weary* of an *inward complacency?* or who e're surfeited of *rational joy?* O-

ther *pleasures* ingratiate themselves by intermission. *Voluptates commendat rarior usus*; whereas all *Intellectuals heighten*, and *advance* themselves by frequent, and *constant operations*. Other Pleasures do but *emasculate*, and *dispirit* the *Soul*; they do not at all *fill* it, and *satisfie* it. *Epicurus* may *fill* his with one of his *Atomes*, as well, as with one of his *Pleasures*. Whereas *rational* Pleasure fills the *Soul* to the *Brim*; it *oyls* the very *Members* of the *Body*, making them more *free*, and *chearful*. Nay, *speculative delight* will make *abundant compensation* for the want of *sensitive*, 'twill turn a *Wildernesse* into a *Paradise*. Tis like you have read of the *Philosopher*, that put out his *Eyes*, that he might be the more intent upon his *Study*; he *shuts* his *Windows*, that the *Candle* might shine more *clearly* within: and, though he be rather to be *wondred* at, then to be *followed*, or *commended*, yet he did proclaim thus much by this *Act* of his, that he preferred one *beam* of *Intellectual Light* before the *whole glory* of this *corporeal World*. How have some been *enamoured* with the Pleasure of *Mathematicks*? When, says *Plutarch*, did any *Epicure* cry out Βέβρωκα, with so much *Joy*, as *Archimedes* did Εὕρηκα? How have some *Astronomers* built their *Nests* in the *Stars*? and have scorn'd to let any *Sublunary* Pleasures rend their *thoughts* from such *goodly Speculations*? The *worst* of men in the mean time *glut* themselves with *Sensitive* Pleasure. Χαίρουσιν οἱ ἄφρονες, καὶ οἱ δειλοὶ καὶ οἱ κακοί· as he in *Plato* speaks. *Apollo* laughs but *once* in a *Year*; when as a *Fool* laughs *all the year long*. And tis a great deal more consonant to *sound Philosophy*, that *Rationality* should be the *Spring* of *inward* Pleasure, then of *outward* Risibility. Amongst all *mental* operations *reflex Acts* tast *Pleasure* best: for without some *self-reflexion* men cannot tell whether they *rejoyce*, or no; now these *Acts* are the most *distant*, and *remote* from *Sense*, and are the *highest Advancements* of *Reason*. *True* Pleasure, tis *res severa* (as the *grave Moralist*, *Seneca*, speaks) and 'tis *in profundo*, where *Truth*, and *Goodnesse*, those *twin-fountains* of Pleasure, are. *Sensitive* Pleasure makes more *noyse*, and *crackling*; when as *mental*, and *noetical Delight*, like the *touches* of the *Lute*, make the *sweetest*, and yet the *stillest*, and softest *Musick* of all. *Intellectual Vexations* have most *sting* in them; why then should not *Intellectual delights* have most *honey* in them? *Sensitive* pleasure, 'tis very *costly*, there must be χρηγία πολυτελεῖς,

much

much preparation, and *attendance*, much *plenty*, and *variety*.

Parcentes ego dexteras
Odis: Sparge Rosas.

'Tis too *dear* for every one to be an *Epicure*, tis a very *chargeable* Philosophy to put in *practice*, whereas *Rational delight* freely, and equally *diffuses* it self, you need not *pay* any thing for *fountain-pleasure*, the *mind* it self proves a *Canaan*, that *flows* with *milk*, and *honey*: other Pleasure a *sick* man cannot *relish*, an *old* man cannot *embrace* it. *Barzillai* saies, hee's too *old* to *taste* the *pleasures* of the *Court*. A *Crown* of *Rose-buds* does not at all become the *gray Head*. But this *Noetical* pleasure, 'tis a *delight* fit for a *Senatour*, for a *Cato*, tis an *undecaying*, a *growing pleasure*, tis the *only* pleasure upon the *bed* of *Sickness*. The *mind* of him, that has the *Gown*, may *dance*. Tis the *staff* for *Old age* to *lean* upon; these are the *rose in hyeme*, the *delights* of *Old age*, how much is the Pleasure of a *wise Nestor* above the Pleasure of a *wanton Menelaus*? The more *rational*, and *spiritual* any *Being* is, the *larger capacity* it has of Pleasure. Νῦς δὲ βιοτήν ἰθύνει καὶ γῆς, saith *Plato*: and, in a commendable sense, it does *Terram coelo miscere*, and *extract* what *Sweetness* it can out of *both*. The *purer Arts*, the *nobler Sciences* have most *pleasure* annex'd to them; when as *Mechanical Arts* are more *sordid*, and *contemptible*, being conversant about *Sensitive*, and *corporeal Objects*. *Seeing*, and *Hearing* are the most *pleasurable* Senses; because they receive their *Objects* in a more *Spiritual*, and *intentional* manner, and are deservedly stil'd, by the *Naturalist*, *Sensus jucunditatis*. Other *Senses* are more *practical*, but these are more *contemplative*. Φάσθαι γὰρ ὁρᾶσθαι, καὶ ἀκούσματα ἡδέα· as *Aristotle* tells us: for these are the *Sensus disciplinæ*, they are the Αὐτηγενοι *mentis*, they contribute most to *Reason*. The more any *Object* is *spiritualized*, the more *delightful* it is, there's much *delight* in the *tragical representation* of those things, which in *reality* would be *sights* full of *amazement*, and *horrour*. The *ticklings* of *Fancy* are more *delightful*, then the *touches* of *Sense*. How does *Poetry* insinuate, and *turn about* the *minds* of Men? *Anacreon* might take more *delight* in one of his *Odes*, then in one of his *Cups*. *Catullus* might easily find more *Sweetness* in one of his *Epigrams*, then in the *lips* of *Lesbia*. *Sappho* might take more *complacency* in one of her *Verses*, then in her *Practices*.

The *nearer* any thing comes to *mental joy*, the *purer*, and *choicer* it is. Tis the *Observation* not onely of *Aristotle*, but of every one almost, Ἔνια καὶ τέρπει καινὰ ὄντα. Some things *delight* meerly because of their *novelty*, and that surely upon this account; because the *minde*, which is the *spring* of *joy*, is more *fix'd*, and *intense* upon such things. The *Rose-bud* thus pleases more, then the *blown Rose*. This *Noetical* pleasure doth quietly *possesse*, and *satiate* the *Soul*, and gives a *compos'd*, and *Sabbatical rest*. So that, as the forementioned *Philosopher* has it, Χαίροντες σφόδρα ἢ πάνυ δρῶσιν ἕτερον. Men, that are took up with *intellectual joy*, trample upon all other *inferiour objects*. See this in *Angelical pleasure*; those *Courtiers* of *Heaven*, much different from those on *earth*, neither *eat*, nor *drink*, nor come near, nor desire to come near any *carnal pleasures*. The *painted*, and *feigned Heaven* of a *Mahomet* would prove a *real Hell* to an *Angel*, or *glorified Saint*. He plants a *Fools Paradise* of his own, there are *Trees* of his own *setting*, and *watering*, the *fat*, and *juicy Olive*, the *wanton*, and *sequacious Ivy*, and though he would not allow them *Vines* on *earth* (such was his great *love* of *Sobriety*) yet he reserves them for *Heaven*. What means that *Sensual*, and *sottish Impostour*, to give *notice* of *Heaven* by an *Ivy-bush*? Does he think, that *Goats*, and *Swine*, that *Mahomets* must enter into the *new Jerusalem*? This is just such a *pleasure*, and happinesse, as the *Poets*, that *loose*, and *licentious* Generation, *fancied*, and *carved* out, as most agreeable to their *Deities*. They poor them out *Nectar*, they spread them a *Table*, they *dish* out *Ambrosia* for them, they allow them an *Hebe*, or a *Ganymede* to wait upon them, and do plainly *transform* them to worse then *Sensitive Beings*: such is the *froth* of some *vain Imaginations*; such is the *sum* of some obscene *Fancies*, that dare go about to *create* an *Epicurean Deity*, conformable to their own *lust*, and *vile affections*. Judge in your selves, are these *pleasures* fit for a *Supreme Being*? is there not a *softer joy*? is there not a more *downy happines* for a *spiritual being* to lay its *head* upon that *Conquerour* of the *world* had far *wiser*, and more *sober thoughts*, when he distinguish'd himself from a *Deity* by his *sleep*, and *lust*. And I begin to admire the *just* indignation of *Plato*, who (though neither he himself, unlesse he be mis-reported, could content himself with *intellectual* pleasure, no nor yet with *natural*, yet he) would *banish* from the *Idea* of his *Common wealth*

mon-wealth all ſuch *ſcandalous*, and *abominable Poetry*, as durſt caſt ſuch *unworthy*, and *diſhonourable aſperſions* upon a *Deity*, and make their *God* as bad as themſelves; as if they were to draw a *Picture* of him by their *own faces*, and *complexions*. Yet as all other *perfections*, ſo the *perfection* of all *true*, and *real pleaſure*, is enjoyed by God himſelf in a moſt ſpiritual, and *tranſcendent* manner. That which is *Honour* with men, is *Glory* with him; that, which we call *Riches*, is in him his own *Excellency*. His *Creatures*, which are very properly (as the Philoſopher ſtiled *Riches*) τῶν θεοῦ ὀργάνων, all *ſerviceable*, and *inſtrumental* to him: and ſo that, which amongſt men is accounted *pleaſure*, is with him that *infinite ſatisfaction*, which he takes in his *own Eſſence*, and in his *own operations*. His *glorious decrees*, and *contrivances*, they are all richly pregnant with *joy*, and *ſweetneſſe*. Every *providential diſpenſation* is an act of *choiceſt pleaſure*. The Making of all *Beings*, nay, of all *Irregularities*, contribute to his own *glory*, muſt needs be an act of ſupreme, and *ſovereign delight*. The *laughing his enemies to ſcorn*, tis a pleaſure fit for *infinite juſtice*; the *ſmiling* upon his *Church*, the *favouring*, and *countenancing* of his *People*, tis a pleaſure fit for *Mercy*, and *Goodneſſe*. *Miracles* are the *pleaſure* of his *Omnipotency*. *Varieties* are the *delight* of his *Wiſdom*. *Creation* was an act of *Pleaſure*, & it muſt needs *delight* him to behold ſo much of his own *workmanſhip*, ſo many *Pictures* of his own *drawing*. *Redemption* was an *expreſſion* of that *ſingular delight*, and pleaſure, which he took in the *Sons of men*. Such *heaps* of *pleaſures*, as theſe are, never enter'd into the *mind* of an *Epicurus*, nor any of his *grunting Sect*, who very near border upon *Atheiſm*, and will upon no other *terms*, and *condition*, grant a *Deity*, unleſſe they may have one of their *own modelling*, and *contriving*; that is, ſuch a *Being*, as is wholly *immers'd* in pleaſure, and that *ſuch* a pleaſure, as they muſt be *Judges* of; a *Being*, that did neither *make* the *World*, nor takes any *care* of it, for that they think would be *too much trouble* to him, *too great* a *burden* for a *Deity*, 'twould *hinder* his pleaſure too much. May they not a great deal better tell the *Sun*, that its *too much trouble* for it to *enlighten the World*; may they not better tell a *Fountain*, that its *too much pains* for it to *ſpend* it ſelf in ſuch *liberal eruptions*, in ſuch *fluent communications*? Or, ſhall *Natural Agents* act with delight *ad extremum virium*, and ſhall not an *infinite*, and a

free

free, and a *rational Agent* choose such *operations*, as are most *delightful* to him? Would not *Epicurus* himself *choose* his *own* Pleasure? and will he not allow a *Deity* the same *priviledge?* will he offer to set *limits* to a *Being*, which he himself acknowledges to be *above* him? must he *stint*, and prescribe the *pleasures* of a God? and *measure out* the *delights* of the *first Being*? Who should think, that an *Athenian*, that a *Philosopher* could thus far *dim* the *Candle of the Lord?* and could entertain such a *prodigious thought* as this, that the *Sun* it self is maintain'd with the same *Oyl*, as his decayed, and *corrupted Lamp* is? That gallant *Moralist*, *Plutarch*, does most notably lay the *Ax* to the *root* of this *abominable Error*; for, saith he, If *Epicurus* should grant a *God* in his *full perfections*, he must change his *life* presently, he must be a *Swine* no longer, he must *uncrown* his *rosy head*, and must give that *practical obedience* to the *dictates* of a *God*, which other *Philosophers* are wont to do; whereas he looks upon this as his *fairest Rose-bud*, as the most *beautiful Flower* in his *garden* of *Pleasure*, that there's no *Providence* to *check* him, or bridle him; that he is not so *subject*, or subordinate, as to stand in *awe* of a *Deity*. But that *brave Authour* (whom I commended before) shews the *inconsistency* of this *Tenent* with true, and *solid Pleasure*. For grant, O *Epicure*, that thou do'st not care for a *Deity* in a *calm*, yet what wilt thou do in a *storm?* when the *North-wind* blows upon thy *Garden*, and when the *Frost* nips thy *tender Grapes?* Thou dost not *care* for him in the *Spring*; but wouldst thou not be glad of him in the *Winter?* Will it be a *Pleasure* then, that thou hast none to *help* thee? none to *guide* thee? none to *protect* thee? Suppose a *Ship* ready to be *split* upon a *Rock*, or to be *soop'd* up of a *Wave*: would this then be a *comfort*, and *encouragement* to it, or would it take pleasure in this, μήτε τινα κυβερνήτην ἔχειν, μήτε τοὺς Διοσκύρους, that it has no *Pilote* to direct it, it has no *tutelar Deities* to mind the *welfare* of it; but it must *rush on*, as well as it can? Thou *blind*, and *fond Epicure*, thou knowest not the *sweetnesse* of *Pleasure*, that might be extracted out of *Providence*, which is not πρόσερόν τι σκύρωπον, tis not a *supercilious*, and *frowning Authority*; but tis the *indulgent*, and *vigilant* Eye of a *Father*, tis the *tender*, and *affectionate* care of a *Creatour*. One *blossome* of *Providence* hath more *joy*, and pleasure in it, then all thy *Rose-buds*. Where is there *more delight*, then in the *serving of a God?* Look upon

upon the *Sacrifices*: what *mirth*, and *feastings* are there? Ἀλλ' οὐκ ἔστιν πλῆθος, οὐδὲ ἅπτηται τῶν κρεῶν τὸ εὐφραίνον ἐν ταῖς ἑορταῖς· *'Tis not the abundance of Wine, nor the abundance of Provision, that makes the joy, and pleasure there:* ἀλλὰ ἡ τοῦ θεοῦ παρουσία, καὶ δέξις τῶν θυόντων εὐμενὴς, καὶ ἀγαθὴ τὰ γινόμενα παραστάσεως· *'tis the presence of a propitious Deity, accepting, and blessing his Worshippers, that fills the heart with greater joy, then an* Epicure *is capable of.* Never was there a *Sect* found out, that did more oppose *true pleasure*, then the *Epicureans* did; they tell us, that they *take pleasure* in *Honour*, τὴν εὐδοξίαν ἡδὺ ἡγοῦνται, they look upon it as a *lovely*, and *delightful thing*; yet by these *Tenents*, and *Practices* of theirs, they quite *stain*, and *blot* their *honour*, and so loose that piece of their pleasure, which they pretend to. They say (if you'l believe them) that they take pleasure in *Friends*, when as they constitute *friendship* onely κατὰ τὴν κοινωνίαν ταῖς ἡδοναῖς, they must be *been companions*, that must *drink*, and be *merry* together, & run into the same excesse of *Riot*. Have not *sensitive Creatures* as much *friendship*, as this *amounts* to? They tell us, they *love* the *continuation* of Pleasure, why then do they deny the *immortality* of the *Soul*? Διὰ τὸν αἰῶνα μὴ εἶναι, 'tis the voice of *Epicurus*, and his *Swinish* Sect. *There must be no Eternity.* What? are they afraid their Pleasure should *last too* long? or, are they *conscious* (as they may very well be) that such *impure pleasure* is not at all durable? Διὰ δὲ τὸ μὴ εἶναι γίνεσθαι, 'tis the voice of the same *impure* mouth, *There is no repetition of Life.* What's he afraid of having his Pleasures *reiterated*? Does he not expect a *crown* of *Rose-buds* next *Spring*? or, is he so *weary* (as well he may be) of his *pleasure*, as that he will prefer a *Non-entity* before it? This sure was the mind, and *desire* of that *Epicurean* Poet *Lucretius*, though a *Roman* of very *eminent parts*, which yet were much abated by a *philtrum*, that was given him; a *just punishment* for him, who put so much of his *pleasure* in a *Cup*: and this *desperate slighter* of *Providence* at length laid *violent hands* upon himself. Are any of you enamour'd with such a *pleasure*, as this? you see what's at the *bottome* of an *Epicure's cup*: you see how *impatient* a *rational Being* is of such *unworthy delights*, and how soon 'tis *cloy'd* with them. You see the *misery* of an *Epicure*, whose pleasure was onely in this *life*, and yet would not last out this *life* neither. But all *rational* pleasure, 'tis not of a *span* long, but reaches to *perpetuity*. That

Moralist

Moraliſt, whom I have ſo often mentioned, reckons up whole *heaps* of *Pleaſure*, which ſpring from the *continuation* of the *Soul*.

Αὖ πάλιν ἐγὼ καὶ ὑμᾶς ἡδέως ἀπαντήσομαι· ἐπαίρω.

There (ſaies he) ſhall I have the *pleaſure* of ſeeing all my *friends* again; there I ſhall have the pleaſure of more *ennobled acts* of *Reaſon*; γλυκὺν γάρ μοι τὸν αἰῶνα, there ſhall I taſt the ſo much *long'd for ſweetneſſe* of another World. Οὐκ ὀκρυόεις, οὐκ ὀδυνηρός, &c. The *fear* of *future Miſery* cannot more terrifie a *guilty Soul* (the *fear* of which, 'tis like, made *Epicurus* put off all thoughts of *another life*, as much as he could; for elſe the *fear* of that would have been a *worm* in his *Roſe bud* of *pleaſure*; but the *fear* of that has not more horrour, and *amazement* in it) then the *hope* of *future happineſſe* has *joy*, and *delight* annex'd to it.

Hoc habet animus Argumentum Divinitatis, quòd eum divina delectant; as that ſerious *Moraliſt*, *Seneca*, ſpeaks moſt excellently. The *Soul* by the *enjoyment* of God comes near the *pleaſure* of God himſelf.

The *Platoniſts* tell us, that *Voluptatis generatio fit ex infiniti & finiti copulatione*; becauſe the *object* of *real Pleaſure* muſt be ἀυτάρκεις, τέλειον, ἄμικτον, καθαρὸν, νοητὸν, ἀσπούδαστον, ἀδιάλυτον, τὸ ὄντως ἀγαθόν. An *intellectual* Eye *married to the Sun*; a *naked* Will *ſwimming*, and *bathing* its ſelf in its *faireſt good*; the *nobleſt* Affections *leaping*, and *dancing* in the *pureſt light*; this ſpeaks the higheſt *apex*, and *eminency* of *noetical pleaſure*: yet this *pleaſure* of *Heaven* it ſelf, though by a moſt ſacred, and *intimate connexion*, it be *unſeparably* conjoyn'd with *Happineſſe*, yet tis not the very *eſſence*, and *formality* of it, but does rather *flow* from it by way of *concomitancy*, and *reſultancy*.

That, which moſt *oppoſes* this *pleaſure*, is that *prodigious*, and *anomalous delight* (not worthy the name of *Delight*, or *Pleaſure*) which *damn'd Spirits*, and *Souls degenerate* far below the *pleaſure* of *Epicurus*, that *delight*, which theſe take in *wickedneſs*, *malice*, in *pride*, in *lies*, in *hypocriſie*; all which ſpeaks them the very *excrements* of *Beelzebub*, the *Prince of Devils*. But you that are *genuine Athenians*, fill your ſelves with *noetical delights*, and envy not others their more vulgar *Beotick pleaſures*; envy not the *rankneſs* of their *Garlick*, and *Onions*, whileſt you can *feed*, and

feaſt

feast upon more *Spiritual*, and *Angelical Dainties*. Envy not the *wanton Sparrows*, nor the *lascivious Goats*; as long as you can meet with a *purer*, and *chaster delight* in the *virginity* of *Intellectual Embraces*.

Do you devour with a *golden Epicurism* the *Arts*, and *Sciences*, the *Spirits*, and *extractions* of *Authours*. Let not an *Epicure* take *more pleasure* in his *Garden*, then you can do in your *Studies*; you may gather *Flowers* there, you may gather *Fruit* there. Convince the world, that the very *pith*, and *marrow* of *pleasure* does not dwell in the *surface* of the *Body*, but in a *deep*, and *rational Centre*. Let your *triumphant Reason* trample upon *Sense*, and let no *corporeal* pleasures *move* you, or *tempt* you; but such as are *justly*, and *exactly subordinate* to *Reason*; you come to *Athens*, as to a *Fountain* of *learned Pleasure*; you come hither to snuff the *Candle* of the *Lord*, that is within you, that it may burn the *clearer*, and the *brighter*. You come to *trim* your *Lamps*, and to pour *fresh oyl* in them, your very *work*, and *employment* is *Pleasure*. Happy *Athenians*, if you knew your *own happinesse*. Let him be condemn'd to *perpetual folly*, and *ignorance*, that does not prefer the *pleasant light* of the *Candle of the Lord* before all the *Pageantry* of *sensitive Objects*, before all the *flanting*, and *Comical joy* of the World.

Yet could I shew you a more *excellent* way; for the *pleasures* of *Natural Reason* are but *husks* in comparison of those *Gospel-delights*, those *mysterious pleasures*, that lye hid in the *bosome* of a *Christ*; those *Rose-buds*, that were *dy'd* in the *blood* of a *Saviour*, who took himself the *Thorns*, and left you the *Roses*. We have onely look'd upon the *pleasures* of a *Candle*; but there you have the *Sunshine* of *Pleasure* in its *full glory*.

CHAP. XVIII.

The Light of Reason *is an ascendent Light.*

TIs *Lumen ascendens*,

—ὃν ὤφελεν αἰθέριος Ζεὺς
Ἐννύχιον μετ' ἄεθλον ἄγειν ἐς ὁμήγυριν ἄστρων,

as *Musæus* sings in the praise of *Hero's Candle*. Yet I mean no more by this, then what that *known saying* of Saint *Augustine* imports; *Fecisti nos (Domine) ad te, irrequietum erit cor nostrum, donec redit ad te.* The *Candle of the Lord*, it *came from him*, and 'twould fain *return* to him For an *intellectual Lamp* to aspire to be a *Sun*, tis a *lofty strain* of that *intolerable pride*, which was in *Lucifer*, and *Adam*; but for the *Candle of the Lord*, to desire the *favour*, and *presence*, and *enjoyment* of a *beatifical Sun*, this is but a *just*, and *noble desire* of that end, which God himself *created* it for. It must needs be a *proud*, and *swelling drop*, that desires to become an *Ocean*; but, if it seeks onely to be *united* to an *Ocean*, such a *desire* tends to its own *safety*, and *honour*. The face of the *Soul* naturally *looks up* to God.

—*Cœlumque tueri*
Jussit, & erectos ad sydera tollere vultus;

tis true of the *Soul*, as of the *Body*. All *Light* loves to dwell *at home* with the *Father of Lights*. *Heaven*, tis *Patria Luminum*; God has there fix'd a *Tabernacle* for the *Sun*, for tis *good to be there*; tis a *condescension* in a *Sun-beam*, that 'twill *stoop so low*, as *Earth*, and that 'twill *gild* this *inferiour* part of the *World*; tis the *humility* of *Light*, that 'twill *incarnate*, and *incorporate* it self into *sublunary Bodies*: yet even there tis not forgetful of its *noble birth*, and *original*, but 'twill still look upwards to the *Father of Lights*. Though the *Sun* cover the *Earth* with its *healing*, and *spreading Wings*; yet even those *Wings* love to *flie aloft*, and not to *rest* upon the *ground* in a *sluggish posture*. Nay, *light*, when it *courteously salutes* some *earthly Bodies*, it usually meets with such *churlish entertainment*, as that, by an *angry reverberation*, tis sent *back again*: yet, in respect of *it self*, tis many times an *happy reflection*,

flection, and *rebound*, for tis thus *necessitated* to come *nearer Heaven*. If you look but upon a *Candle*, what an *aspiring*, and *ambitious Light* is it? though the *proper figure* of *Flame* be *Globular*, and not *Pyramidal*, (as the Noble *Verulam* tells us in his *History of Nature*) which appears by those *celestial Bodies*, those *fine*, and *rarified Flames*, (if we may so call them with the *Peripaticks* leave) that *roll*, and *move* themselves in a *globular*, and *determinate* manner: yet that *Flame*, which we usually see, puts on the *form* of a *Pyramide*, *occasionally*, and *accidentally*, by reason that the *Air* is injurious to it, and by *quenching* the *sides* of the Flame *crushes* it, and *extenuates* it into that *form*; for otherwise 'twould *ascend upwards* in one *greatness*, in a *rounder*, and *compleater* manner. Tis just thus in the *Candle of the Lord*; *Reason* would move more fully according to the *sphere* of its *activity*, 'twould flame up towards *Heaven* in a more *vigorous*, and *uniform* way; but that it is much *quench'd* by that ἐν περίστατος ἁμαρτία, and the *unrulinesse* of the *sensitive powers* will not allow it its full *scope*, and *liberty*, therefore 'tis fain to *spire* up, and *climb* up, as well as it can, in a *Pyramidal form*: the *bottom*, and *basis* of it borders upon the *body*, and is therefore more *impure*, and *feculent*; but the *apex*, and *cuspis* of it catches at *Heaven*, and longs to touch *happinesse*, thus to unite it self to the *fountain* of *Light*, and *perfection*. Every *spark* of *Reason* flies *upwards*, this *divine Flame* fell down from *Heaven*, and *halted* with its *fall*, (as the *Poets* in their *Mythology* tell us of the *limping* of *Vulcane*) but it would fain *ascend* thither again by some *steps*, and *gradations* of its own framing.

Reason, tis soon *weary* with its *fluttering up*, and *down* among the *Creatures*: the *Candle* of the *Lord* does but *waste* it self in vain in *searching* for *happiness* here *below*. Some of the *choicest Heathens* did thus *spend* their *Lamps*, and *exhaust* their *Oyl*, and then at length were fain to lie down in *darknesse*, and *sorrow*, their *Lamps* did shew them some *glimmering appearances* of a *Summum bonum* at a great *distance*; but it did not sufficiently *direct* them in the *way* to it, no more then a *Candle* can guide a *Traveller*, that is ignorant of his way. You may see some of the more *sordid Heathen* toyling, and searching with their *Candle* in the *Mines*, and *Treasuries* of *Riches*, to see, if they could *spy* any *Vein* of *Happinesse* there, but the *Earth* saith, *Tis not in me*. You may see others

among them *feeding*, and *maintaining* their *Candle* with the *air* of *popular Applauſe*, ſucking in the *breath*, and *eſteem* of men, till at the length they *perceived*, that it came with ſuch *uncertain Blaſts*, as that they choſe rather to *cloyſter* themſelves up in a *Lanthorn*, to put themſelves into ſome *more reſerved*, and *retired condition*, rather then to be expoſed to thoſe *tranſient*, and *arbitrary blaſts*, which ſome are pleaſed to *entitle*, and *ſtile* by the name of *Honours*. You might ſee ſome of them *pouring* the *Oyl* of *Gladneſſe* into their *Lamps*, till they ſoon *perceived*, that *voluptuous exceſſe* did but *melt*, and *diſſolve* the *Candle*, and that *pleaſures*, like ſo many *Thieves*, did ſet it a *blazing*, and did not keep it in an *equal ſhining*. You may behold others, and thoſe the *moſt eminent* amongſt them, *ſnuffing* their *Candles* very exactly, and accurately, by *improving* their *Intellectuals*, and *refining* their *Morals*, till they ſadly perceived, that, when they were at the *brighteſt*, their *Candles* burn'd but *dimly* and *blewly*, and that, for all their *ſnuffing*, they would *relapſe* into their *former dulneſſe*. The *ſnuffings* of *Nature*, and *Reaſon* will never make up a *Day*, nor a *Sun-ſhine* of *Happineſs*; all the *Light*, that did *ſhine* upon theſe *Ethiopians*, did onely diſcover their own *blackneſs*; yet they were ſo *enamour'd* with this *Natural Complexion*, as that they look'd upon it as a *piece* of the *pureſt Beauty*.

Nature, *Narciſſus*-like, loves to look upon its *own face*, and is much *taken* with the *reflexions* of it *ſelf*. What ſhould I tell you of the *exceſſive*, and *hyperbolical vapourings* of the *Stoicks* in their *adoring*, and *idolizing* of *Nature*, whileſt they *fix* their *Happineſs* in the τὰ ἐφ' ἡμῖν, in their *own compaſſe*, and *ſphere*; theſe were (as I may ſo term them) a kind of *Phariſees* among the *Heathen*, that ſcorn'd *precarious happineſs*: like ſo many *arbitrary*, and *independent Beings*; they reſolved to be *Happy*, how they *pleaſ'd*, and when they *liſt*. Thus do *fond Creatures* boaſt of their *decayed Lamps*, as if they were ſo many *Suns*, or, at leaſt, *Stars* of the *firſt magnitude*. The *Stoicks* ſpoke this more *loudly*, yet the reſt of the *Heathen* whiſpered out the ſame: for they were all of the *Poets* mind;

—Natura beatis
Omnibus eſſe dedit, ſi quis cognoverit uti.

And they would all *willingly ſubſcribe* to thoſe words of *Saluſt*; *Falſo de Natura queritur humanum genus*: which indeed, if underſtood

ſtood of the *God* of *Nature*, they were *words* of *Truth*, and *Loyalty*; but if they meant them (as certainly they did) of that *ſtrength*, which was for the preſent *communicated* to them, they were but the *Interpreters* of their *own weakneſs*, and *vanity*. Yet 'tis no wonder to hear any of the *Heathen Rhetoricating* in the *praiſe* of *Nature*, it may ſeem a more *tolerable piece* of *gratitude* in them to *amplifie*, and *extoll* this *gift* of their *Creatour*: tis no wonder, if ſuch an one *admire* a *Candle*, that ne're ſaw a *nobler Light*. But for ſuch, as are ſurrounded, and *crown'd* with *Evangelical Beams*, for *men* that live under *Goſpel-ſun-ſhine*, for them to *promiſe* themſelves, and *others*, that they may be *ſaved* by the *light* of a *Candle*; a *Stoick*, an *Academick*, , a *Peripatetick* ſhall enter into *Heaven* before *theſe*. Yet I find, that, in the very beginning of the *fifth Century*, *Pelagius*, an high *Traitour* againſt the *Majeſty* of *Heaven*, ſcattered this *dangerous*, and *venomous Errour*, endeavouring to ſet the *crown* upon *Nature's head*, and to place the *Creature* in the *Throne* of *God*, and *Grace*. The learned *Voſſius* in his *Hiſtoria Pelagiana*, (a book full fraught with *ſacred Antiquity*) gives us this brief repreſentation of him, that he was *humani arbitrii decomptor*, *& Divinæ Gratiæ contemptor*, a *trimmer* of *Nature*, and an *affronter* of *Grace*. His *body* was the very *type* of his *Soul*, for he wanted an *eye*; he was but ωνοφθαλμος· to be ſure he wanted a *ſpiritual eye* to *diſcern* the *things* of *God*. He was a *Scot* by *Nation*, a *Monk* by *Profeſſion*, a man *exemplary* in *Morals*, and not *contemptible* for *Learning*; for though *Hierom* vilifie him in reſpect of *both*, yet *Chryſoſtom* gives him a ſufficient *Commendamus*, and *Auguſtine* himſelf will ſet his hand to it, that *learned Adverſary* of his, full of *Grace*, and *Truth*, and the very *Hammer*, that *broke* his *ſtinty*, and *rebellious Errour* in *pieces*. If you would ſee the *riſe*, and *progreſs*, and *variations* of this *Errour*, how it began to *bluſh*, and *put on* more *modeſty* in *Semi-pelagianiſm*; how afterwards it *cover'd* its *nakedneſs* with ſome *Popiſh fig-leaves*; how at length it *refin'd* it ſelf, & *dreſs'd* it ſelf more *handſomly* in *Arminianiſm*, you may *conſult* with the forementioned *Authour*, who kept a *Relique* of his *Pelagian Hiſtory* in his own *breaſt*, whileſt it *left* upon him an *Arminian tincture*. This *ſpreading Errour* leaven'd the *great lump*, and *generality* of the *World*, as the profound *Bradwardin ſighs*, and *complains*; *Totus pene mundus poſt* Pelagium *abiit in errorem*:

for

for all men are *born Pelagians*; *Nature* is *predominant* in them: it has took *poſſeſſion* of them, and will not eaſily *ſubordinate* it ſelf to a *ſuperiour Principle*. Yet *Nature* has not ſuch a *fountain* of *perfection* in it ſelf, but that it may very well *draw* from another. This *Heatheniſh principle*, after all its *advancements*, and *improvements*, after all its *whitenings*, and *puriſyings*, it muſt ſtand but afar *off* in *Atrio Gentium*, it cannot *enter* into the *Temple* of *God*, much leſſe into the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, it cannot *pierce* within the *veil*.

The *ennoblement* of *Intellectuals*, the *ſpotleſſe integrity* of *Morals*, *ſweetneſſe* of *Diſpoſitions*, and the *candour of Nature*, they are all deſervedly *amiable* in the *eye* of the *World*. The *Candle* of *Socrates*, and the *Candle* of *Plato*, the *Lamp* of *Epictetus*, they did all *ſhine* before *men*, and *ſhine more* then ſome, that would *fain* be call'd *Chriſtians*. *Nature* makes a very *fine ſhew*, and a *goodly glitering* in the *eye* of the *World*, but this *Candle* cannot *appear* in the preſence of a *Sun*; all the *paintings*, and *varniſhings* of *Nature*, they *pleaſe*, and *enamour* the *eyes* of *men*, but they *melt away* at the preſence of God. The *Lamp* of a *Moraliſt* may *waſt* it ſelf in doing *good* to *others*, and yet at length may *go out* in a *ſnuff*, and be *caſt into utter darkneſſe*. The *Harmonious compoſing* of *Natural Faculties*, the *tuning* of *thoſe Spheres* will never *make up* an *Heaven* fit for a *Soul* to *dwell in*. Yet, notwithſtanding, whatſoever is *lovely* in *Nature*, is *acceptable* even to *God* himſelf, for tis a *Print* of himſelf, and he does *proportion* ſome *temporal rewards* unto it: The *Juſtice* of an *Ariſtides*, the *good Laws* of a *Solon*, or a *Lycurgus*, the *formal Devotion* of a *Numa Pompilius*, the *Prudence* of a *Cato*, the *Courage* of a *Scipio*, the *Moderation* of a *Fabius*, the *publick ſpirit* of a *Cicero*, they had all *ſome rewards* ſcattered among them. Nor is there any doubt, but that ſome of the *Heathen* pleaſed God better then *others*. Surely *Socrates* was *more lovely* in his eyes, then *Ariſtophanes*; *Auguſtus* pleaſed him *better*, then *Tiberius*; *Cicero* was *more acceptable* to him, then *Catiline*: for there were *more remainders* of his *Image* in the *one* then in the *other*; the *one* was of *purer*, and *nobler influence*, then the *other*. *Minus malus reſpectu pejoris eſt bonus*. The *one* ſhall have *more mitigations* of puniſhment then the *other*; *Socrates* ſhall *taſt* a *milder cup* of *wrath*, when as *Ariſtophanes* ſhall drink up the *dregs of fury*; if *divine Juſtice* whip *Cicero* with *rods*, 'twill whip *Catiline* with *Scorpions*. An *eaſier*,

and

and *more gentle worm* ſhall feed upon *Auguſtus*: a more *fierce*, and *cruel* one ſhall *prey* upon *Tiberius*. If *juſtice* put *Cato* into a *priſon*, 'twill put *Cethegus* into a *Dungeon*. Nor is this a *ſmall* advantage, that comes by the *excellencies*, and *improvements* of *Nature*, that, if *God* ſhall pleaſe to *beautify*, and *adorn* ſuch an *one* with *ſupernatural Principles*, and if he think good to *drop grace* into ſuch a *Soul*, 'twill be more *ſerviceable*, and *inſtrumental* to *God* then *others*. *Religion* cannot deſire to *ſhine* with a *greater gloſs*, & *luſtre*, it cannot deſire to *ride* among *men* in *greater pomp*, and *ſolemnity*, in a more *triumphant chariot*, then in a *Soul* of *vaſt intellectuals*, of *Virgin*, and *undeflower'd Morals*, of *calm*, and *compoſed Affections*, of *pleaſant*, and *ingennous Diſpoſitions*. When the *ſtrength* of *Nature*, and the *power* of *Godlineſſe unite*, and *concentricate* their *forces*, they make up the *fineſt*, and *pureſt complexion*; the *ſoundeſt*, and *braveſt conſtitution*, like a *ſparkling*, and *vigorous Soul*, *quickning*, and *informing* a *beautiful Body*. Yet this muſt be thought upon, that the different *improvement* even of *Naturals* ſprings onely from *Grace*. For *Eſſentials*, and *Specificals* (which are meer *Nature*) they are *equal* in *all*, but whatſoever *ſingular*, or *additional perfection* is *annex'd* to ſuch an one, *flows* onely from the *diſtinguiſhing goodneſſe* of an *higher cauſe*. That *Socrates* was any *better* then *Ariſtophanes*, was not *Nature*; but a kind of *Common gift*, and *Grace* of the *Spirit* of *God*: for there are the ſame *ſeminal principles* in *all*. *Auguſtus*, and *Tiberius* were *hewn* out of the *ſame rock*; there are in *Cicero* the *ſeeds* of a *Catiline*: and when the one *brings forth* more *kindely*, and *generous*, the *other* more *wilde*, and *corrupted fruit*, tis accordingly as the *Countenance*, and *favourable Aſpect* of *Heaven* is pleaſed to give the *increaſe*; for as the *Philoſophers* tell us, *Motio moventis praecedit motum Mobilis* Was there any *propenſion*, or *inclination* to *goodneſs* in the *heart* of a *Cicero* more then a *Catiline?* 'twas onely from the *firſt mover*, from the *finger* of *God* himſelf, that *tuned* the *one* more *harmoniouſly* then the *other*. As take two ſeveral *Lutes*, let them be made both alike for *eſſentials*, for *matter*, and *form*; if now the *one* be ſtrung *better* then the *other*, the *thanks* is not *due* to the *Lute*, but to the *arbitrary pleaſure* of him, that *ſtrung* it: let them be both *made alike*, and *ſtrung alike*, yet, if the *one* be *quickened* with a more *delicate*, and *grateful touch*, the *prevailing excellency* of the *Muſick* was not to be *aſcribed* to the

nature

nature of the *Lute*, but to the *skill*, and *dexterity* of him, that did *move* it, and *prompted* it unto ſuch *elegant ſounds*. The ſeveral *degrees* of *worth* in *men*, that are above *radicals*, and *fundamentals* of *Nature*, they are all the *skill*, and *workmanſhip*, the *fruits*, and *productions* of *common* Grace. For *Omnis actio particularis habet originem ab agente univerſali*. Now, if the *Univerſal Agent* did onely *diſpence* an *equal concourſe* in an *equal ſubject*, all the *operations*, and *effects*, that flow from thence, muſt needs be *equal* alſo: if then there be any *eminency* in the *workings* of the *one* more then of the *other*, it can have no other *original*, then from that *noble influence*, which a *free*, and *ſupreme Agent* is pleaſed to *communicate* in *various meaſures*; ſo that *naked Nature* of it ſelf is a moſt *invalid*, and *inefficacious Principle*, that does *crumble away* its own *ſtrength*, and does *wear*, and *waſt* by its *motions*, and for every *act* of *improvement* it depends onely upon the *kindneſſe* of the *firſt Being*. They, that tell you *Nature* may merit *Grace*, and *Glory*, may as well tell you, (if they pleaſe) that a *Candle* by its *ſhining* may *merit* to be a *Star*, to be a *Sun*. Nor yet is *Nature* always conſtant to its *own light*; it does not deal *faithfully* with its *intimate*, and *eſſential Principles*. Some *darlings* of *Nature* have abundantly witneſſed this, whileſt they have run into ſome *unnatural practices*, that were the very *bluſhes* of *Nature*; if then *Nature* cannot tell how to *live upon Earth*, will it ever be *able* to *climb up* to *Heaven*? *Si neſciat ſervire, neſcit imperare*. If it be not *faithful* in a *little*, do you think that it ſhall be *made Ruler over much*? No certainly, *moral endowments*, when they are at the *proudeſt top*, and *apex*, can do no more, then what the great *Anti-Pelagian*, *Proſper*, tells us, *Mortalẽ vitam honeſtare poſſunt, æternam conferre non poſſunt*. God has *ordain'd* men to a *choicer end*, then theſe *natural faculties* can either *deſerve*, or *maintain*, or *enjoy*. Nature's *hand* cannot *earn* it, Nature's hand cannnot *reach* it, Nature's *eye* cannot *ſee* it. That *glorious*, and *ultimate end*, which muſt *fill*, and *ſatiate* the *Being* of *Man*, is the *beatifical Viſion* of God himſelf. Now there is no *natural power* nor *operation proportion'd* to ſuch a *tranſcendent Object*, as the *face* of God, as the *naked eſſence* of a *Deity*. *Inferiour creatures* may, and do move within the *compaſs* of their *natures*, and yet they reach that *end*, which was *propounded*, and *aſſigned* to their *Being*: but ſuch was the *ſpecial*, and *peculiar love* of God, which he manifeſted to a *Rational Nature*,

as that it must be *advanc'd* above it self by a *supernaturale auxilium*, before it can be bless'd with so great a *perfection*, as to arrive to the full *end* of its *Being*. Yet God has touch'd *Nature* with himself, and *draws* it by the *attractive*, and *Magnetical virtue* of so *commanding* an *Object*, as his own *Essence* is, which makes Nature *affect*, and desire somewhat *supernatural*, that it may make *nearer* approaches unto *happiness*: for this *end* God did assume *humane Nature* to the *Divine*, that he might make it *more capable* of this *perfection*, and by a strict *love-knot*, and *union* might make it partaker of the *Divine Nature*; not, that tis *changed* into it, but that it has the very *subsistence* of its *Happiness* by it. Every *Being* does naturally *long* for its own *perfection*, & therefore a *rational Nature* must needs thus *breath*, and *pant after* God, and the *nearer* it comes to him, the more *intensely*, and *vehemently* it does desire him; for, as they tell us, *Motus naturalis velocior est in fine*, the *nearer* a *Body* approaches to its *Centre*, the more *chearfull*, and *vigorous* is its *motion*. The *Understanding*, that sees *most* of God, desires to see *more* of him; its *Eye* will never leave *rolling* till it *fix* it self in the very *centre* of the *Divine Essence*. *Nature*, *that* has but some *weak glimpses* of him, and so it has but *faint*, and *languishing velleities* after him. Οἱ μὲν ἐκ φύσεως νεύουσι πρὸς τὸ ἀγαθὸν, as he speaks of the *Heathens*; they seem to *nod* after a *summum bonum*. What the *states*, and *conditions* of those *Heathens* was, and is, in order to *eternal happiness*, we cannot *easily*, nor *certainly determine*; yet thus much may be *safely granted*, though we say not, with the *Pelagians*, that the *emprovements* of *Nature* can make men happy; nor yet, with the *Semi-pelagians*, that *natural preparations*, and *predispositions* do *bespeak*, and *procure Grace*; nor yet, with the *Papists*, and *Arminians*, that *works*, flowing from *grace*, do contribute to more *grace*, and *glory*, yet this we say, that upon the *improvement* of any *present strength*, God out of his *free goodness* may, if he please, give *more*. As God *freely* gave them *Nature* (which makes *Pelagius* sometimes call Nature *Grace*) and as he *freely*, and out of his *Grace* gave them some *improvement* of *Nature*, so he might as freely give them *supernatural strength*, if it so please him. Yet a *Creature* cannot come to *Heaven* by all those *improvements*, which are built upon *Nature's* foundation: for, if it should *accurately*, and *punctually observe* every *jot*, and *tittle* of *Nature's Law*; yet this

natural obedience would not be at all *correspondent*, or *commensurate* to a *supernatural* happinesse, which makes Saint *Augustine* break out into such an *expression* as this, *Qui dicit hominem servari posse sine* Christo, *dubito an ipse per* Christum *servari possit*: for this is the *onely* way, the *new*, and *living way*, by which God will assume *humane Nature* to himself, and make it happy. Yet notwithstanding, their *censure* is too *harsh*, and *rigid*; who, as if they were Judges of *eternal life*, and *death*, damn *Plato*, and *Aristotle* without any question, without any delay at all; and do so confidently pronounce, that they are in *Hell*, as if they saw them *flaming* there. Whereas the *infinite goodnesse*, and *wisdom* of God might, for ought we know, find out several ways of saving such by the *Pleonasms* of his *Love* in *Jesus Christ*; he might make *Socrates* a branch of the *true Vine*, and *might* graff *Plato*, and *Aristotle* into the *fruitful Olive*; for it was in his power, if he pleased, to reveal *Christ* unto them, and to *infuse* Faith into them after an *extraordinary* manner. Though indeed the *Scripture* does not afford our *charity* any sufficient ground to *believe*, that he did; nor doth it *warrant* us peremptorily to conclude the contrary. *Secreta Deo*, it does not much concern us to know what *became* of them; let us then forbear our *censure*, and leave them to their *Competent Judge*. But, when we mention *Socrates*, *Plato*, and *Aristotle*, and the more *eminent*, and *refined* ones among the *Heathens*, you must be sure not to *entertain* such a *thought* as *this*, that the *excellency* of their *Intellectuals*, and *Morals*, did move, & prevail with the *goodnesse* of God to save them more then *others* of the *Heathen*, as if these were *dispositiones de congruo merentes salutem aeternam*: this indeed were nothing but *Pelagianism* a little *disguised*: whereas you must *resolve* it onely into the *free Grace* of God, that did thus *distinguish* them here in *time*, and might more distinguish them *eternally*, if it pleased him to bestow a *Saviour* upon them. Which *grace* of God is so *free*, as that it might *save* the worst of the *Heathens*, and let go the rest; it might *save* the *Aristophanes* as well as a *Socrates*, nay, before a *Socrates*, as well as a *Publican* before a *Pharisee*: not onely all *Heathen*, but *all men* are of themselves in *equal circumstances* in order to *eternal happinesse*; 'tis God onely, that makes the *difference*, according to his own *determinations*, that were *eternal*, and *unconditional*. Yet I am far from the mind of those *Patrons* of *Universal grace*, that make

make all men in an *equal propinquity* to *salvation*, whether *Jews*, or *Pagans*, or *Christians*; which is nothing but *slight*, and *gilded Pelagianism*, whilest it makes *grace* as *extensive*, and *Catholick*, a *Principle* of as *full latitude*, as *Nature* is, and *resolves* all the *difference* into *created powers*, and *Faculties*. This makes the *barren* places of the *world* in as *good* a *condition* as the *garden* of *God*, as the *inclosure* of the *Church*: it puts a *Philosopher* in as *good* an *estate* as an *Apostle*: for, if the *remedium salutiferum* be *equally* applied to *all* by God *himself*, and *happiness* depends only upon mens *regulating*, and composing of their *faculties*; how then comes a *Christian* to be *nearer* to the *Kingdom* of *Heaven*, then an *Indian*? is there no *advantage* by the *light* of the Gospel *shining* among *men* with *healing* under its *wings*? Surely, though the *Free Grace* of God may possibly *pick*, and *choose* an *Heathen* sometimes, yet certainly he does there more *frequently* pour his *goodness* into the *Soul*, where he lets it *stream* out more *clearly*, and *conspicuously* in *external manifestations*. Tis an *evident sign*, that God intends more *Salvation* there, where he affords more *means* of *Salvation*; if then God do *choose* and *call* an *Heathen*, tis not by *universal*, but by *distinguishing grace*. They make *Grace* Nature, that make it as *common* as Nature. Whereas *Nature*, when 'twas *most triumphant*, *shining* in its *primitive beauty*, and *glory*, yet even then it could not be *happy* without *Grace*. *Adam* himself, besides his *integritas Naturæ*, had also *adjutorium gratiæ*: for, as the *Schoolmen* explain it, though he had *vires idoneas ad præstanda omnia naturalia*; *reipsa tamen nihil præstitit sine auxilio Gratiæ*. As, if you *expect* any *goodly*, and *delicious clusters* from a *Vine*, besides its own *internal form*, which wee'll stile *Nature*, there must be also *auxilium gratiæ*, the *Sun* must *favour* it, and *shine* upon it, the *Rain* must *nourish* it, and *drop* upon it, or else *Nature* will never be *pregnant*, and *fruitfull*. *Adam's Candle* did not *shine* so *clearly*, but that *Grace* was fain to *snuff* it. *Nature*, though 'twere *complete*, and *entire*, yet 'twas fain to *strengthen*, and *support* it self by its *twinings* about *grace*, and for *want* of the *powerful support*, and *maintenancy* of *Grace*, *Nature* fell down presently: it *startled* from it self, and *apostatiz'd* like a *broken Bow*. What mean the *Pelagians* to *tell* us of a *Naturalis Beatitudo*, when as *Nature* now is surrounded with so many *frailties*, and *miseries*, so many *disorders*, and *imperfections*? Yet, were it as *green*, and *flourishing* as

ever it was when 'twas *firſt planted* in *Paradiſe*, yet even then 'twould be *too remote* from *happineſs*: for *perfect happineſs* excludes, and baniſhes all *futurity*, and *poſſibility* of *miſery*, which *Nature* never yet *did*, nor could *do*. And *happineſſe* never flows out till the *Sun* look upon it, till it ſee the *face* of God *himſelf*, whom *Nature's eye* will ne're be *able* to *behold*. Yet, Oh! how *deſirous* is *Nature* of this? how *inquiſitive* is *humane Nature* into the *Cauſes* of *things*, and *eſteems* it no ſmall piece of its *Beatitude*, if it can find them out?

Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoſcere cauſas.

What a *goodly ſight* is it then to *behold* the *firſt Cauſe* of all *Being*, and its *own Being?* how fain would an *intellectual* eye behold him, that *made* it? *Nature* longs to ſee who 'twas, that firſt *contrived* it, and *fram'd* it, and *faſhion'd* it. The *Soul* would *fain* ſee its *Father* of Spirits. The *Candle* would fain *ſhine* in the *preſence* of him, that *lighted* it up.

Yet *Nature* cannot ſee the *face* of *God*, and *live*.

Ante obitum nemo, ſupremáque funera felix.

The *Moraliſt's Happineſſe* is *dormant* in the *night-time*: for there's no *operatio ſecundùm virtutem* then, nor can the *Soul*, while 'tis *clogg'd* with a *frail body*, *climbe* to the *ἀκρότης* of *goodneſs*, or *happineſs*; the Soul here has not a perfect *enjoyment* of *inferiour objects*, much leſſe of *God* himſelf; it has but a *ſhadowy ſight* of *Angels*, *propter connaturalitatem intellectûs noſtri ad phantaſmata*, and if *Nature's eye* cannot *look* upon the *face* of a *twinkling ſtar*, how will it *behold* the *brightneſs* of a *dazling Sun?* That *general knowledg*, which it hath of *God* here, is mix'd with much *error*, & *deceit*.

Nor can *Faith* look upon the *Divine Eſſence*; 'tis a *lovely grace* indeed, yet it muſt *die* in the *Mount*, like *Moſes*; it cannot *enter* into the *Land* of *Promiſe*: tis *auditu magis ſimilis*, *quàm viſioni*; it *hears* the voice of its God, it does not *ſee* his face; it inflames the *deſire* of the Soul, it does not *quench* it: for men would fain *ſee* what they *believe*. The *object* of Faith is obſcure, and at a *diſtance*: but the *face* of God is all *preſence*, and brightneſſe. *Happineſs*, it conſiſts in the *nobleſt operation* of an *Intellectual Being*, whereas in believing there is *imperfectiſſima operatio ex parte intellectûs, licèt ſit perfectio ex parte objecti*.

Nor yet is the *Divine Eſſence* ſeen in a way of *demonſtration*: for then only a *Philoſopher* ſhould ſee his *face*, ſuch onely as had *skill* in

in *Metaphysicks*, who yet may be in *misery* for all that; for *Demonstrations* are no *Beatifical Visions*. The *Damned Spirits* can *demonstrate* a *Deity*, and yet they are *perpetually banish'd* from *his face*: there can be no *Demonstration* of him *à priore*, for he is the *First Cause*, and all *demonstrations* fetch'd from such *Effects*, as *flow* from him, they do onely shew you that he *is*, they do not *open*, and *display* the *Divine Essence*, for they are not *effectus adæquantes virtutem causæ*. To see *God* in the *Creatures*, tis to *see* him *veil'd*, tis to see him *clouded*. The *soul* will not rest *contented* with such an *imperfect knowledg* of its *God*, it *sees* him thus here, and yet that does not *hush*, and quiet *rational desires*; but does *increase*, and *enlarge* them. Such *things*, as last *long*, are *perfected slowly*; and such is *happiness*. The *knowledge* of men here tis *too green*, and *crude*, 'twon't *ripen* into *Happiness*, till the Sun *shine* upon it with its *blessed*, and *immediate* beams. God therefore *creates*, and *prepares* a *Lumen Gloriæ* for the *soul*, that is, such a *supernatural disposition* in an *intellectual eye*, by which tis *clarified*, and *fortified*, and rightly *prepared* for the *beholding* the *Divine Essence*: which makes *Dionysius*, the *falsly supposed Areopagite*, very *fitly* describe *Happiness* by this, tis στάσις ἐν θείῳ φωτί, the *Soul's sunning* of it *self* in the *Lumen gloriæ*. Some will have that of the *Psalmist* to be *sung* in the *praise* of this *Light*; *In Lumine tuo videbimus lumen*. That *Seraphical Prophet* does thus *most excellently represent* it: *The Sun shall be no more thy light by day, neither for brightness shall the Moon give light unto thee: but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory*; Isa. lx 19 You have it thus rendered in the *Apocalypse*: Καὶ ἡ πόλις οὐ χρείαν ἔχει τοῦ ἡλίου, οὐδὲ τῆς σελήνης, ἵνα φαίνωσιν ἐν αὐτῇ· ἡ γὰρ δόξα τοῦ Θεοῦ ἐρώτισεν αὐτήν. This *lumen gloriæ*, which is *similitudo quædam intellectûs Divini* (as the *Scholemen* speak, *this light*, tis not so much for the *discovering* of the *object*, (for that's an *intellectual Sun*, *cloathed* with all *perfection*, and *brightness*) as tis for the *helping*, and *advancing* of a *created Understanding*, which else would be too much oppress'd with the *weight* of *glory*; but yet this *augmentation* of the *visive faculty* of the *soul* by the *Lumen Gloriæ*, tis not *per intentionem virtutis naturalis*, but tis *per appositionem novæ formæ*: tis not the *raising*, and *screwing* of Nature *higher*; but tis the *adding* of a *new supernatural disposition*, that may *close* with the *Divine essence*. For, as *Aquinas* has it, *Ipsa Divina essentia copulatur intellectui, ut forma intel-*

intelligibilis. Humane Underſtanding is as the matter *accurately pre-diſpoſed*, by the *Lumen Gloriæ*, for the *receiving* of the *Divine Eſſence*: as an *intelligible Form*, ſtamps an *impreſſion* of it ſelf upon it; it *prints* the *Soul* with that *ſummum bonum*, which it has ſo much *long'd* for.

So that, though there be ſtill an *infinite diſproportion* between *God*, and the *Creature*, *in eſſe naturali*, yet there is a fit, and *juſt proportion* between them *in eſſe intelligibili*. Though an *eye* be *enabled* to *behold* the *Sun*, yet this does not make it all *one* with the *Sun*; but it keeps its *own Nature* ſtill as much as did before.

Nor is this *Viſion* a *comprehenſive Viſion*; for a *finite Being* will never be able *fully* to *graſp* an *infinite eſſence*. Tis true indeed, it ſees the *whole eſſence* of God, not a *piece* of his *face* onely, for *all eſſence* is *indiviſible*, eſpecially that moſt *ſimple*, and *pure eſſence* of God himſelf: but the *Soul* does not ſee it ſo *clearly*, and ſo *ſtrongly*, as God himſelf ſees it, hence *degrees* of *happineſs* ſpring, for the *Lumen Gloriæ* being *variouſly ſhed* amongſt *bleſſed Souls*, the *larger meaſure* they have of that, the *brighter ſight* have they of the *divine Eſſence*. Several men may look upon the ſame *face*, and yet ſome, that have more *ſparkling eyes*, or ſome, that *ſtand nearer*, may *diſcern* it *better*. If a *multitude* of *Spectatours* were *enabled* to behold the *Sun*, yet ſome of them, that have a more *ſtrong*, and *piercing eye*, might ſee it more *clearly* then the *reſt*. In this *Glaſs* of the *Divine eſſence glorified Souls* ſee all things elſe, that conduce to their *happineſs*. As God, by ſeeing himſelf, the *cauſe*, and *fountain* of *Beings*, ſees alſo all *effects*, that come *ſtreaming* from him: ſo theſe alſo, *looking* upon the *Sun*, muſt needs ſee his *beams*; they ſee the *Sun*, and ſee *other things* by the *Sun*: they ſee there *omnium rerum genera*, *& ſpecies*, they there behold *virtutes*, *& ordinem univerſi*. Yet, becauſe they do not *ſee* the *eſſence* of God *clearly*, and *perfectly*, (that is, *comprehenſively*) ſo neither can they ſee all thoſe treaſures of *myſterious Wiſdom*, of *unſearchable Goodneſs*, of *unlimited power*, that lie *hid* in the very *depth* of the *Divine eſſence*. *Non vident poſſibilia, nec rationes rerum, nec ea, quæ dependent ex pura Dei voluntate*; as the *Scholemen* do well determine: yet all, that a *glorified* underſtanding ſees, its in one *twinkling* of its *Eye*; for it ſees all by *one ſingle ſpecies*, by the *Divine Eſſence*. It forgets its *wrangling Syllogiſms*, it leaves its *tardy Demonſtrations*, when it once comes to an *intuitive knowledg*. *Non*

movetur

movetur de uno intelligibili in aliud, ſed quieſcit in actu unico: for the *ſtate* of *Happineſſe* is a *Sabbatical ſtate.* The *ſoul reſts,* and *fixes* it *ſelf* in one *act* of *perpetual enjoyment,* and by this *participation* of *ſimultaneity* it partakes of *Eternity*; for that is *tota ſimul.*

Whether this *glorious Happineſſe* be more *principally ſituated* in an *act* of the *Underſtanding,* or of the *Will,* I leave the *Thomiſts,* and *Scotiſts* to *diſcuſs* it; onely this I will ſay in the *behalf* of *Aquinas,* that the *Will* cannot *enjoy this happineſs* any *other ways,* then as tis a *rational Appetite.* For there is a *blind Appetite* of *good* in *every Being,* which yet neither has, nor can have *ſuch happineſs.* As therefore the *Operations* of the *Will,* ſo the *Happineſs* of the *will* alſo ſeems to be *ſubordinate* to that of the *Underſtanding.* But it is enough for us, that an *entire Soul,* a *whole rational Being* is *united* to its *deareſt, faireſt,* and *ſupreme Object* in a way of *pure intuitive ſpeculation,* in a way of *ſweeteſt love,* and *fruition.* Nor could *Nature* of it ſelf *reach* this: for an *inferiour Nature* cannot thus *unite* it ſelf to a *ſuperiour,* but onely by his *indulgence* raiſing it above it *ſelf.*

This *Candle of the Lord* may *ſhine* here *below,* it *may,* and doth *aſpire,* and *long* for *happineſs,* but yet it will not *come near* it, till he, that *lighted it up,* be *pleaſed,* to lift it up to *himſelf,* and there *transform* it into a *Star,* that may *drink* in *everlaſting light,* and *influence* from its *original,* and *fountain light.*

THE

THE

Schiſme.

1 Cor. 3. 4.

For while one ſaith, I am of Paul, *and another, I am of* Apollo, *are ye not carnal?*

THE *Corinthians* were *Pauls* Epiſtle, as he himſelf ſtiles them; writ in a very legible Character, to be ſeen, and read of all men; and to be ſet as a Copy, for others to write after. No doubt but the Apoſtle had penned it very fairly; it was not writ with *Ink* (as himſelf tells us), and yet I know not how, he meets with ſome blots and daſhes in it; nay, the Epiſtle's read to be torn aſunder, and rent in pieces by ſtriſes and diviſions; *While one ſaith, I am of* Paul, *and another, I am of* Apollos. *Corinth* was the famous Μητρόπολις of *Achaia*, Ἀχαικὸν Ἑλλάδος ἄστυ, ὀφθαλμὸς Ἑλλάδος; or as *Tully*, *Lumen Græciæ*: a Mart-town of great reſort, whence, as *Euſtathius* tells us: *Thucidides* termed it Ἐμπόριον Ἑλλάδος, fenc'd with a Caſtle, which they called *Acro-Corinthus*, as the Poet loftily; *Qua ſummum caput Acro-corinthus in auras tollit, & alterna geminum mare protegit umbra.* So that 'twas for ſtrength impregnable; for command, very powerful; being able to cut off all paſſage by land, from one half of *Greece* to the other; and hence as *Caſaubon* well obſerves out of the ninth book of *Strabo's* Geogra-

phy; this was one of those Cities, which were termed *Compedes Græciæ*. It master'd the *Ionian* and *Ægean* Seas, on both which it had very commodious Havens: the Sea on each side washing it, whence he calls it, *bimaris Corinthus*, and the Greeks ἀλέζονος, and ἁλιστέφανος. The people (as in such places they use to be) were rich, and luxurious, proud, and contentious, πολλοὶ, καὶ πλούσιοι, καὶ γένος λαμπροί, and so on, as *Strabo* in the eighth of his Geography. And I find in *Hesychius* that Κορινθιάζειν is no better then πορνεύειν; and here liv'd *Lais*, that famous Courtizan, that asked *Demosthenes* so dear for repentance. The City was full of Philosophers, and Rhetoricians, full of Artificers, famous for new inventions, whence the *Lyrick* applyes that chiefly to them: πολλὰ δ' ἐν καδίαις ἀνδρῶν ἔβαλον ὧραι πολυάνθεμοι ἀρχαῖα σοφίσματα. But God tells *Paul* in a vision in the 8th. of the *Acts*; that he had much people in this city. The Apostle he spends a year and six moneths amongst them, preaching the Gospel, and planting of a Church, and when from thence he sailed into *Syria*, he left *Apollos* his successor for the watering of his plantation. Now in the Church which *Paul* had planted, and which *Apollos* had water'd, and which God had blest and given an increase unto; in the flourishing Church at *Corinth*, where there were so many Christians eminent for grace, and Religion, *Non cuivis contingit adire Corinthum*, every one could not reach to so high a degree of Piety; yet even here there are strifes, & divisions and tumults; διχοστασίαι, one standeth for *Paul*, and another for *Apollos*. Weeds they'l spring up though *Paul* never planted them, and though *Apollos* never watered them, to be sure God he never blest them; and yet they'l find an increase. No Church so fair in this World as to be without spot and wrinckle, none so happy as to be wholly priviledged from jarres and dissentions; even in Paradise there was μῆλον ἔριδος; only in heaven there's, ἔνδοξος, καὶ ἄμωμος ἐκκλησία, and *Jerusalem* which is above, that's a City compacted, united within herself: Peace is within her Walls; and happinesse within her Palaces. Heaven's full of perfect harmony, there's musick without the least discord, but we can't look for a Church triumphant here below. And yet we meet with none so much blam'd for strife, and divisions as this of *Corinth*: indeed the very *Genius* of the people strongly inclined them this way; and though it be true that grace doth

not

not onely poliſh and gild over nature; (Morality knowes how to do that) but even ſubdue it, and change the very frame and conſtitution of it: yet being that 'tis not wholly conquer'd here; 'tis like 'twill ſhew it ſelf moſt in ſome domineering corruptions, which generally reign'd amongſt them; even the Chriſtians at *Corinth* are contentious: *Animi inflammati ebulliunt ad certamen*: they were wholly disjoynted in affection, and therefore the Apoſtle deſires that they might be κατηρτισμένοι; and this is the very time, as *Hierome* tells us, when Epiſcopacy was firſt eſtabliſh't in the Church; when one ſaid I am of *Paul*, and another I am of *Apollos*, 'twas thought fit to ſet ſome prime Ruler over the reſt for the better calming, and compoſing of theſe ſtriſes, and tumults. And the Scholiaſt tels us that this *Apollos* mentioned in the text, was πρῶτος ἐπίσκοπος Κορινθίων, *the firſt Biſhop of Corinth*. Now as for the words, *I am of Paul, and I am of Apollo*, even amongſt Expoſitors as well as amongſt the *Corinthians* there are ἔριδες καὶ διχοστασίαι; for the better clearing of them it won't be amiſſe to compare them with that twin-place, 1 *Cor.* 1. 12. *Every one of you ſaith*; you ſee how quickly ſchiſme had ſpread it ſelf, how ſoon a little leaven had leaven'd the whole lump. Every one of you ſayes, *I am of Paul, and I am of Apollo, and I am of Cephas*, (that's of Peter) *and I am of Chriſt*. The major part of Interpreters will by no means yield that the Apoſtle blames any ſuch as ſaid they were of Chriſt: but only complains of this, that whereas the greateſt part of them had with full voyce cryed up *Paul* and *Apollo*, and *Peter*, only ſome few at length they ſtand for Chriſt; whereas all ſhould have challenged this honourable and glorious title of Chriſtian to themſelves. *Pauci dixerunt quod omnes dicere debuerunt*, as he ſpeaks: and one would have thought the very name Chriſtian ſhould have been better able to ſtill theſe ſtirrings in the Church; then that of *Quirites* was preſently to huſh, and lay the commotions in *Cæſars* army. *Chryſoſtome* he thinks the Apoſtle brings it ἐκτὸς and puts in his own voyce; You indeed are for *Paul*, and *Apollo* and *Peter*, Ἐγὼ δὲ Χριστοῦ, *I am for none but Chriſt*, but others, and they of a very ſtrong and piercing inſight in the Scripture, think even ſuch may juſtly be blamed by the *Apoſtle* that ſaid they were of Chriſt; if they did this in a violent and contentious way, either (firſt) ſo as to exclude all others from Chriſt that were not every way of

their mind, or else (secondly) so as to villifie the Ministers of Christ. For perhaps it might be spoken by some that had heard Christ himself preach with authority and power: and for them hence to slight *Paul*, and disesteem *Apollos*, surely this deserv'd a sharp, and cutting reprehension, A fond conceit rooted in the mindes of many now adayes; that if they had heard but Christ himself preach, they doubt not but they should have believed. Blessed indeed were the eyes that saw their Saviour, and the eares that heard the gracious words that flowed out of his Mouth; bet yet such as believe not *Moses* and the Prophets, the Apostles and Ministers sent in the Name of Christ; neither would they believe it if they should hear Christ himself preaching unto them, discovering his sweetest love, and dearest affection, unbosoming and unboweling himself, wooing and beseeching them to be reconciled unto God. It has been well observed that we read of farre more converted by the Ministery of the Apostles then by Christ himself, because he provided to magnifie the Excellency of his spiritual Presence above his Personal. Even such may be blamed as say they are of Christ. Now as for the other branch, *I am of Cephas*, we never read of *Peter's* being at *Corinth*, 'tis like therefore 'twas spoke by some Jewes, that crept in amongst them, and extolled him as their Apostle: *Peter* being a Minister of the Circumcision, as *Paul* was of the uncircumcision. And therefore the Apostle useth the name *Cephas* rather then *Peter*; it being *nomen Hebræo-Syrum*; with which the Jews were much better acquainted. The Popish Expositors they are of *Cephas*, *Baronius*, and his troops would fain perswade us that the Apostle doth not blame any such as said they were of *Cephas*, no more then he doth them that said they were of Christ. Such indeed as follow'd *Paul*, and *Apollos* must needs be schismaticks, but such as kept themselves to the prime Bishop, and chief head of the Church next under Christ, to *Peter*, these are Catholicks like themselves. Others that can't wink so much but that they must needs see *Cephas* follwers come under the Apostles reprehension; they sweat and take great paines to very little purpose, whilest they go about to prove, that by *Cephas* here is not meant *Peter*, but some of that name, that preach at *Corinth*, but who it should be they can't very well tell. You see how *Cephas*, who like his Saviour was, ἔκλεκτος καὶ τίμιος,

becomes

becomes to the λίθος προσκόμματος, καὶ πέτρα σκανδάλου. Was *Peter* any better than a συνέργος θεοῦ? and doth not the argument hold as strongly? Was *Cephas* crucified for you? or were you baptized into the name of *Cephas*? This indeed we'll easily grant, and 'tis by the joynt consent of all Interpreters, that under these names of *Paul*, and *Apollos*, and *Peter*; there is a reprehension wisely and warily couch'd of such false Apostles as were amongst them, whom *Paul*, 2 *Cor.* 11. 6. stiles τοὺς ὑπὲρ λίαν ἀποστόλους; Words so big with *Emphasis*, as they hardly admit of a Translation, yet thus that place is rendred. *I was not a whit behind the very chiefest Apostles*: Where *Paul* doth not speak (as it is usually taken) in respect of such as were true Apostles, but only in reference to such as had nothing to set them out, but lofty words of their own, ἱπποβάμονα ῥήματα. One would have thought ὑπεραπόστολοι had been a swelling Title, and somewhat with the highest: but they in their own conceits are ὑπὲρ λίαν ἀπόστολοι. *Paul* acknowledgeth himself lesse then the least of the Apostles, and unworthy to be called an Apostle; and yet he did μηδὲν ὑστερηκέναι τῶν ὑπὲρ λίαν ἀποστόλων, he might well have the preheminence of them. These were they that thought to ingratiate themselves with the *Corinthians*, by an outward pomp of words, and splendour of humane wisdome, they made τὴν εὐγλωττίαν δέλεαρ τῆς ἀπάτης, So the *Scholiast*; they did ἰδιοποιεῖσθαι τὸν λαὸν τοῦ χριστοῦ, as *Photius*, they did monopolize the people, when as they should μᾶλλον συνάπτειν, καὶ ἑνοποιεῖν; setting out Truths, in a painted and meretricious bravery; nay, blending them with errors and humane devices, with the crude imaginations of their own brain: And thus the Apostle tacitely insinuates an argument, *à minore ad majus*; If it were a grosse and carnal thing, as no doubt but 'twas, to side with *Paul* that planted the Church, and to glory in *Appollos* that water'd it: Then much more to side with such a false Apostle, that went about to overthrow it, and such another that meant to extirpate it. And that the Apostle thus aimes at them, 'tis clear out of the fourth *Chapter* of this Epistle, and the sixth *verse*. (Τὸ προσωπεῖον ἀπάρας ἔδειξε τὰ κρυπτόμενα πρόσωπα, *Chrysostome*:) These things sayes he, have I transferr'd in a figure to my self, and to *Apollo*: Ταῦτα δὲ μετεσχημάτισα. *Hæc transtuli in faciem meam*, according to the *Syriack*, Ταῦτα δὲ συνεκαλυψάμην; if we would render't

Hellenistically, as *Heinsius* tels us. These things have I hiddenly spoke, and yet not so secretly, but that they might very well take notice of it. But yet thus be did, that his reproof might be καθαρὰ, καὶ εὐπρόσοδος, as the Sholiast speaks: λόγος εὐπαράδεκτος. *Chrysostome*, a word well entertained; that he might soften, and supple his reprehension, so as it might become a precious Oyl: that he might by no means exasperate these false Apostles; lest thus, while he spoke against Schisms, & tumults in the Church; he might increase them which were already, and occasion greater. And therefore, as a Learned Interpreter hath well observed: 'tis like that they did not yet strike at the essentials, or fundamentals of Religion: for then *Paul* would have more openly, and piercingly reproved them. His words now were smoother then Oyl: but then they should have been very swords. You see the wisdome of our Apostle, and you see the pregnancy of Scripture-sence, which in the same speech hath several aimes, all full of excellent use. *Paul* here takes off the *Corinthians* from their siding with false Apostles, and from their over-esteeming conceit which they had of true ones. And though some take the former to be the main drift, and scope of the place: Yet I shall rather incline to them that rest in the latter, as the more proper and genuine meaning of it: having more vicinity with the letter of the Text, and being clearer out of the whole *Series* of the Chapter; For what is *Paul*? and what is *Apollo*? *Paul did* but *plant*, and *Apollo did* but *water*: 'Twas *God only that gave the increase; so that he that plants is nothing, nor he that waters, but God that gives the increase.* You see how the Apostle makes this τὸ ἔργον, to beat down those over-high thoughts which they had of such as indeed deserv'd esteem, and double honour: of such as were *nuncii pulchri pedes*, as the Hebrews love to speak. Oh, how beautiful were their feet, that brought the glad tydings of Salvation: and yet such must not be adored, and deify'd; as if the gods had been come down amongst them, as so many Saviours that had been crucified for them, and into whose Name they had been baptized. Now that the *Corinthians* did thus glory in them, 'tis sure, and that in a double respect. 1. As being baptized by them: and thus, *I am of* Paul, *and I am of* Apollo; is as much as I am baptized by *Paul*, and I by *Apollo*; and this was strengthened by an erroneous conceit amongst them, that the efficacy of the

the Ordinance depended upon the worthineſſe of the Miniſter; Therefore *Paul* in the following words tels us for his part, that he baptized very few of them: leſt they ſhould ſay, that he baptized into his own name. And I find in very good Authors, that from this time, the form of Baptiſm in the Greek Church was altered; For whereas before, 'twas Ἐγὼ βαπτίζω, ever ſince this 'twas βαπτίζεται ὑπὸ Ἰησοῦ Χριστοῦ leſt they ſhould ſeem to baptize into their own name. It is not for me to queſtion the wiſdome of the Church, in altering their form: But this I am ſure, that that which we ſtill keep, is very warrantable: while the Miniſter ſaith, *I baptize thee.* 'Tis clear, not in his own name, while he addes, as they alſo did: *In the name of the Father, and of the Sonne and of the holy Ghoſt.* But ſecondly, *I am of* Paul, and *I am of* Apolls: They are words of ſuch as glory'd in the ſeveral Gifts, and diverſity of Excellencies which they had in preaching the Goſpel, and publiſhing the welcome newes of Salvation by Chriſt; and thus 'tis, I am *Pauls* diſciple, and I am *Apollos* his. One likes the powerful plainneſſe of *Paul*, another the ample plenty, and variety of *Apollos*: A third, the ſolidity, and perſpicuity of *Cephas.* And here we will ſee as well as we can, by thoſe obſcure *veſtigia* which we meet withall, wherein their ſeveral excellencies lay. And as for *Paul*, we find him himſelf yielding by way of confeſſion; 2 *Cor* 11. 6. that he was ἰδιώτης τῷ λόγῳ, rude in ſpeech. Although indeed, I know not where to meet with more ſtrong, and maſculine Eloquence, then in this our Apoſtle; that eloquence that had ὑβρεως καὶ βάρους, as *Eunapius* ſpeaks: Eloquence more fitted, and ſuited to the perſons to whom he ſpake, and the place where he was: Yet this was that ſo much objected to him by thoſe falſe Apoſtles, that prided themſelves ſo much in a flaunting gaudy eloquence of their own; and eſteemed *Pauls* preaching meer ſimplicity; and their followers, even the wiſer ſort of the *Corinthians* thought it no better then fooliſhneſſe, as he himſelf tells us. But ſome of the moſt Chriſtian ſort amongſt them, they ran into the other extreme; and were ſo farre in love with that as they lik't none elſe. He preach'd in a plain and a familiar way, ſharply convincing the judgement. We have theſe characters of *Apollo* in the 18th. of the *acts*: that he was, 1, ἀνὴρ λόγιος, איש רבר ים an eloquent man. 2, δυνατὸς ὢν ταῖς γραφαῖς, well

well skilled in the Scriptures, so the Idiom carries; we render it powerful in the Scriptures. 3. ζέων τῷ πνεύματι, he was earnest in his preaching, fervent in spirit. 4. ἐλάλει καὶ ἐδίδασκεν ἀκριβῶς, he taught us accurately, exactly; we have it diligently. 5. He did παρρησιάζεσθαι. As the Heathens painted their *Apollo*, their god of eloquence; he had his harp, and his arrowes, his sweet and piercing expressions, there was the voyce of the Charmer, charming most sweetly: and there were arrowes in the hand of the Mighty: happy he, for he had his quiver full of them. I suppose he wrought chiefly upon the affections, in a more Rhetoricall manner. ---

Cephas, he laid down the Principles of Religion in a more Catechetical way; he opened the Scriptures, and discovered a treasure of Heavenly wisdom in every *iota* of holy Writ. Such places, as he is in Epistle calls τὰ δυσνόητα, he layed them γυμνὰ καὶ πεπεχυασμένα, that I may borrow the expression in the Hebrews, and so he was more for the enlightening, and information of the mind. *Peter*, he unsheathed the Sword of the Spirit: *Apollos*, he flourish't, and brandish't the glittering Sword: *Paul*, he strikes with it, and pierceth to the dividing asunder of the joynts and marrow: and to the discerning of the very thoughts and intentions of the heart: And though those here say no more, then *I am of* Paul, and *I am of* Apollos: Abrupt language will serve their turn: it is enough they can expresse their mindes: Yet no doubt, but some of the *Corinthians* could spin out their thoughts into a fairer thred, and thus one might speak for *Paul*. -----

What, did you ne're hear *Paul* preach? Did you ne're see him weild those weapons of his warfare, which are not carnal: but mighty through God, to the pulling down of the strong Holds of Satan, and to the beating down every high, and towering imagination, which advanceth it self against the Knowledge of Christ: and captivating it into the obedience of Jesus Christ? Oh how he speaks, as if he were within a man: as if he supplyed the place of conscience! He has a window into the breast: he opens the window, and darts in a beam of irresistible light: Which though vain man may seek to imprison in unrighteousnesse, and thus become the Jaylor of Truth: Yet as the Light for a while, shut up in a cloud: easily breaks prison, and shews its glorious face

face to all beholders: So the Truth diſcovers it ſelf, will ſet it ſelf at liberty; and, when he ſees his priſoner looſe, like that other Jaylor in the *Acts*; fall down, and amazed, cryes out, *Sirs, what ſhall I do to be ſaved?* 'Tis hard to impriſon ſo ſtrong a light. *Cephas* indeed preacheth very well, and ſoundly; And *Apollos* perhaps with more Elegancy of expreſſion, and greater diſcovery of affection; but give me the convincing ſtrength of *Paul*, who though he be rude in ſpeech, yet he comes in the very evidence and demonſtration of the Spirit; as for me, *I am of Paul.*

Another he's for *Apollos.* Tis true, *Paul* preaches very *powerfully*, and ſo doth *Cephas* very *profitably*; but yet me thinks none ſo *movingly* as *Apollo.* O did you ſee with what a ſweet facility he ſlides into his hearers? O how with a happy fluence he inſinuates himſelf into them? Oh did you ſee how Πειθὼ and Ἀνάγκη met together, how ſweetneſs and violence kiſs'd each other? Did you mind with what a holy variety he refreſhed his hearers, and how he led affection by the hand which way he pleaſed? One while he dips each word in a tear; another while he ſteeps every phraſe in honey; now he breaths out flames that he may thaw a frozen generation; by and by he ſpeaks in a ſilken Dialect; and cloaths his ſpeech with the ſoft raiments of a more pleaſant eloquence. If he flames in terrors you'ld think the Pulpit a mount *Sinai*, nothing but thundring and lightning, and the voice of the Trumpet; ſo that the people exceedingly quake and tremble. If he breath out peace, and open the bowels of mercy, if he diſplay the riches of reconciliation in Chriſt, why now it becomes a mount of Olives, nothing but peace and ſweetneſs, and gentle air. Chriſt is ſeen in the mount, now his Doctrine drops as the rain, and his ſpeech diſtilleth as the dew; as the ſoft rain upon the tender herbs, and as the ſhowers upon the graſs. Heavenly *Apollo!* How is my ſoul taken with thy powerful eloquence? O that I might for ever live under ſo happy a Miniſter! Let whoſe will be for *Paul*, *I am for Apollo.* A third, he's for *Cephas.*

For my part, I like *Paul* well enough; neither can there be much fault found with *Apollo*: but yet none pleaſes me ſo well as *Cephas.* O how doth he explain the Oracles of God, and unriddle the myſteries of ſalvation? O how doth he ſtoop to the

lowest capacity, and feed us with the sincere milk of the word that we may grow thereby? how doth he come with line upon line, drop upon drop, precept upon precept, here a little, and there a little? O how doth he unvail and unmask heavenly truths; so as each eye may see their beauty, and every soul become enamoured with them? What a lustre doth it set upon the pearl of price, so as one would willingly part with all they have for the purchasing of it? Let others follow *Paul*, and admire *Apollo*: I am sure I profit by none so much as by *Peter*; *I am of Cephas*.

You see here the *Corinthians* vanity, and in it our propensity to glory in men, and that because we are carnal, which brings us to the Apostles censure pointed with a stinging interrogation, *Are ye not carnal?* οὐχὶ σαρκικοί ἐστε, *nonne homines estis?* So the *vulgar* Latine, it seems that makes equivolent to be men, and to be carnal; indeed there's but little difference, *Paul* himself calls it in the former verse κατ' ἄνθρωπον περιπατεῖν. *Nonne corporei estis?* So the *Syriack* hath it, as it is usually translated, Don't you seem to be all body, to have nothing of a soul in you, nothing of a more refined part, whilst you thus judge only according to outward appearance? and so I suppose ἀνὴρ σαρκικὸς is a degree below ψυχικὸς, and yet he favours not the things of God. But the force of the Original there reaches further; even to this *Nonne cadaverosi estis?* as the word פגרא, from whence it springs, plainly shews. Carnal men they are dead in trespasses and sins (τάφοι ἔμψυχοι, as *Lucian* calls old men) though they esteem it their only life, as he sings *Vivamus mea Lesbia*.

But 'tis to be took in a more candid sense: for the Apostle speaks to such as were regenerate, and in the state of grace, to such as were νεόφυτοι, he himself calls them babes in Christ, so that here 'tis meant either (first) have not you such gross apprehensions as carnal men use to have? or else (secondly) are not ye carnal in this? and thus the most refined and spiritualized Christian is gross, and carnal in part. In the best soul there are Schisms and Divisions, even here and there are ἔριδες καὶ διχοστασίαι. Ἕκαστος ἡμῶν διττός ἐστι καὶ σύνθετος, as the Moralist; Every one has a double self, an Antagonist within himself. We use to call a friend *Alter ego*; but here the ἄλλος ἐγὼ is the greatest enemy.

enemy. This *Plato* means when he tells us of his τὰ τῆς ψυχῆς ὑπο-ζύγια τῷ χείρονι πρὸς τὸ βέλτιον ξυμμαχοῦντ@, καὶ ἐν ἀνίσχυρον διαλαβόντ-ων τ@. 'Tis like they reacht no further then the rebellion of the ſenſitive ſoul againſt the rational, the ſtruggling of reaſon with appetite: But we know of a nearer, and ſo a ſharper conflict between the fleſh and the Spirit in the regenerate, the fight's deſcribed at large by our Apoſtle in the ſeventh to the *Romans*; and this is that which a Chriſtian ſo much groans under; as *Porphyry* ſaith of *Plotinus*, that he ſo lived, ὡς αἰσχύνεσθαι@ ὅτι ἐν σώματί ἐστιν, we find it true in St. *Paul*, when he cries out, *O who'le deliver me from this body of death!* ὡς αἰσχύνομαι@, ὅτι ἐν σώματί ἐστι. But I ſhall let this paſs as not being formally in the Text, but only vertually there, & by juſt conſequence might be deducted from it, as many the like obſervations alſo might; and wee'l look upon the ſeveral aggravations in theſe words: *Are ye not carnal?* (firſt *You*, that for time and means might have been ſpiritual; δίζημαι Λυκόεργε τίας χείρας, as he in the Greek Epigram calls out to *Licurgus*, that cut down ſo many Vines becauſe they brought forth too much fruit, the blood of the grapes which he thought too generous: he ſpeaks to him that he would be pleaſed to cut down his, becauſe it brought forth none at all. What could they have done more to you then they have done? and when they looked for grapes, do you bring forth wild grapes, full of ſowerneſs and bitterneſs, nothing but ſtrife and contention? is this the fruit of *Pauls* planting, and *Apollo's* watering? Nay how can they gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thiſtles! You that have drunk in the rain, which ſo often fell upon you; do you now bring forth nothing but briers and thorns! Δίζημαι Λυκόεργε τίας χείρας, or elſe you may look for the terrible curſe upon the fig-tree, *Never fruit grow on thee more.* Is this your beſt improvement of your ſo many precious and golden opportunities? have you thus learned Chriſt? hath the bright Sunſhine of the Goſpel beamed out ſo ſtrongly and gloriouſly upon you, and can't it ſo much as warm your affections, while you thus neglect and abuſe the means of grace, *Are you not carnal?*

2. *You* that would ſeem to be ſpiritual, are ye not carnal? What's become of your fair ſhews, and promiſing out-ſides, and ſpecious profeſſions! are they vaniſht into this nothing, or

worse then nothing! are our budding hopes so soon blasted, and do your forward resolutions so quickly languish? *You* that would have counted it an injury not to be thought Christians, and members of the Church, what do you mean to tear and rend the body in pieces? *You* that would have been lookt upon as living stones, fit to build God an house, an habitation for the God of *Jacob*, do *you* now go about to demolish so fair a structure, and to bring into the Temple the noise of axes and hammers? *You* that would have been thought sharers in the communion of Saints, and to have had a chief part in that Spiritual consort, do *you* now put all out of tune by your strifes and dissentions? while you shew no better fruits then these; what ever you seem to be, *are ye not carnal*?

3. Some of *you* that are truly spiritual, yet here in this, *are ye not carnal? τις ὑβάσκανεν; who hath bewitcht you, O* Corinthians! *that having begun in the Spirit, you should end in the flesh? You* that are reconciled to a God of Peace, and redeemed by a Saviour that breath'd out nothing but love: *You* that are sanctified and seal'd by the Spirit of unity, and have embraced a Gospel of peace in all meekness and subjection of mind, laying down your weapons of defiance; why do you now resist the goodness of so gracious a God, and kick against the bowels of so sweet a Saviour? why do you grieve the Holy Spirit, and disgrace the Gospel, as if that taught you to be contentious? nay *You* that know that 'twas the hand of omnipotency that pluckt you out of the jaws of Hell and destruction; and how 'twas not in the power of man or Angel to unfetter you of the least corruption; *You* that know how jealous God is of his honour, and how he takes it more heinously to be robbed of it by his own people; whilst you now attribute all to men, as if they were the Authors and Finishers of your faith, *are ye not now carnal*?

4. Even in that which you think your selves spiritual, *are ye not carnal*? Perhaps you think you honour *Paul*, and reverence *Apollo*, and give due respect to the Ministers, but know that they are the friends of the bridegroom, and would have presented Virgin-souls unto Christ, and whilst you dote upon other loves, and fix your thoughts on inferior objects, you break *Paul*'s heart, and discourage *Apollo* in his labour. *Paul* took you for his Crown, and Joy, but you prove no better then a crown

of

of thorns, and pierce him through with many ſorrows. *Paul* called you his Epiſtle, but you prove his blot, and now methinks you ſhould correct your own thoughts, and even acknowledge your ſelves *carnal.*

5. In all this I appeal to your ſelves: *Are ye not carnal?* Be your own Judge, collect your thoughts together: conſider it but with a ſerious and compoſed Spirit; carry your ſelves to the rule, to the law, and to the teſtimony; ſee whether this be to be carnal or no, if you deny it, why thus you'l prove your ſelves carnal, and more carnal then we hope you are: No queſtion but you are *carnal.* And thus much may ſerve for clearing of the Text. We'l now ſum up the words together, and then they will amount to this propoſition.

That *it is a groſs and carnal thing to glory in the worthineſs and excellencies of them that diſpenſe the Myſteries of ſalvation.* And (firſt) as it ſeeks to eclipſe and obſcure the glory of God. *Nam ea eſt conditio imperandi, ut non aliter ratio conſtet, quam ſi uni reddatur.* God hath taken all means for the brightning of his own Crown, and he that dares ſet it upon a creatures head; he that goes about to wreſt the Golden Scepter out of Gods own hand, and to place a creature in his Throne, muſt needs be *reus læſæ Majeſtatis* in a high degree. *Nobis obſequii gloria relicta eſt.* As he in the forenamed Hiſtorian told his Emperor, though a cruel Tyrant; this is all the honour left to us, and it is enough to be wholly ſubject to ſo great and good a God, and to give all the glory unto him. *Let not then the wiſe man glory in his wiſdom*; no neither let others glory in his wiſdome, for it is groſs idolatry to attribute that to man which is due to God, to make them אלילים which at the beſt are but אלילים, even theſe Idols are nothing. Now God that made us, and knows our mold and faſhion, the weakneſs and frailty of our nature, how we uſe to pore upon the immediate agent, as preſent to our ſenſes, and obvious to our apprehenſions; though far inferior, and of a more ignoble being, as wholy dependent upon a higher cauſe: he therefore choſe himſelf ſo weak an inſtrument, as we could not poſſibly imagine, that that ſhould have ſufficient influence for the producing of ſo great an effect; as by the few words of a weak frail man, a precious and an immortal ſoul ſhould be eternally ſaved, which muſt make a greater work then that of the creation;

creation; that so we might be necessitated to look higher to the powerful hand of God that brings so great things to pass. And this is his usual method and manner of dealing. Thus hath he chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and 'tis plain as they tell us in Opticks, that Μεγαλόφθαλμοι *non sunt acuti visus*; they give the reason, *propter radios in illis dispersos magis & dissipatos*: Men of vast Intellectuals, of very fair eyes μεγαλόφθαλμοι they do but μυωπάζειν in spirituals; they have some broken and scattered notions, which cannot represent heavenly truths in their proper *species*: when as some of a less eye, oh how quick and piercing are they into these holy Mysteries, and such as are dim-sighted in Philosophy become eagle-eyed in Divinity. *Chrysostome* tells us of two in his time, a Greek and a Christian, that were very hot in dispute, whether *Paul* or *Plato*, were the better Schollar. The Christian he amplifies St. *Paul's* wisdom and excellency, the Greek scorns him, as rude and simple, and his writings not comparable to *Plato's* Philosophical and lofty stile. The father he comes as 'twere to moderate; and when he had magnified St. *Pauls* learning, he seems to chide the Christian, that he did not yield the other what he would have. Grant indeed that *Paul* came in a more plain and unlearned way, κατηγορία τοιαύτη ἐγκώμιόν ἐστιν, οὐ βλασφημία τῶν ἀποστόλων, ἀλλὰ δόξα.

Nothing tended more to the advancement of the Gospel, to the stopping of their mouths, then the considerations of this, that a few weak men by the foolishness of preaching: the preaching of a crucified Saviour confounded the grand σοφοὶ of the world, and more prevailed upon the hearts of men, though prepossest with contrary principles, then ever they could do with all their wisdom: For an handful of naked impotent men to conquer an whole host of armed Champions. These are λαμπρὰ τὰ νικητήρια, as he there speaks. Alas! *Moses Atticissans* had a veil upon his face, and ὁ θεῖος could not see into so divne a mystery; nay, *God hath chosen the* τὰ μὴ ὄντα, *the meer Non entia* of the world, *to bring to nought the things that are.* A strange Paradox, and enough to amaze an *Aristotle*, to hear of a *Non Ens* annihilating an *Ens*; and yet no principle surer, or clearer in all his Metaphysicks, if it be took in this spiritual meaning; and that because, *God hath chosen* the things which *are not at all* in

in mens apprehensions; and of a very thin and weak being in themselves. *He hath chosen these to bring to nought the things that are.* That thus his power may be the more eminent in their weakness, and his Majesty shine more gloriously in their contemptibleness. God could have clothed some bright *Seraphim* with light as with a garment, and sent him to have sparkled out Divinity amongst us. He could have made his Angels λειτουργικὰ πνεύματα, even in this sense ministring Spirits, for the good of them that should have been heirs of salvation: But then, we should have been took up too much with the glittering of the creatures, and our eyes dazled with their brightness. God therefore hath made these *stars*, even of the first magnitude to disappear, that the *Sun* may be all in all. He hath hid the pearl in a shel, and shut up his treasure ἐν ὀστρακίνοις σκεύεσι: by an infinite condescension he speaks to us by *Moses*, and thus delivers the Gospel too by the hand of a Mediator. He hath sent us men ἀμαθεῖς *Paul* and *Apollo*, and these fishers of men they came not with their silken line, and their golden hook; with the inticing words of mans wisdom; as they do that go about δελεάζειν ψυχάς; no, they lay down the naked simplicity of the Gospel. *Paul* doth but plant, and *Apollos* doth but water; and God is pleased by so weak means, in so plain a way, to bring about his own glorious ends. *Ipsum cœlum stultitia petimus*, in a better sense then er'e the Poet meant it, even by this foolishness of Preaching. Why then do you gaze on *Paul*, and glory in *Apollos*: as if it were *Pauls* great parts that raised the Gospel, and *Apollos* eloquence that set it off? What's this, but to oppose the Almighty, and to counterplot wisdom it self? God took this as a main way for the advancing of his glory, and you make't (as much as in you lies) wholly derogatory from it: and judge you, whether this be to be carnal, or not. Οὐκ ἡμῖν, κύριε, οὐκ ἡμῖν, ἀλλὰ τῷ ὀνόματί σου δὸς δόξαν. *Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us: but unto thy Name be given the glory.*

2. It is carnal, as it takes from the word of God, from its innate strength and excellency: from its divine Majesty and Royalty.

1. From its strength and excellency. The Gospel shines with its own beams, and need not borrow light from *Paul*, nor lustre from *Apollo*. When God hath once writ with his one finger upon

upon the Tables of stone, they need then no humane polishing; and the Gospel is very gloriously cloathed with such ornaments as Christ hath put upon it. The Image of God stamp'd upon the word, and this superscription is that which hath made it so currant, and all other writings to be but κίβδηλόν τι in comparison of it. And in the plain preaching of the word, what a force and energy goes along with it; This is the voice of the Lord so powerful, that brings down the lofty Cedars in *Lebanon*, and crusheth the strongest Oaks in *Bashan*. Mans eloquence doth but weaken and soften the voice; and whilst it would mak it more pleasant, makes it less powerful. That which *Plutarch* tells us of the *Spartans*, who for brevity were wont to speak as it were characters, and sentences *in puncto*; and for the weightiness of speech, they speak in the lump and massy sentences; he sayes of them, ὁ λόγος Λακωνικὸς οὐκ ἔχει φλοιὸν; 'tis true here, *Verbum Dei est sine cortice*; 'tis all pitch and strength, στομῶται ὡς τὸ δραστήριον, as he there goes on, it is edged into efficacy. God himself hath been pleased to whet his sword; as the *Lacedemonian*, when he was asked whether his sword was sharp or no; replyed that it was ὀξυτέρα διαβολῆς, sharper then a Calumny. 'Tis like his sword was not so sharp as his expression; but to be sure this two-edged sword, as 'tis τομωτέρα ὑπὲρ πᾶσαν μάχαιραν so 'tis ὀξυτέρα πάσης διαβολῆς, it can pierce through all oppositions, cut a sunder the contradictions of men, the most Gordian knot, the most *nodosum ingenium*, as he calls *Tiberius*: but then the quickning power of the Spirit must go along with it; as that famous Captain when he had lost his sword, he told his enemies it was not so much the sword, as the arm; unless the arm of the Lord be revealed, there is none will believe our report, unless this formative vertue go along with it: instead of σπέρμα μένον, it becomes but σπέρμα ἄκαρπον. Our Apostle in the second Chapter of this Epistle, tells us of a demonstration of the Spirit; Now ἀπόδειξις (as he hath it) is φῶς ἀληθείας, the native gloss of truth, which clearly shews it, and presently convinceth a man, there's no disputing against a demonstration. The word that evidences it self, and the Ministers they may strongly perswade; but unless the Spirit demonstrate, the soul hath never compleat satisfaction; and the Spirit that may save extraordinarily without the Word, but the Word cannot possibly save without the Spirit: but

But if this accompany it: O then, there is a glorious Twinlight ſpringing from them both; and irradiating the ſoul with powerfull, and enlivening beams ariſing with healing under its Wings. O then, the Sword of the Lord, and of *Gideon* conquer moſt victoriouſly, and then there's none able to withſtand it; though like *Mars* himſelf he be *tunica telus adamantina*, and though this be in the hand of the weakeſt Meſſenger; he that will reſiſt it, muſt θεομαχεῖν, and ſuch a one hath no great hope of victory, but he muſt fall down with Saint *Pauls* Idiot; and cry out, Surely God is in you of a truth. Why then do ye attribute all to *Paul*, and aſcribe the glory to *Apollo*; as if the Word were a dead Letter, till quicken'd by *Paul*; and an empty breath, unleſſe animated by *Apollo*: as if *Paul* did not only plant, but bleſſe; and *Apollo*, not only ποτίζων, but ἀυξάνων; *Et Deus interim nihil faceret.* He ſtood as Spectator all the while: when as indeed, *Paul* is but at the beſt, *Echo Domini*; he reflects the ſound of the Goſpel; the Echo that never ſpeaks till it be ſpoken to: What I have received from the Lord, that deliver I unto you, and not as that doth *dimidiata verba*; no, he acquaints you with the whole Will and Counſel of God. And *Apollo* is but, as *Ariſtotle* calls a ſervant, ὄργανον ἔμψυχον; he is *Cythara Dei*, ſtrung and tun'd by him, touch't by his Spirit, and then making a moſt ſweet and graceful melody. *Paul* may ſpend his ſtrength in vain, and *Apollo* may ſtretch forth his hand all the day long to a gainſaying, and diſobedient people. *Peter* himſelf may toyl all night, and catch nothing: Men of moſt rare accompliſhments, and of indefatigable induſtry may ſpend all their dayes, and not ſave a ſoul; and others of far weaker abilities, may add daily to the Church ſuch as ſhall be ſaved. God by his ſecret judgement may blaſt the labours of the one, becauſe men glory too much in them: and by his goodneſſe he may give encrea e to the other, becauſe he hath more glory by them. This we are ſure, 'tis the ſame Word preach't by *Paul*, and by other his fellow-labourers; and the Spirit breathed when it pleaſes, and blowes where it liſts. And though theſe here had ſome more plauſible excuſe for their fiding with *Paul*, and glorying in *Apollo*, as men furniſht with extraordinary gifts, and the bleſſing of the Spirit in thoſe Primitive times, accompanying their labours in a more then uſual manner; yet you here the Apoſtles ſharp

reproof of them, even for this: *are ye not carnal*? But then.

2. As it takes from the Majesty of the Word. *Is* it fit that the Word of God should stoop to mans fancy? Why, here's *Paul* and *Apollo*, men of admirable endowments, and of most exact holinesse preaching the same Gospel, and yet 'tis embrac't by some, when coming from one; and neglected, when publisht by another. It is the same truth, but not in the same dresse: It is a sign, they never receiv'd the love of the Truth; plain Truth won't please them, it must be set out in such attire, as may best satisfie their eye: though sometimes not becoming the purity of so chast a Virgin. This *Lumen siccum* (as he speaks) doth patch and offend many mens soft natures. And though no doubt but *Paul* aud *Apollo* deny their own excellencies, and become wholly subservient to the Gospel; yet even in them they find somewhat to preferre one before the other. And unlesse the Word of God were, as the Jewes tells us of the Manna, though very fabulously, (yet we have the same in the *Apocrypha* in the 16 of *Wisdome*; that whatsoever Character, or *Idea* of tast a man shap't to himself in his fancy when he was eating the Manna, as most pleasant and delightfel to him, it serv'd to the appetite of the eater, and was temper'd to every ones liking:) unlesse the Word of God had so many several relishes, agreable to every ones liking: Even this, though Angels food shall be loathed, and nauseated, and surely this argues a carnal Spirit. Must the νόμος βασιλικὸς bow to you? and the Gospel of the Kingdome become so basely serviceable, as to do homage to your lusts? must that Word which should search the Conscience, tickle the fancy, and feed a worm of curiosity that never dyes? What are these but as *Plutarch* calls, inquisitive delatours ἀτῶν γένος, or in the Apostles phrase, *men of itching eares*, that catch more after an elegancy then after a promise, and are better pleas'd with a criticisme then with a practical Truth. You know whose speech 'twas, *Pruritus disputandi est Ecclesiæ scabies.* Wee'l mould it a little to our purpose, *pruritus aurium est animæ scabies.* 'Tis carnal, as it takes from the Word of God, from the strength of it, from the majesty of it.

3. (Which is the main Argument urged by our Apostle) as it breeds ruptures in the Church, schisms, and divisions, which;

Frist,

First, Hinder the communion of Saints: For all communion flows from union, and division takes that away. Some go about to make unity the very form of being, to be sure, it tends much to the well-being of the Church. O how happy, and pleasant a thing it is to see the Churches children spreading themselves like Olive-branches round about her table in a peaceable, and flourishing manner! But when they shall τὰς τῶν ἀδελφῶν λαμπρότητας, ἑαυτῶν ἀμαυρώσεις νομίζειν, (as he speaks) *think that the brightness of their Brethrens condition, doth but obscure, and shadow theirs*; and thus: πάθος ἔοιν ἄγκιστρον προσθέντες, (as he most elegantly,) *if there be the least* ansa *or occasion of strife, Passion presently hooks it in*, and is too apprehensive. When one shall say, I am of *Calvin*, and another, I am of *Luther*; when as they might both meet in the name of Christian; nay, when by most ridiculous dissention (for we have heard of such a σκιομαχία) when one shall say, I am of *Martin*, and another, I am of *Luther*; whereas they did but divide *Martin Luther*, for they were both of his Religion; what must this needs bring, but a deformity and confusion upon the face of the Church, ובהו תהו enough to make up a *Chaos*.

Secondly, These Schismes, and Divisions, they stop the progress of the Gospel. If Christians would but take the *Moralists* counsel ἔξω τρέπειν, καὶ ἀποχετεύειν τὸ βάσκανον *to spend, and derive their Malice some other way*; as civil Wars are often quench't by setting upon some common enemy: This was alwaies the *Cretians* custome, and from thence 'twas called *Syncretismus*: If we could hear of some happy *Synchristianismus*, when the Hearts, and Tongues, and Pens of all them that profess the same faith in sincerity, would agree amongst themselves, & wholly oppose the main adversary: If we had not such narrow, and contracted souls: if God would be pleased to give us a larger heart, so as every one would become a κοινὸν ἀγαθὸν, wholly let go his private aimes, and study the publick good; what might not united forces do? How quickly would all difficulties vanish? every Mountain become a plain, the seven Hills amongst the rest? And the goodly fabrick of the Church would go up with the shoutings, & acclamations of Grace, Grace, and quickly be at the top of its spiritual Glory. O how should every one with the consideration of so happy a time have τὴν ψυχὴν ἔνδον χορεύουσαν, as *Eunapius*

 speaks

speaks most elegantly; a sweet *Chorus* of well tun'd affections, and a spirit tripudiating for joy, as *Abraham* did ἠγαλλιᾶσατο, when he foresaw Christ day, though that were a far off, and this near at hand.

Thirdly, Schismes and Divisions give great advantage to the enemies, and set up the Kingdom of Satan, the Prince of the Ayre. The Church thus becomes militant against her self, and the enemy becomes triumphant. The divil-danceth at discord: and as St. *Chrysostome* observes, when he heard that so goodly, and populous a City as this of *Corinth*, πόλις μεγάλη καὶ πολυάνθρωπος was like to entertain the Gospel; he knew no better way to hinder the success of it, then by presently planting a spirit of discord amongst them: as well knowing, that a Kingdom divided against it self, could not long stand. And all his agents that are subordinate to him, *Nihil spei nisi per discordias habent*, as *Tacitus* saith notably of some in his time; and as he of others, they do *per abrupta inclarescere, sed in nullum Reipublicæ commodum.* We might learn more wisdom of them that are wiser in their generation, then the children of Light; what a strict union and confederacy have they among themselves, as that in *Job* is usually allegorized: *These scales of the* Leviathan *are shut together, as with a close seal* in respect of their secrecy, and combinings; and if they chance to be at variance, and jarre amongst themselves, they have a sure way of meeting, and reconciliation by a joynt opposing of the Church. But then as it gives this generall advantage, so more specially, as it is the Original of all errors, and the inlet of all heresies. When men by a strange περιφροσύνη shall set upon some one as an Oracle, and perpetual Dictatour in Divinity; If such a one broach an errour, O how greedily do they drink it as if 'twere pure Nectar, some saving Truth! when at the best it is but the Poyson of Aspes, a deady, and desperate errour. The divil thus serves them as *Agrippina* did *Claudius*; he mingles poyson in their delicate meat, and they fall to't with an appetite. As that great Schollar hath well observed; they were alwayes learned men, which have been *hæreticorum Coryphæi*: So withall they have been such, as by some deceitful carriages have won the hearts, and esteem of men, and thus could spread their infection farther. And though 'tis true, that *Paul*, and *Apollo* here mentioned in the Text, were in a manner privileg'd

vileᵈg'd perſons, acted by an extraordinary ſpirit; no fear of this in them: yet ſome that are admired as much, or more then ever they were; we can't tell how to ſecure them from it. and this is the third reſpect why 'tis carnal to glory in men, becauſe it breeds Schiſmes and Diviſions in the Church, which hinder the communion of Saints: ſtop the progreſſe of the Goſpel; give great advantage to the enemies, they being bolder to oppoſe, and that being weaker to reſiſt, and then in a more ſpecial way, 'tis laid open to all errours, and hereſies.

Fourthly, As it drawes evil out of good; and ſurely this if any thing elſe argues a carnal Spirit. Gods attributes ſhine very gloriouſly, his wiſdome and power more eſpecially and eminently in extracting good out of evil; the leaſt touch of Providence turns all to gold, even ſinne that ſeems to be all droſſe, a meere obliquity, a Tranſgreſſion of the Law; yet even this by the over-ruling Hand of an infinite Wiſe God, becomes a clear illuſtration of his Glory, and the crucifying of the LORD of Life, ſhall tend to the ſalvation of the Church: And a Chriſtian thus far participates of the divine Nature, as that he can draw good out of evil too, ſweetneſſe out of the worſt condition, and gain ſtrength by his corruptions. What then, muſt it needs ſhew but a diveliſh, and envenomed ſpirit, that aſſimilates to it ſelf, to turn every thing to poyſon, and this is the nature of corruption. Every thing that a carnal man toucheth; is defiled: he ſoyles every Ordinance, and diſcolours every bleſſing: turnes the Grace of God into wantonneſſe, he fights againſt God with his own Weapons, with his moſt precious favours ἀγγυρταῖς λογχαῖσι, by a moſt ſtrange Chymiſtry; he extracts droſſe out of the pureſt refined gold; flegme out of quinteſſence; dregs out of the pureſt ſpirits; a ſavour of death from that which breaths out nothing but life, and happineſs. 'Tis clear in the Texe. What a choyce and magnificent gift was this a δῶρον βασιλικὸν, to adorne the Church with all variety of excellencies? Theſe made up the ἱστὸν ποικιλμένον, they are the Needle-work in the Spouſes Garment, the *opus ocellatum*, Gods πολυποίκιλος σοφία, and his πολυποίκιλος χάρις abundantly diſplayed themſelves in them:

These were the *Donaria* which Christ gave at his Triumph; when he led captivity captive, he gave gifts unto men. And see what use, and improvement they make of them. O how quickly do they become δῶρα ἄδωρα, καὶ ἐκ ἀνάθημα. Strifes and Divisions, Bitterness and Contention, these are the best fruits they gather from so great a mercy. They that glory in some excellencies vilifie meaner; nay, they vilifie choyce ones too: For such as glory in *Paul*, slight *Apollo*; and such as admire *Apollo*, disesteem *Paul*, and both rend the Church in pieces. Do you thus require the LORD, O ungrateful People, and unwise? οὐκ ἔστιν ἀνάβλητα τὰ δῶρα τὰ παρὰ τοῦ Διός. *Lucian* though an Atheist, could say so much, *No gift coming from above is so mean, as to be dispis'd, none so great, as to be gloried in.* Me thinks the diversity of gifts in several men, hath some resemblance with the diversity of colours in several bodies. Some bodies you see are cloathed ἐν λαμπρᾷ ἐσθῆτι, in bright, and orient colours. Nature took a Sun-beam for her Pensil, and flourish't them most gloriously; they have τὴν τοῦ φωτὸς συκνότητα, as the Philosopher speaks, a greater collection, and condensation of Light, and are varnish't over: other sullen, and discontented bodies in sad, and dusky colours, drawn with a coal ἐν φυσικῇ ἐσθῆτι. Now the brightest colours they have *aliquid umbræ*; and the darkest, they have *aliquid lucis*. And some bodies they are content with one colour; others have a pleasant variety, and are set out with a rich Embroidery. See the same in the excellencies of the mind: These τὰ τῆς ψυχῆς χρώματα, these *interni colores*, as I may so call them; which are divine Light, severally distributed unto souls, where some have a fairer gloss set upon them, a twinkling, and glittering soul, all bespangled with Light: others have more sad, and dark coloured spirits. Now the brightest that are have some what of a cloud: darkness and imperfection enough to take them off from boasting; and the darkest they have somewhat of a beam, some light and excellency; enough to keep them from discouragement. Some are apparently eminent in one gift, others have variety of colours, τὴν ψυχὴν ποικιλμένην, *animum variegatum*. They that glory in some one excellency; what do they but as if a man should

should refuse to look only upon some one colour most pleasant to him; when as all are suitable to the eye, though some more delightful. All those tend to the beauty of Nature, and all these to the beauty of Holinesse. Every one that is serviceable to the Temple, is not a *Bezaleel* and *Aboliab*, cunning to work in gold; and many that can build up the Temple, yet know not how to carve it. That which *Philostratus* has in the Life of *Apollonius*, may be moraliz'd into very good counsel, μηδὲ τὰ πάντα τῆς ἀμβροσίας ἀπόλλυσθαι. *Etiam analecta deirum sunt colligenda*; the least gift to be received with a most thankfull acknowledgement, a ῥανὶς Καστάλιας (as *Eunapius* calls a mean Scholar) a drop of *Helicon*, even that's precious; It is a notable speech of one of our Prelates, *I think it honour enough to be vouchsaf'd to bring but one pin to the decking up of Christs Spouse, whil'st others adorn her with her costly Robes, and rich Medals.* And thus 'tis carnal to glory in men, as it drawes evil out of good.

We should now spend a word or two in reference to *Paul*, and *Apollo*, that they would disclaim all glory, and ascribe it unto God. I know they did so; but I speak of such as have the like gifts, and excellencies: as *Paul* here in the Text, he chides the *Corinthians* for siding with him, and glorying in him; *whil'st one saith, I am of* Paul, *&c.* and this is the most likely way to take them off from their vanity, when they shall see such a one as they glory in; not lightly, but sharply reproving them for it: and then in a real way men should aim at the glory of God, as that wholly denying their own aimes, and excellencies; all the world may see, that they only seek the advancement of the Gospel. And this should be done in suitable way, chiefly improving that excellency which God hath entrusted them withall, and in a proportionable way; for *to whom much is given, of them much is required.* As God doth καλῶς γεωμετρεῖν, dispence his gifts in proportion; so he looks for an improvement of them according to a geometrical proportion. Two men may give up their account, the one that has done lesse good with greater joy, because he did answerable to his Talent, when as the other entrusted with some golden, and precious excellency, may have done more good; but yet nothing so proportionable to his ability.

lity. But if men would thus lay out themselves, and unite their several gifts, and excellencies in one general aime, and faithfully improve them for the advantage of their Master, and good of their fellow-servants (which is a thing full of reason, and equity, as might be shewed at large); What glorious times should we then see? How would Knowledge begin to cover the face of the Earth, as Waters do the Sea? How would the Tree of Knowledge be so laden with fruit, as that 'twould stoop down, and children might pick off the Apples that were ready to drop into their mouthes? How would the World become (as he speaks) *terebratus*, *& patens*; full of fair Windowes, and goodly Prospects, and all gilded over with Light? And we should walk from strength to strength, till we appear'd before GOD in Glory.

THE

THE ACT OF OBLIVION.

ISAIAH 43. 25.

I, euen I am he that blot out thy Tranſgreſſions for mine own ſake, and will not remember thy ſinnes.

EVery Promiſe is a breaſt of Conſolation, that would fain be drawn: and as *Job* ſpeaking of the breaſts, calls them very elegantly the milk-pales of the breaſt, they are as it were *Carnea Multralia*; ſo there are the *Evangelica Multralia*, receptacles of that ἄδολον γάλα which is ſtor'd up for Babes in Chriſt, where the thirſty ſoul may come and fill it ſelf with moſt precious ſweetneſs. In the whole word of God there is moſt ſincere milk; but the promiſes they are the cream, the *flos lactis*, the pureſt and ſweeteſt of all.

Here's one of the *utres cœleſtes*, a bottle filled with heavenly dew, which will never fail like that of *Hagars*; but cheriſh the ſoul, till it come to a well of life. Here's a pure emanation of Gods ſweeteſt love, which would fain communicate it ſelf to a ſinfull creature; and therefore put on the moſt amiable expreſ-

ſions that the wiſdome of God him elf can cloth it withall, while he breaths out free grace by the mouth of his Prophet to a diſobedient and rebellious Iſrael, and beſeeches them to be reconcil'd to him.

And if you look but upon the foregoing words, you will wonder how this *verſe* ſhould come in; 'tis ſomewhat a ſtrange context, an unuſual kind of coherence. For God there complains by his Prophet, how that his people of *Iſrael* had done nothing at all for him; He took them indeed for his pleaſant plant, but they were a very barren and ungrateful plant; He had made them a choice and ſpreading plant, but not one delicious cluſter to be found upon them. In the *verſe* immediately before, *Thou haſt bought me no ſweet Cane with money*, 'tis meant of that Cane which was to be a chief ingredient into the precious oyntment as you may ſee in *Exod.* 30. The *Septuagint* they render it Συκλαμινον; *Neither haſt thou made me to drink the fat of thy ſacrifices*; or as the words flow in the fountain לא הרויתני *Thou haſt not moyſtened me abundantly with thy ſacrifices*: Not that the Jews did neglect theſe duties of Gods worſhip, which were ſo ſtrictly enjoyn'd them in the Law; no, they were very punctual and accurate in obſerving that; but the force of the complaint lyes in this, thou didſt them not unto me; For,

1. Thou didſt them not with that alacrity and cheerfulneſs of ſpirit which I required of thee, and might well expect from thee. Love ſhould have dropt oil into the wheels, and thy ſoul ſhould have moved like the chariots of *Amminadab*, with nimble ſpontaneity: but thou went'ſt on heavily, and look-edſt upon my ſervice as an hard task and yoke, more intolerable then that of *Egypt*.

2. Thou truſteſt in thy legal performances, and thought'ſt to be juſtified by thine own righteouſneſs; thou did'ſt them not for thoſe ends which *I* aimed at, for *I* intended only to raiſe thy thoughts higher to that great ſalvation which *I* had ſtor'd up for thee in the *Meſſias*.

3 Thou did'ſt them not to me, for many of thy ſacrifices were offer'd up to idol-gods: thou didſt not make me taſte of them; *I* but thou didſt make them drunk with them; thou didſt even cloy and ſurfet them with the fat of thy ſacrifices.

4. Thou didſt them not to me, while thou reſtedſt in a fair

flouriſh

flourish of outward formality, and thou thought'st to put me off with a mock-worship, with a meer outside and surface of devotion, in giving me a shell, and nothing of the kernel: Thou couldst sin against me when thou list, and then thoughtst to appease me with a sacrifice. They were white as milk, and ruddier then *rubies*, in their glorious profession, but within they were blacker then a coal; *When you fasted, you did fast unto me? I hate your burnt offerings; my soul nauseats your solemn assemblies:* ἐχθρῶν δῶρα ἄδωρα καὶ οὐκ ὀνήσιμα, *Bring me no more vain oblations; Odi Danaos & dona ferentes.* He that will be my servant, let him seal up every spiritual service with integrity of heart. A pure soul that's the only present fit for a God, δῶρον τῷ Θεῷ ἐνοῦσθαι δυνάμενον, a gift that may be united to God himself, as *Hierocles* speaks; *Sacrifices and burnt-offerings he would not have*, then thou shouldst have said, *Lo, I come to do thy will, O my God.* Thou shouldst have presented thy self a living and a reasonable sacrifice; for without this, all others were no better then πυρὸς τροφὴ, *ignis pabulum*, as the *Pythagorean* hath it; a sincere spirit that should have been חלב זבחך, *Thou didst not make me to drink the fat of the sacrifices.* Well, but they stay not here, *Thou hast made me to serve with thy sins, and thou hast wearied me with thine iniquities; thou hast made me to serve with thy sins*; that's either

1. Thou hast so abus'd my patience, and long sufferance, and hath heapt sin upon sin, as if I had been a very servant, that was bound to endure all these thine iniquities; Or else,

2. It is a more prophetical passage looking upon Christ, who took upon him the form of a servant, and bore our sins in his body upon the tree, And thus the *Septuagint.*

3. Thou hast made me to serve with thy sinnes, whilst thou dost these things under a shew of strict holiness, and care of pleasing me, by vertue of my law in reverence to my command; as a peculiar people that served an holy God, and had righteous Laws; and yet while thou neglectest the more weighty things that I require of thee, thou dost dishonour my name, and wrong my Law; and degenerate from those noble Principles that *I* had planted in thee. For what will the heathen say; that *I* am a God that delight in the blood of bulls and goats and give thee liberty in other things to do what thou list? *Thou hast made me to serve with thy sins.* And consider what a strong indignity this is offer'd

to the great God of Heaven and Earth to make him a ſervant, and then to ſerve ſin which he ſo much hates and abhors, that he can't endure to look upon it, as that which ſtrikes at his very being; *Thou haſt made me to ſerve with thy ſins.* And *thou haſt wearied me with thine iniquities.* All outward performances though never ſo pompous, they do but weary Almighty God, unleſs they flow from a ſincere ſpirit; They thought they had pleaſed him with ſacrifices; but he tells them, *they weary him with iniquities.* And ſee here how the mighty God of *Jacob*, the Rock of ages, Omnipotency it ſelf is weary: he is preſt with ſins, and wearied with iniquities. Well, what follows upon all this? I; even *I am he that blot out thine iniquities for my own ſake, and will not remember thy ſins.* Surely *Iſrael* could not look for this in the next verſe. It muſt needs come in, ὡς παράδοξον, One would have thought it ſhould have been, I; even *I am he*, that will revenge theſe thine iniquities: *Thou haſt me to ſerve with thy ſins*, and I'le make thee to ſerve with my plagues: *Thou haſt wearied me with thine iniquities*, and I'le weary thee with my judgements: Mine indignation ſhall flame out againſt thee, and I'le pour out the dregs of my wrath upon thee; it is I, even I *am he*, that will ſet thy ſins in order before thee. One would have thought it ſhould haue run thus: but God, he comes in the ſtill voice, I, even *I am he that blot out thine iniquitie. Thou haſt made me to ſerve with thy ſins* and I'le make thee a ſervant to my ſelf; *Thou haſt wearied me with thine iniquities*, and I'le load thee with my mercies: *Thou haſt blotted out my teſtimonies*, and I'le blot out thine iniquities: *Thou haſt not remembred my Covenant*, and I'l not remember thy ſins. Thus doth Gods goodneſs contend with a ſinfull Nation, thus doth he conquer rebellion, and triumph over ſin. Indeed his very drift is to make a glorious illuſtration of free grace; and therefore he firſt diſcovers his peoples ſin, and then diſplayes his own mercy. He firſt ſhews you *Iſraels* ſtiff-neck and iron ſinew, and then opens his own tender bowels, and deareſt compaſſions: He bids you take notice of the blackneſs of the *Ethiopian*, and then tells you how white he will make him. He would make you conſider well the deep dye, the bloody dye of the Scarlet, and then ſee it become as white as ſnow. Look upon the vaſtneſs of the *Egyptians* Army and ſee them all drown'd in a Red-ſea. Caſt a ſad eye upon a large

large volum of iniquity, and behold them all blotted out in a moment. The ſinfulneſs of ſin ſets a glorious luſtre upon free-grace: when ſin becomes exceeding ſinful, then grace becomes exceeding glorious. *I*, even *I am he, that blot out thine iniquity.* There's much Emphaſis in redoubling the words, and it ſtills many objections that might riſe up in a wavering ſoul. And

1. I, even I, whom thou haſt offended: For what might the diſtruſtful ſoul object and ſay: *Is* it thou, O God, that will blot out mine iniquities? It is thy ſacred Majeſty which *I* have provok'd: and 'tis thy glorious Name which *I* have profan'd; 'tis thy righteous Law which *I* have violated; and 'tis thy Covenant which *I* have broken; and is it thou, O God, that wilt blot out mine iniquities? אנכי אנכי הוּא, 'tis *I*, even *I am he that blot them out for mine own ſake.* Gods goodneſs runs over to a ſinful Creature; and where ſin hath abounded, there grace doth ſuperabound. Conſider,

(1) There is not ſo much evil in ſin, as good in God. Sin indeed is thus infinite, as it is againſt an infinite being: *I*, but there is an abſolute infiniteneſs in God. And this is no extenuation of ſin to advance grace above it.

(2) There is not ſo much ſin in man, as there is goodneſs in God. There is a vaſter diſproportion between ſin and grace, then between a ſpark and an Ocean. Now who would doubt whether a ſpark could be quencht in an Ocean? Thy thoughts of diſobedience towards God, have been within the compaſs of time: but his goodneſs hath been bubbling up towards thee from all eternity. He hath had ſweet Plots of free Grace, and gratious contrivances of love towards thee, from everlaſting. The devils themſelves, though irreverſibly ſealed up to deſtruction; yet they are not ſo bad as God is good. There can't be a *ſummum malum*, as there is *ſummum bonum*. *I*, even *I am he that blot out thine iniquities*; even *I* whom thou haſt thus offended.

2. I, even I whoſe royal Prerogative it is to pardon tranſgreſſion, and to blot out ſin, for otherwiſe the ſoul would ſtill be left rolling and fluctuating. *I*, this were welcome news indeed to hear of iniquity blotted out, and they were Meſſengers of beautiful feet, that could bring me ſuch Goſpel-tidings; but O 'tis not ſo eaſie a matter to have ſin remitted, & pardoning-mercy is not ſo ſoon obtained: Who is it that can waſh off guilt from the

the ſoul, and ſet at liberty a captivated ſpirit? Why, 'tis God himſelf that undertakes ſo great a work; it is I, even *I am he that will blot out thine iniquities*, and it includes theſe two particulars.

(1) God, he can blot out iniquities. For (firſt) the offence is wholly againſt him, and therefore he can freely paſs it by: Sin is ſo far an evil, as it oppoſes his will, the rule of Goodneſs, and as it prevaricates from his Law, the expreſſion of his will, and that the ſupreme Law-giver can pardon.

(2) Chriſt he hath made full ſatisfaction to his juſtice, ſo that now 'tis but dipping the pen in the blood of Chriſt, and daſhing out of iniquity: Nay, Chriſt himſelf hath blotted out even this hand-writing that was againſt us, and nail'd it to his Croſs. Chriſt on the Croſs had a ſpunge given him dipt in Vineger, and a Chriſtians ſins do *incumbere in ſpongiam*, that I may ſpeak in *Auguſtin's* phraſe. And hence there are ſuch wooings and beſeechings of ſouls to come in, and be ſubject to the Scepter of Chriſt: for God hath more ſatisfaction to his Juſtice by every Believer, than by the damned that ly roaring in hell to all eternity, for they are never able to diſcharge the debt; but every Believer by his ſurety hath paid the utmoſt farthing.

2. Only God can blot out iniquities. I, even *I am he, and none elſe*. A poor creature may ſoon involve it ſelf in ſin and miſery, there is none but hath power enough to damn himſelf; *Thy deſtruction is of thy ſelf, O* Ephraim. But 'tis beyond the ſphere of men, of Angels activity to blot out the leaſt ſin, or to diſentangle the ſoul of the leaſt corruption; they can neither take off the guilt of ſin, nor yet ſubdue the power of ſin. There's none but knows how to wound himſelf; I, but he muſt have skill that knows how to cure him; 'tis eaſie enough to run into debt, and many find it hard enough to diſcharge it; There's none but can heap up ſin, and treaſure up wrath, and wound conſcience: I, but who is there that can appeaſe wrath, and calm conſcience, and ſcreen a ſoul from a conſuming fire? Sin is an offence againſt an infinite juſtice, ſo that infinite being can either diſpence with it, or ſatisfie for it. *It* is not the bleſſed Virgins milk can waſh out ſo deep a ſtain, it is not this can whiten the ſoul; no, if the Saints robes be waſht white, it muſt be in the blood of the Lamb. And the power of the keys can't reach thus far, A Miniſter

Miniſter can no more by any way of efficiency remit a ſin, then he can create a world. And I know not what a Popes indulgence ſhould do unleſs it be to ſend ſome ignorant people to hell with more cheerfulneſs and alacrity, that they may *in Cælum deſcendere*, as the *Satyriſt* ſaid *Nero* did; when they looked for heaven, drop into hell irrecoverable. The mighty hand of God himſelf muſt be put to the blotting out of iniquities; 'tis *I*, even *I that blot out thy tranſgreſſions*; even *I* whoſe royal prerogative 'tis to pardon tranſgreſſion, and to blot out ſin.

3. *I*, even *I* that have manifeſted mine anger againſt thee, in puniſhing thee for thine iniquities; even *I am he that will blot them out*, for the ſoul will ſtill be doubting and miſgiving; why, 'tis thou, O God that haſt ſhot off ſo many threatnings againſt us, and ſpent all thine arrows upon us: Thou haſt hewn us by thy Prophets, and ſlain us by the words of thy mouth: Thou haſt dipt thy pen in gall, and writ bitter things againſt us: Thou haſt follow'd us with an whole Army of judgements, and every way ſhown thy ſelf an angry God againſt us; and wilt thou now blot out our iniquities? The Text hath the ſame anſwer ready for this too; 'Tis *I*, even *I am he that will blot them out*; and it ſpeaks theſe two things.

(1) God, he is not long angry. קצף קצף as 'tis in the 54 of *Iſaiah*, verſe 8. *In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlaſting kindneſs will I have mercy on thee, ſaith the Lord thy Redeemer.* God as he is not Ὀξύθυμος, quickly provok'd, ſo neither is he Βραδύθυμος, long diſpleaſed. *God is Love*, ſaith the Apoſtle; now Love is hardly provoked, and 'tis quickly reconcil'd; *God is Love.* He writes not injuries in Marble, his Law indeed he writes in ſtone: *I*, but the breach of the Law, he writes that in the duſt. All the wrong hath been done to him, and yet he beſeeches us to be reconciled: he's far more ready to offer mercy, then the creature is to embrace it: and more willing to ſpeak peace, than man is to hear it. Where will you meet with a man ſo propenſe to put up a wrong, and ſo ambitious to forgive an injury? But *as far as the heavens are above the earth, ſo far are his thoughts above our thoughts*: He writes not our ſins in ſo deep a character, but that they may be eaſily blotted out.

(2) God requires no more humiliation, then to bring a ſoul unto

unto himſelfe, and make it capable of mercy. Many a weak Chriſtian queſtions his condition, becauſe he hath not fill'd Gods bottles ſo full of tears as others, he hath not had ſuch rending of heart, ſuch breakings and piercings of ſpirit, ſuch ſcorching pre-apprehenſions of Hell, and wrath as others have had: I, but let ſuch a one conſider, that God is very gracious in his dealings, and we muſt not look for the like degrees of humiliation in all: ſome have a quicklier delivery, and are ſooner freed from the pangs of the new birth, ſome hearts were more wrought upon in a more winning and melting way; others are beat in pieces by a ſtroke of Omnipotency. But this we are ſure, that ſoul's humbled enough that's brought to a ſight and ſenſe of his ſin, ſo as to ſee the neceſsity of a Saviour, and to prize him, and love him as the faireſt of ten thouſand. When God hath made a ſoul to ſee his ſins, he's ready to blot them out: 'Tis *I*, even *I am he, that blot out thine iniquities*; even *I* that have puniſht thee for them, and ſhewn mine anger againſt them.

I might add, this 'tis a note of Gods complacency in his own goodneſs, he doth even glory in the riches of his free grace; and therefore it is ſo often repeated, *I*, even *I am he*, that will *do it for mine own ſake*: but *I* haſten to the next words.

Blot out thine iniquities,] There are many things wrapt up in this expreſſion; I'le be more brief in them then to promiſe brevity. And.

(1) Blotting out of iniquities, implies that they were all written and took notice of.

1. They were written in Gods book. God, he is not only πρόγνωσις, but μείζων γνῶσις, and knows all things, every idle word, every vain extravagant thought, every glance of the ſoul: the leaſt tendency to ſin, the firſt bublings up of original corruption, they are all took notice of; in this book are all thine iniquities written.

2. Thou haſt a book within thine own breaſt, and Conſcience hath the pen of a ready writer; it can write as faſt as the ſoul can dictate. *Calamum in corde tingit*, and with an accurate pencil, it can give thee a full pourtraicture of thy moſt cloſetted behaviour, of thy moſt reſerved actions, and thy moſt retired motions: and though there be a curtain drawn over them here, yet then they ſhall be made very apparent. God ſhall give conſcience an

Imprimatur

Imprimatur, and such works as thou wouldst have suppreſt, shall be publiſht to the eyes of men and Angels, and the λόγοι ἀργοὶ shall pass censure upon them; Sins of the smalleſt print, of the most indiscernable character, shall be made clearly legible, and become as Atomes in the presence of the Sun-beam. With what a furious reflexion wilt thou then read over thine own sinful life; when all thine iniquity shall stare thy soul in the face to all eternity? When as a Christians life shall be set out in a new Edition, *Multo auctior & emendatior*; for all *Errata* shall be corrected, and with a happy *Index expurgatorius*. Every iniquity shall have a *Deleatur*, and all *Deſiderata* shall be suppli'd, the Book shall become perfect, and be lookt on as a fair Object to all Eternity. This is the first thing impli'd in blotting out of iniquity, that they were all written and took notice of.

(2) Every transgreſſion leaves a blot: For even remiſſion of sins is expreſt by blotting out of iniquity. Although the blot was here greater, before 'twas blotted out; for *blotting* out of iniquities, is the wiping out of a blot. Beſides the guilt of sin, and the power of sin, there's the *Macula peccati* too, *the stain of sin*.

(3) You see here the nature of Juſtification, and how in it *Remiſſio eſt imputativa*; it doth not take away the being of sin, but takes it away from being imputed, and laid to the charge of the soul. Sins in Scripture *Idiom* are ὀφειλήματα. Now in Juſtification there's a crossing of the Book, a blotting out of the debt, so as it can't be required of the soul. And the juſtified person in the 32 *Pſalm*, is stil'd כְּסוּי חֲטָאָה, one whose *sin is cover'd*, which supposes the being of it; and though our adversaries urge the force of the other phrase נְשׂוּי פֶּשַׁע, one whose *sin is took away*; yet 'tis sufficiently clear'd by the following words, לֹא יַחְשֹׁב לוֹ עָוֹן יְהוָה, *God will not impute iniquity unto them*; & 'tis rendred in the New-Teſtament by οὐκ ἐλλογᾶται ἁμαρτίαν, which cannot be possibly meant of taking away the being of sin; for it is attributed to men, when they are bid to forgive one another their treſpasses; now they can't forgive sin so. And they meerly wrangle when they tells us that λογίζεσθαι and חָשַׁב signifie *putare* and not *imputare*; for we deny not but λογίζεσθαι signifies *putare*, but λογίζεσθαι τινὶ muſt needs be *imputare*, and so חָשַׁב לוֹ, as might appear by many inſtances, as the learned *Chamier* hath obſerved.

4. Look upon the fulness of the discharge. The soul may rest satisfied, and role it self upon the free grace of a God in Christ, and lay all the stress of its salvation upon it; the debt is blotted out: and it were injustice to ask it twice: And *shall not the Judge of all the world do right?*

5. Consider the easiness of it. The hand was longer a writing, then it is a blotting out; the hand was wearier with writing then it is with blotting out; *I have blotted out thy transgressions as a thick cloud*, Isa. 44. 22. Now, how is a cloud *blotted* out? Nay indeed, what is a cloud, but a *blot* upon Natures fairest and well-flourished *letter*? A Sun-beam comes, rushes in upon it, wipes away the cloud. The Sun fights against it; Ἀργυριαῖς λόγχαισι, it raises a glorious army of beams, which quickly puts the enemy to fight, they *scatter* the cloud. And I'le blot out thy transgressions like a cloud. An act of Grace, a beam of mercy shall not blot out a whole cloud of transgressions, which otherwise would have proved a cloud of witnesses against the soul. מחיתי כעב פשעך.

6. Here is the extent of Remission, a great debt may be *blotted* out as well as a less; a great sum may be *blotted out* as well as a small one, though not so easily, though not no suddenly.

7. This explains that, how *God sees not iniquity in* Jacob, *nor sin in* Israel: He looks upon his people as in a state of grace, and reconciliation; now as the *Arabick* proverb pithily, *Favoris oculus velut nox est ad omnem labem.* He sees not iniquity in *Jacob*, for he sees it *blotted out*, he sees it covered: that he is sees, it not at all, makes Omniscience blind.

Thine iniquities] (1) Thine, very *heinous* in their own nature, as the Prophets continually complain: it turns every Prophecy to a משא, *Onerosa Prophetia.*

(2) More heinous, because *thine.* The sins of *Israel* pierce deeper, grieve God most: ᾐ σὺ ὦ τέκνον: It was a notable speech of *Cosmus* Duke of *Florence*: I have read (saith he) that I must forgive mine enemies, but never that I must forgive my friends: The sins of Gods friends, of his people provoke him most. Every sin is took notice of: I, but the sin of *Judah* is *writ with a pen of Iron, and the point of a Diamond*, בצפורן שמיר with the claw of an Adamant. They are against beams of stronger light, against bowels of tender mercy, against nearer and sweeter

ſweeter relations, againſt greater expectation: God *looks for grapes, and they bring forth wild grapes.* Yet, *I will blot out thine iniquities.* Not only ſome of the leſs, and call thee to account for the greater; no, ſuch as are the moſt deeply aggravated the moſt frequently reiterated, thine iniquities indefinitely. God never blots out one iniquity, but he blots out all; *Juſtificatio eſt ſimul & ſemel*, and it doth *extendere ad futura peccata* For,

1. It puts a man into a ſtate of grace and reconciliation, and within the Covenant of Grace, ſo that his perſon and ſervices are accepted.

2. Suppoſe a man had all his ſins remitted, and only one, the leaſt retained; yet ſuch a one were ſtill σκεῦος κατηρτισμένον εἰς ἀπώλειαν, *a veſſel fitted, and framed, and faſhioned for deſtruction*, ſeeing the guilt of the leaſt ſinne binds over to eternal puniſhment.

For mine own ſake] (1) Excluſively, for nothing at all in you; as in that Twin-place, *Ezek.* 36. 22. There you have a clear comment upon the words; *Thus ſaith the Lord God, I do not this for your ſakes, ſaith the Lord God; but for mine holy Names ſake, which ye have profaned amongſt the Heathen.* Mark under what notion it runs, for that holy Names ſake, which you have profaned. And in this Chapter we have in hand, in thoſe verſes that are preparatory to the Text, we ſhewed you how ſtrangely *Iſrael* behaved themſelves. *v.* 22. *Thou haſt not called upon me, O* Jacob. Why, one would have thought that they might have opened the mouth for mercy, that they might at leaſt have petitioned for Grace; ſurely, 'twas worth the asking: No, but *I was found of them that ſought me not.* The learned *Chamier* goes on, and ſhews how there is an exact removal of all ſuch works as the Papiſts make ſatisfactory.

(2) *For mine own ſake*, it includes for my Chriſt his ſake, and that eternal Covenant of love and peace which *I* have founded in him For God in himſelf is an holy and juſt God; and now by reaſon of ſin, an offended and provoked God; and would quickly prove a puniſhing and revenging God; did not a *Jupiter μειλίχιος* ſtep in and aſſwage an angry Deity.

(3) *For mine own ſake*, for my Names ſake, and for mine Honours ſake; leſt the Heathen triumph, and ſay, *Where is now*

your God? O the infinite goodneſs of God and that by a moſt gracious and free act of his own will, hath knit and united his own glory, and the ſalvation of his people together! He hath wrought *Iſraels* name in the frame of his own glory, ſo that now 'tis for His Honours ſake to ſave *Iſrael*; He blots out iniquities for his own ſake. God will not ſuffer the luſtre of his Crown to be dim'd and eclips'd; he will be ſure that none of his Jewels ſhall fall off from it. 'Tis as impoſsible for *Iſrael* to periſh, as for to loſe his Glory.

And will not remember thy ſins,] The ſinful ſoul is full of doubts and ſuſpicions; Certainly, ſaith he, if God ſhould let me alone now, he will call them to account hereafter; *If* he ſeem to blot them out now, he will write them again ſomtime or other. No, ſaith God, *I'le blot out thy tranſgreſſions, and will not remember thy ſins.* 'Tis an ordinary ſpeech in the mouth of ſome ſilly ones, they will forgive, but never forget, it had need have a very candid conſtruction, a grain of ſalt is ſcarce enough to make it ſavory; but God never forgives, but he doth forget too; when he blots out iniquities, he remembers them no more. When the ſins are laid upon the head of the ſcape goat, they are then carried into a land of forgetfulneſs.

I ſuppoſe you recall the uſual rule; *Verba memoriæ denotant affectum & effectum*: He will not remember them ſo as to call thee to account for them, ſo as to upbraid thee with them, ſo as any way to puniſh thee for them.

Guilt and puniſhment are correlates, ſuch Twins as live and dy together, when the one's remitted, the other's never retain'd. For,

1. 'Twere injuſtice to puniſh where there is no fault. God indeed may act out of his abſolute dominion and ſoverejgnty, inflict an evil upon an innocent creature, but then it falls not under the formal notion of a puniſhment; and doth inflict evils upon his own people, which flow from a fatherly caſtigation, and not from a judicial proceeding.

2. 'Tis againſt the very nature of remiſſion. Do you call that forgiving of a debt, to caſt a man into priſon for not diſcharging it? or is that pardoning of a Traitor, to behead him for his Treaſon?

3. 'Tis injurious to the full ſatisfaction of Chriſt; who drunk up

up the whole cup; all the dregs of wrath, not a drop of that bitter cup left for a Christian, no ὑπολείμματα there; they do indeed pledge him, but 'tis a sweeter draught, and not at all in satisfaction to divine Justice. 'Tis an impious speech, and fit for the mouth that spoke it; worthy of a Jesuite, that call Christians sufferings, *Fimbrias meritorum Christi*; but he may touch this hem of the Garment, and find no vertue coming out from it. Christs resurrection was a full and plain acquittance, a clear and apparent sign that iniquities were plain blotted out.

Quest. But doth not God revive former sinns, and reprint such iniquities as he hath once blotted out?

Answ. He doth indeed, but in abundance of love and bowels of free grace: not as an angry and revenging God; but 'tis to make thy repentance for them, more deep and serious. And though God remember them no more; yet ther's good reason that the soul should still remember them, (First) to make it more thankfull to him that he blotted them out. (Secondly) to walk more humbly. (Thirdly) more watchfully and accurately ἀκριβῶς.

And thus we have took a brief survey of the Text; we'l now strain the quintessence of all into one observation, *justifying grace is free grace:* He blots out iniquities for his own sake: Every justifi'd person is a monument of free grace, or in the *Psalmists* language; he's crown'd with loving kindness and tender mercies. *Observ.*

The grace of God is free grace; and that.

First; If you look to the *Spring* from whence it flowes. That Originall Goodness; that fountain-mercy in Election, when he singl'd out a peculiar people to himself; there were beamings out of his love, and blossomings of his grace towards thee from everlasting; He was plotting and studying thy happiness, long before thou hadst any being. Thou wert Gods Jewel from all eternity, his חמדה; he casts a propitious glance upon thee, *And thy time was the time of love;* He took thee as the Jewel out of the rubbish of ruinated mankind, out of the *Massa corrupta*, and in his due time he means to polish thee, and to set a glorious lustre upon thee. Now what was there that God should smile on *Jacob*, and frown on *Esau* from all eternity? What was there in thee to perswade him to all this? what were the motives?

Where

Where were the arguments? What was the Rhetorick?

1. It was long before thou hadst any being, thou wert hid in the barren womb of nothing; thou hadst no desire, no thought of happiness, and I cannot well understand the merit of a *Non-entity*.

2. God might have had great revenues of glory out of thy eternal ruine, now that he should choose to glorifie the riches of his mercy in thy happiness and salvation, was most free grace. Two books were before him, he might have writ thy name in his black book, with fatal and bloody characters, and made his Justice glorious in thy misery and damnation; I, but he took the book of life, and with the point of a Diamond writ thy name there, thus to make his love wonderful in thy salvation.

3. Consider how few God then chose unto himself. Out of those many worlds which he might have made, out of that which he did make; he pickt out a few here and there, they all make up but μικρὸν ποίμνιον, a little diminutive flock, a little little flock, μικρὸν ποίμνιον. The major part of the world κεῖται ἐν πονηρῷ it lies drencht and drowned in wickedness. How comes it now that thou dost not go with the generality; but art one of the little number, is not this free grace? God hath riches of grace for many more, and yet he would spend it all upon a few; he would contract and concentricate his love in them, *& quanto pauciores filios habet tanto cariores.* 'Tis St. *Pauls* reason, that he might make known the riches of glory upon the vessels of honour; this was the very end, that they might admire his goodness the more and tell stories of free grace to all eternity.

4. Don't think that this was out of any provision of worth and excellency in thee more then in another. For

1. This makes the prime wheeling cause wholly dependent upon inferior movers. The great Creator of Heaven and Earth, must wait upon mans *liberum arbitrium*; if the Creature please to determine thus, or thus, then he must copy out his decree accordingly.

2. They speak as if they had never seen the ninth to the *Romans*. What was it that prevailed with the Potter, to make one vessel to honour, and the other to dishonour? Was it because this was the more refined Earth, and so fitter for a vessel of Honour? No saith St. *Paul*, of the very same *lump*, *he made*

one

one a veſſel to honour, and another to diſhonour, And *God lov'd* Jacob, *and hated* Eſau, *before they had done either good or evill*; Now if *Jacob* would certainly have done good of his own accord, 'twas all one, as if it were done already in reſpect of Eternity, all things being equally preſent to that.

3. This takes away all method, and order of proſecution, for the end is alwayes in intention before the means. God firſt reſolves to ſave *Jacob*, and then provides means accordingly.

4. It quite demoliſheth the goodly and faire ſtructure of grace; no diſcriminating grace, 'tis no longer *for his own ſake*, but *for your ſakes* now. A man now makes himſelf to differ, free-will muſt be ſet on the throne, 'tis a *Roman*, and muſt not be bound; and free-grace muſt lie at the footſtool, and be trampled on as they pleaſe. But all they that know what Grace is, and have had any gracious impreſſions upon their own ſpirits, will eaſily tell you who it was that made them differ, even he who choſe them, not becauſe they were any better then others, but he choſe them; and ſo would be ſure to make them better; and if they be lovely, it is with the comlineſs which he hath put upon them. Grace is free, if you look to the fountain of it, the primitive goodneſs of God in election, bubling out from all Eternity.

Secondly, If you look to the ſeveral *ſtreamings* out of the fountain, you muſt admire the riches of free-grace; For,

1. Gods giving of his Son, and founding an eternal Covenant of love and peace in him; the richeſt and precioueſt ſtream that ever flowed to the ſons of men. Now if there were an Aſſembly of thoſe bright and intelligent creatures gathered together, the moſt glorious Cherubims and glittering Seraphims, and if this myſtery which they now pry into, were fully unſeal'd, & explain'd unto them; O how would they ſtand gazing upon the riches of free grace, how would they think eternity it ſelf too ſhort for the admireing of it, and what could they reſolve it into but meer love. *God ſo loved the world*, ſo freely, ſo fully, ſo unconceivably, *that he gave his only Son*, &c. What was there in thee to draw a Saviour down from heaven? Was there ſuch an attractive and magnetical vertue in an vndone and bankrupted creature? How didſt thou perſwade him to diſrobe himſelf

ſelf of light; as of a garment, to cloud and eclipſe the luſtre of his Divinity, by the interpoſition of a pale mortal body! What was it that mov'd him to take upon him the ſeed of *Abraham*, and not the nature of Angels, to let paſſe thoſe fair and eminent beings, and to advance a poor crawling worme! Out of what Topicks didſt thou fetch an argument that prevail'd with him, to eſpouſe thee to himſelf in Mercy and Truth, and ſo to love thee as to die for thee? I know thy thoughts are ſwallowed up with the conſideration of ſo boundleſſe and bottomleſſe a Love, and deſire ſome time for aſtoniſhment.

2. What ſhould I tell you of thoſe free expreſſions and manifeſtations of this his Love: thoſe freſh eruptions and ebullitions of it in the Goſpel? I mean thoſe precious Promiſes, that are ſo many ſeveral ſproutings and branchings out of the Covenant. The Goſpel's like a ſweet and precious Honey-comb, theſe are the ſeveral droppings of it, that flow freely from it. Indeed the the whole Goſpel like the midſt of *Salomons* bed in the *Canticles*, is pav'd with Love.

3. Think upon thoſe free offers of grace, and tenders of reconcilation: how he woes you to receive mercy, how he beſeeches you to be happy, how he entreats you to be ſav'd, to accept of Him and of heaven, of Grace and of Glory. So that if you look to the ſtreamings out of the Fountain: you ſee they all carry with them the riches of Grace.

Thirdly, Conſider the ſeveral *conveighances* of it, how God diffuſes this his goodneſſe to thy ſoul: and thou ſhalt ſee how thou haſt liv'd upon the expences of free Grace all thy dayes. And for this, obſerve how he turn'd all Circumſtances in a ſweet and harmonious way; ſo as they did all ſweetly agree and comfort in thy happineſſe; and how all providential paſſages did joyn for thee, and *συνεργεῖν*, *work together* for thy good: As

1. 'Twas out of the Riches of free Grace, that he planted thee in a place of light, when he ſhut up & impriſon'd the reſt of the world in a palpable darkneſſe. The Goſpel ſhines out but upon a little ſpot of ground which God hath enclos'd for himſelf, and ſtiles it his Garden. *Paul* plants it, and *Apollos* waters it, and he himſelf gives it an encreaſe: The reſt of the World lyes like a barren

barren and desolate wilderness, the Word of the Gospel never dropt upon it; nothing but Briars and Thorns fit for the fire. Now, how fell thy lot in so fair a ground; and who is it that gives thee so goodly an heritage? Who is it that shines thus upon thy Tabernacle, and fixes it in a land that flowes with Milk and Honey? Give a reason if thou canst, why thou wert not plac't in some obscure Corner of *America*, and left only to the weak and glimmering light of nature? Prethee, tell me who that was that open'd for thee so many wells of salvation, and feasted thee with all those spiritual dainties and delicacies that are dish't out in variety of Ordinances? I would fain know who that was that crush't the Honey-comb on purpose, that it might drop upon thy soul? Prethee, tell me, if thou can'st, who that was that bespoke a place for thee in the Church, among the assembly of the Saints? Hath God dealt so with every Nation, or have the Heathen knowledge of this Law? Ascribe this then to free grace.

2. That salvation should wait upon thee so long, and when thou had'st repuls't so many rich offers of grace and mercy; that still it should be importunate with thee: if mercy had knock't once or twice, nay according to the rule, *si ter pulsanti, &c.* if it had then bid thy soul farewell, thou hadst dropt into hell irrecoverably. How many years hath free grace stood at the door, and begg'd for some admission, and thou hast not so much as bid it welcome? Free Grace follows thee and pursues thee, and will not let thee go till thou hast a blessing. Would any friend have given thee so many invitations after thou hast rejected them? Are there not many of the damned that must lye roaring there to all Eternity, that never tasted of so much goodness and long-sufferance as thou hast done? O, why were not thou sent thither amongst the rest? that that Spirit which thou hast so much griev'd and so often vext, should still breath upon thee, and follow thee with secret whisperings, and gentle sollicitations to entice and allure thee to goodness; what canst thou call this but free grace?

3. Consider in what state thou art all the while; an Enemy, a Rebel, studying how to be damn'd; galloping to hell and destruction with full career, a Schollars pace: who was't now that stopt thee in thy course? who bridl'd in the proud

waves and said, *Hither ye shall go, and no further?* *Saul* when he is breathing out slaughters, and making havock of the Church, even then he becomes a *Paul*. When the soul is even ripe for Judgement, then mercy shines out upon it. And that which would seem the most reasonable time for vengeance, is made a blessed opportunity of shewing mercy.

4. Consider the efficacious and overpowering work of grace; he must force thee to be happy, and necessitate thee to salvation, and compell thee to come in. It is not enough to provide the means, but he must strongly apply them; unless the arm of the Lord be reveal'd, there's none will believe our report. It may be thou cam'st occasionally to hear a Sermon; well, God hath the two-edged sword in his own hand; he brandish'd the glittering sword, he fought against thee, he wounded thee, and frighted thee out of thy sins. Well, thou wentest away with groans, and sighs, and tears; like a Hart stuck with an arrow, panting and breathing, and fain wouldst have some refreshment; Ere long he met with a faithful Messenger, and sent thee some balm from *Gilead*; he began to let in some of his love to thy soul, and to cheer thee with Gospel Cordials, and were they not all bought with the riches of free grace? or it may be thou cam'st into a Church with a mind, to smile at Religion, to laugh at goodness, to mock at Piety; or else to guesse the best; thou camest for flowers, and not for fruit, to crop an Elegancy, to take acquaintance of a Nation, or fine expression; *as he* once to here an eloquent *Ambrose*. Thou cam'st for a bait, but meet'st with an hook, and 'twas happy for thee that thou wert so caught; thou thought'st only to see the flourishing of the sword, but thou felt'st the edge of it, and 'twas well for thee that thou wert so wounded.

5. Remember the manner how he thus wrought upon thee: it may be it was with softer and gentler impressions, in a winning, in a melting way; he drew thee with the cords of a man, and sweetly dissolv'd thy stony heart. 'Tis true, the Law had its work and struck thee with the flaming edge of a curse, but the Gospel presently brought oil and powr'd it into the wounded spirit. The love of Christ was the powerful *Suada*: Heavens Rhetorick: there was *Demosthenes* his double Deity in it, πειθὼ and ἀνάγκη,

it,

it conſtrain'd thee to obedience? And was it not mercy to be dealt withall in ſo mild a way? Well but what if thou wert a more knotty and obdurate piece, and it was not a little matter would tame thy unruly ſpirit? God came in a more victorious and triumphant manner, and led Captivity captive, when he gave gifts unto thy ſoul. He was fain to batter down ſtrong holds, and bring to the ground towering imaginations. Thou hadſt a rockly and flinty ſpirit, and was not his word an Hammer? did not he take it into his own hand? he ſmote the ſtony rock indeed, ſo as the waters guſhed out: Well, and had he no bowels all the while? was it not abundance of mercy to take pains with ſuch an obſtinate ſinner? Refer it you to what you will, we'l put it under the head of free grace.

6. Think upon thoſe mountains of oppoſition that were beaten down when this goodly fabrick of the Temple went up with the ſhoutings and acclamations of free grace. The ſtrong man was diſpoſſeſt, all the plots and ſtratagems of Satan were fruſtrated. God cruſht his deſigns, and blaſted his enterpriſes, and broke his ſnares, and reſcu'd thee out of the paw of the Lion. 'Twas much love and grace to ſet a ſilly bird out of the ſnare, to ranſom a poor captive, to break the chain, and beat off the irons, to diſentagle a ſoul, and ſet it at liberty. And then he armed thee againſt the diſgraces and frowns of the world, and fortified thee againſt the ſmiles and blandiſhments of the world, and carried thee againſt the potent ſtreams of examples, which all ran another way: free grace hid thy ſoul under the ſhadow of its wings.

7. Haſt thou not freſh ſupplies of free grace flowing in continually upon thy ſoul, and maintaining it to all eternity? If God in this new creation had given thee, as he did at the firſt, a ſtock of grace, and left it to thine own improvement, thou would'ſt have ſpent it immediately: Thou haſt ſomewhat of free grace, every moment of thy ſpiritual being. God feeds and preſerves the *humidum radicale* of the ſoul, or elſe it would quickly waſte away. He ſends thee in rich influences and auxiliary forces, and keeps thee by his mighty power through faith unto ſalvation. And this is no ſmall work of grace, *Conſervatio*, you know, 'tis *continuata creatio*.

8. Compare thy ſelf with thoſe that have had none of all this

kindneſs ſhown unto them, ſuch as God hath left to themſelves in the ſeverity of his juſtice, and this will ſet a goodly gloſs upon free grace.

1. Many of them are ſuch as have improv'd their preſent ſtrength far better. Many Heathens have liv'd more accurately and exactly then ſome Chriſtians in their unregenerate condition, and yet one out of all ordinary poſſibility of ſalvation, and the others efficaciouſly called. He may do with his own what he will, and he hath mercy on whom he will have mercy. Thus Publicans are before Phariſees and ſwelling Juſtitiaries: that free grace may be more apparent and conſpicuous.

2. Some have deſired more ſtrength, and in their way pray'd for it too, and it may be have had the prayers of others too, and yet have gone without it; but thou haſt not call'd upon me, *O Jacob; I was found of thee, when thou ſoughteſt me not.*

3. He paſt by men of moſt admirable endowments, moſt rare accompliſhments, that in all probability would have done him a great deal more honourable ſervice, then thou art like to do. Would not an *Ariſtotle* have made a glorious Convert and fill'd the world full of Divinity as he did of Philoſophy? but God paſſeth by theſe ſtately Cedars of *Lebanon*, and chooſeth a few contemptible Shrubs, and this is the good will of him that dwelt in the buſh; he hath choſen the τὰ μὴ ὄντα the meer *non entia* of the world, to bring to nought the things that are.

So, that if thou look to the *fountain*, or the *ſtreams*, or the *conveighances*, you met with nothing but free grace.

Fourthly, I might draw an head of argument, *à Minori ad Majus*, common and reſtraining grace is free grace, how much more juſtifying and ſaveing grace, that one is not ſo bad as another, is meer grace, *&c.*

This truth is full of Uſe: Richly laden with fruit, if we had time to gather it: I'le put point at it.

Uſe. *Uſe.* Let none dare to abuſe the grace of God, to ſtill malignant and venomous conſequencies out of ſo ſweet and flowry a truth. *Cum gratia Dei ſit mellea, ne comedas eam totam.* There's none but love to hear of free grace; O this is ſoft and downy Doctrine, a ſilken truth: O 'tis a gentle breath that fans the ſoul, and gives it ſweet refreſhment. O 'tis a pleaſant thing to ſit under the ſhadow of free grace, and ſee Gods goodneſs ſtream-

ſtreaming out before thee! But take head who e're thou art, of turning this grace of God into wantonneſs; and know, that 'tis free grace in another ſenſe too: God may take it away when he pleaſeth, thou know'ſt not which is the laſt offer: Believe it, he that neglects this very preſent offer, ventures eternity. And know withall, that as there are more liberal aſperſions of grace in time of the Goſpel, ſo there are larger viols of wrath too. Vinegar you know 'tis חומץ *filius vini*: and the ſweeteſt wine degenerates into the ſharpeſt vinegar. Grace abus'd, turns to fury. What, to ſin againſt God, becauſe he is good? therefore to offend him, becauſe he is merciful? to multiply iniquities, becauſe he blots them out for his own ſake? to kick againſt bowels of mercy, and to rebel againſt the golden Scepter, when 'tis ſtrecht out, and motions of reconciliation propounded? truly this will be the very ſting of hell, the *Emphaſis* of damnation, this will heat the furnace ſeven times hotter: 'twill teach the worm that never dies to gnaw more cruelly, and put new ſtings into the eternal Scorpions: 'twill prepare flaming ingredients for the cup of wrath, and fill it up to the very brim. O how fain would'ſt thou then change places in hell with a Turk, or an Infidel, and be ambitious of ordinary damnation. But truly there is no ſtronger argument againſt ſin to an ingenuous ſpirit, then free grace. Becauſe God is ſo prone to pardon, therefore the ſoul is ſo loath to diſpleaſe.

THE

THE Childs Return.

Prov. 23. 26.

My Son, Give me thine Heart.

THere have been ſuch noble and generous ſprits in ſome of the people of God, that they have been frequent in ſuch enquirys as theſe: What ſhall we render to the Lord for all his mercies? And, what ſhall we return him for all his goodneſs? And he in the Prophet *Micah* (though he be of a different temper from theſe) yet he ſeemeth to be very ſolicitous and deſirous to know what he ſhould bring unto the Lord. For thus you may hear him ſpeak in the ſixth of *Micah*: *Wherewith* (ſaith he) *ſhall I appear before the Lord? Will the Lord be pleaſed with thouſands of Rams*, &c? No, ſaith the Prophet: *He hath ſhewed thee, O man, what is good, and what doth the Lord require of thee, but that thou ſhould'ſt do juſtly*, &c. *He hath ſhewed thee, O man, what is good, and what doth the Lord require of thee*, but that thou ſhould'ſt give him thine heart, and that thou ſhouldeſt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy ſoul, and with all thy ſtrength. And therefore he here asks it of thee, תנה בני לבך לי, *My Sonne, give me thine heart.*

Theſe words are ſpoken by *Solomon*, but not in his own Name. It had been too much for *Solomon* to have askt it for him-

himſelf. It doth not become the mouth of any Creature to ask the heart to it ſelf. But *Solomon* ſpeaks it in the name of wiſdom, and ſo in the name of God himſelf, the eternal fountain of Wiſdom. It is he that calls unto the ſonns of men, and bids them to give him their hearts.

And though I know that the Hebrew *Idiom* ſometimes by giving the heart, imply no more, then the ſerious conſideration, and pondring of a thing, the laying of it to heart, as we uſe to ſpeak; yet I ſhall take the words here in a fuller ſenſe, as the heart in a ſpecial manner is due unto God.

Now as in proverbial ſpeeches there uſeth to be, ſo it is here. There is abundance of rich variety, a great deal of Treaſure lockt up in a few words; we will open ſome of them to you, And,

I. For the Relation of Son. Five things are very conſiderable.

1. He ſpeaks here to a *Son*, and not to a *ſtranger*. No wonder that ſtrangers give not their heart to God; no wonder that a pagan gives not the heart unto God. Such as are Aliens from the Common-wealth of *Iſrael*, and Strangers to the Covenant of Grace. Such as are at a great diſtance from him: nay, that live without God in the world, ſuch as lie like the dry heath, and the barren wilderneſs, the word of the kingdom never dropt upon them, but thou art a *ſon* in near relation to him; He reveals his mind to thee: he manifeſts and diſplayes himſelf to thee: he makes his goodneſs paſs before thee. Thou haſt the continual droppings of the word upon thee: his Prophets are ſent to thee early and late: thou haſt the happy Sun-ſhine of his preſence with thee, enough to warm and ſoften a ſtony heart, and out of ſuch ſtones to raiſe up children unto *Abraham*. Though an *Indian*, though an *American* do not give the heart unto God, yet a Chriſtian ſhould. Though a Stranger doe not give him the heart, yet a *Son* ſhould.

A *Son*, and not an *Enemy*. God doth not expect the hearts of enemies; ſuch as are in open hoſtility and oppoſition againſt him ſuch as are ſaid to be *haters of him*, *and hated by him*, ſuch as bid him, *depart from them, for they do not deſire the knowledge of his wayes*; he doth not look for the hearts of theſe. He doth indeed many times turn the heart of an Enemy, meet the heart

of

of a *Soul*, while he is breathing out ſlaughters againſt the Church: but whilſt he is in a ſtate of enmity, he doth not look for the heart from him. Nay, if any Enemy could give the heart unto God, it would not be accepted by him. He will not accept of a Traitors heart. But thou art reconciled to him, ſo far from being an Enemy, as thou art a *Son*. Thou haſt all expreſſions of love from him; and thine heart it is expected by him, and it will be accepted of him. Though an enemy doe not give the heart unto God; yet a *Son* ſhould.

3. A *Son*, and not a *Slave*. A Slave doth a great deal of work and drudgery, more work then a *Sonne*; but he doth not give the heart all the while. He works out of fear, he looks upon it as a task, as a burden; he watches an opportunity for ſhaking off the yoke. But now Religion doth not come thus to enſlave men, but to enlarge them, to ennoble them: it comes to beat off the chains and fetters, to beat upon the Priſon-doors: it brings a perpetual Jubilee; a perpetual Triumph along with it. Religion floweth out of filial principles: *My Son*, hear my words, and *My Sonne*, give me thine heart. If the *Son* make you free, why then you are free indeed; and if you be free like *Sons*, why then you are free indeed. The Goſpel brings with it a filial Liberty, a filial Plerophory: an Evangelical yoak, is a ſoft and pleaſant yoake: a Saviours burden is *onus alarum*, it do's no more load the ſoul, then wings do a bird, which advance and promote its flight towards heaven. In ſin there is nothing but ſlavery: in Religion there is perfect liberty. Though a Slave do not give the heart unto God: yet a *Son* ſhould.

4. A *Son*, *Non ſic olim*. Thou wert not alwayes ſo. There was a time when ye were Sons of wrath, as well as others: Children of diſobedience, as well as others. Adopted Sons were not alwayes Sons: Now the Sons of God are Sons by Adoption. And let it ſuffice you (ſaith the Apoſtle) that in thoſe former times of your ignorance, of your folly and vanity, that then you gave your hearts unto other Objects: but now that you are come into a ſtate of Son-ſhip, now that ye have this great and honourable Goſpel-priviledge to be called a Son of God: now withdraw your hearts from former objects. Let them not be beſtowed upon former vanities, do not embaſe them ſo much: fix them only upon your God. Though once thou didſt not give thy heart

heart unto God; yet *now* thou art a *Sonne*, thou should'st.

5. A *Sonne* and so in way of mutual affection, thou art to give the heart unto him. As hath given thee his love, and his heart, and his bowels are towards thee: and wilt not thou return some affection to him again? Relations they consist in a mutual χάρις, in a graceful and reciprocal respect which they have one to another. *Is* there the love of a Father in him, and shall not there be the obedience of Son in thee? Is there a flame in him, & is there no spark in thee? Is there no reflecting of a Sun-beam? Is there no repairing of the streams into the Ocean? As *Bathsheba* speaks very affectionately to her Son *Solomon, What my Son? and what the Son of my Womb? and what the Son of my Vowes? Wilt thou give thy strength unto Women?* So here, What my Son? and what the Son of my loves? and what the Son of my hopes? Wilt thou give thy heart unto another? Wilt thou give thy strength unto a Creature? καὶ σὺ ὦ τέκνον, Wilt thou thus dishonour, and provoke thy God? *Cor* it is *magnes Cordis*; If love will not draw thee, what will? and if a preventing love will not prevail upon thee, what love will? And if God have not the hearts of Sons, where shall he have any hearts to praise him? Who will admire him and adore him, if his Sons will not? And then he hath given thee his only Son, he hath given thee a Saviour, that hath given his heart to thee, that hath given his life for thee, that had his heart pierct through for thy sake; and is there no attractive power in all this? That is the fifth thing, thou art a *Son*, and so in way of gratitude, and mutual affection, thou art to give thine heart to him.

II. The Manner of yielding up the heart unto God, which is here exprest by way of giving, which includes several things in it.

1. Give it *Cheerfully*. *God loves a cheerfull Giver*. Religion should be full of alacrity, it doth not come to extort the heart, to hale men to obedience, but to lead them by a sweet and easie manuduction: it doth not *rapere Cor*, but *allicere*. It doth not storm the Castle, but hath it fairly yielded up upon terms of agreement. That efficacious work of Grace in conversion doth indeed overpower the hearts of men: but it is by making them willing, not by drawing them whilst they are unwilling, but it takes away that Nolence and Reluctancy that is in the hearts of

men, and thus compells them to come in. What freer then a Gift? now the heart is to be given unto God. The Will hath never more freedome, then when it moves towards God. And those heavenly duties, and spiritual performances are to flow freely from the soul, like those voluntary drops that come sweating from the Honey-comb of its own accord, without any pressing, without any crushing at all. It is only the dregs of Obedience that comes forth with squeezing and wringing. The better any thing is, the more freely doth it diffuse it self. There should be no need now of binding the sacrifice with cords unto the Altar, unless it be with the cords of love; those soft and silken knots of affection. Cheerfulness puts a gloss and lustre upon religion, and makes it amiable, even in the eyes of the world. And truly I cannot tell how any one can give the heart to God, unless he serve him with alacrity.

2. Give it *presently*. You know, *Bis dat, qui cito dat*. Give it him now, he calls for it; it must be *donum hodiernum*. Now that it is called to *day, harden not your hearts*. Give him a tender heart. *Udum, & molle lutum es*. Now give thine heart to be framed and fashioned by him, to be stamp'd and sealed by him. *Da primitias cordis*, Give him the first fruits of thy time, the first fruits of thy strength: He is the *Alpha*, the first of Beings, and therefore whatsoever hath any priority and superiority, belongs to him. And truly grace it is very sweet and pleasant in the bud, Ὠκεῖαι χάριτες γλυκερώτεραι. O how pleasant it is to see a Virgin-light, a Morning light of education shining out upon the soul, and in some measure preparing and predisposing the heart of the wayes of God. O this is an happy prejudice, an early prepossession of the soul. And this is that which the wise Man here intends, when he speaks to a Son, to one of tender age. And do but consider it: can you give your heart unto God too soon? Why shouldst thou defer thine own welfare? or is it comely then to offer thine heart unto God, when thou canst give it to none else? *Da florem, non fæcem*. Give it presently.

3. *Give it*, do *not lend it only*. In giving there is an alteration of the propriety, which is not in lending. When thou hast given thine heart unto God, thou art no longer thine own then. There are some that will *lend* their hearts unto God, upon some special occasions for an hour at a Sermon, for a little while in prayer: lend

lend it him upon Lords day, upon a day of humiliation, and then call for the heart again, and beſtow it upon their luſts. But ſo great a Majeſty will not borrow of Creatures; he will not receive hearts, unleſs they be wholly given him.

4. *Give it*, do *not ſell it.* 'Tis very ſordid and odious to be hirelings in Religion. They ſell their hearts unto God that ſerve him for by-ends, and ſelf reſpects. This is *Donum Hamatum*, a gift with a hook in it; they give ſomewhat, that they may catch more. They ſell their hearts unto God for ſome temporal ends. Hence it is that the Church hath ſo many friends in proſperous dayes. There are many that ſell their hearts unto God. You know in the Goſpel there were ſome that followed Chriſt for the Loaves, and not for the Miracles. There are ſome that love the Additionals in Religion, more then the Principals. Succeſs and Victories are the only arguments to convince ſome of the rightneſs of a cauſe. Eſteem of men, worldly advantages, and accommodations; theſe make many men take a little tincture of Religion, who otherwiſe would not have ſo much as a ſhew of it. Whereas Religion ſhould be loved for her beauty, and not for her dowry. God ſhould be loved for thoſe Excellencies and tranſcendencies that are in himſelf; for thoſe treaſures of goodneſs and wiſdom that are ſtored up in his own glorious Eſſence. Thou ſhould'ſt love him, though he did not love thee again. Why ſhould'ſt not thou love a thing truly amiable, though thou haſt no benefit by it? for thy happineſs is but an inferiour and ſecondary thing, and is not to have ſo much of thine heart as he is to have. Thou art only to love thy ſelf, as thou art ſomewhat of him; thou art to love heaven, as the enjoyment of him; thou art to love the Goſpel, as the great expreſſion of his love, and all the promiſes of the right hand, and the left, as the various manifeſtations of his goodneſs. Thou art firſt to give thine heart unto thy God, and then to other things in ſuch meaſure and proportion as they are ſubordinate to him.

5. *Give* thine *heart*, do *not keep thy ſelf.* Would'ſt thou be truſted with thine own heart? Would'ſt thou be left to mine own deceitful ſpirit? The beſt upon earth may very well put up that prayer; *Domine, libera me à malo homine meipſo.* Lay up thine heart in the hand of a Saviour. Leave it there as a ſacred *depoſitum.*

Canſt thou lay up thy Jewel in a ſafer Cabinet? Let him keep thine heart by his mighty power through faith unto ſalvation.

6. *Give it.* God is pleaſed to call that a Gift, *which is indeed, a Debt*: All thy *Eſſe*, and thy *Poſſe*, and thy *Poſſidere* is due to him, yet that thy heart may come in a way of freeneſs, and that he may ſhew thee, how it is accepted by him, he calls it a Gift, ſuch a Gift doth enrich the Giver, not the Receiver. It is an honour to thee, 'tis no benefit to him; His glory doth not ſhine with borrowed beams: 'Tis neither in the power of a Creature to eclipſe the brightneſs of his Crown, nor to add one ſpark to it. If thou doeſt ill, what hurt hath he by it? or if thou doeſt well, what good flowes unto him? any otherwiſe then as he hath joyned his own glory, and the welfare of the people together. Thy goodneſs may profit thy ſelf, and it may extend to men like thy ſelf, but it can make no additions to that which is already perfect. Thy heart is due to him, and 'tis thy honour that thou mayeſt give it him.

III. To wom the heart muſt be given.

1. Not to any created being. No Creature can be a Centre for the heart to fix in. The heart was not made for any creature, nor proportioned to it. *Wilt thou ſet thine heart upon that which is not?* Wilt thou give thine heart to vanity and vexation? Wilt thou ſet thine heart upon that which hath wings, and can fly away when it liſteth? Riches have wings: honours and pleaſures have wings, all Creature comforts have wings, and can fly away when they pleaſe. And therefore

2. Give not thine heart to the world. Give it not to the ſmiles, and blandiſhments of the world: Let it not be broken with the frowns and injuries of the World; *Let not your hearts be troubled,* (ſaith Chriſt) *For I have overcome the world.* And be not overcareful for the things of the world: μὴ μεριμνᾶτε, a *Pythagorean* would render it, *Cor ne edite.*

3. Give it not to Satan. The Divil that old Serpent would fain be winding and inſinuating into hearts: he ſeeks them, and deſires, and would fain by any means obtain them: and we ſee how many give their hearts unto him. But what, wilt thou give thy Darling to the Lion? Wilt thou give thy Turtle as a prey to the Devourer? Wilt thou give thy heart to the Deſtroyer?

4 Give

4. Give it not to Sin, to Luſt. Give it not to a *Delilah*. To give it to ſin, is to give it to a Privation, to a Non-entity. Give not thy heart to that which will weaken it; to that, that will defile it; to that, that will wound it; to that, that will ſting and diſquiet it. O! keep it calm and ſerene; keep it pure and unſpotted, keep it in its proper freedom and enlargement.

IV We come to conſider the Gift it ſelf, what it is that is to be given to God: The Heart.

1. *Not* thine *outward man only*, not thy Body only. God dwells not ſo much in theſe Temples made with hands, as in broken and contrite ſpirits. For he himſelf is a Spirit, and the Father of Spirits, and he will be ſerved in Spirit and Truth. He doth not ask for a ſhell, but for a kernel: He doth not ask for a Casket, but for a Jewel Give him the kernel, give him the Jewel, give him thine heart. No queſtion, but the body alſo is to be preſented to him, but it is no otherwiſe accepted of him, then as it is animated, and enlievened by an obedient heart. For how elſe can it be λογικὴ λατρεία, as the Apoſtle there calls it. Give me thine heart, (1) Not thine ear only. Though it be very commendable to incline an ear unto wiſdom, and to receive the gracious words that flow from its mouth, yet the ear is only to be a gate, and entrance to let it into the heart, and to *hear* in Scripture-Language is to *obey*. The Word of God muſt not hang like a Jewel only in the ear, but it muſt be cabinetted and lockt up in the heart as its ſafeſt repoſitory. (2) Not thy tongue only. Religion is not only to warm thy mouth, but 'tis to melt the heart; it doth indeed ſeaſon the diſcourſe, ſo as ſavory words come out of ſuch a mouth. It doth ſet a watch before the lips, and bridle that ſame unruly evil: but can you think that it reacheth no farther then thus? Can you think that religion dwells here? Is it only a Lip-labour, only a matter of Diſcourſe? Nay, are there not many that draw near unto God with their lips and yet their hearts are far from him? (3) Not thine head only. Religion 'tis not a meer notion, it doth not conſiſt only in ſpeculatives. You ſee many times that men of the vaſteſt Intellectuals, are moſt defective in Practicalls. Who of the Heads of the world believed Chriſt? Who of the Scribes and Phariſees believed in Him? There may be precious pearly truths in a venemous head, and indeed the head can never be given unto God, till the heart be given him alſo.

2. *The*

2. *The heart; not appearance only:* Not a ſurface, not a colour, not a ſhadow only, but a Reality. God is a pure Act, pure Entity and reality, and therefore appearances, that do meerly pretend to entity, muſt needs be very remote from him. And this is the weakneſs of ſuperſtition, it gives him only a complement, a ceremony. They tell him they are his ſervants. What more ordinary complements in the mouths of men? they give him outward adoration; they bow the knee to Chriſt, and ſo did they that crucified him: What do you more then they? And this is the vanity of Popery, it doth not give God the heart. That ſpiritual *Jezabel* gives him only a painted face, ſhe doth not give him the heart. She is clothed in Scarlet, but ſhe embraces a dunghil. She puts on an outward meritricious bravery; but within there is nothing but rottenneſs. But the ſpouſe of Chriſt is all glorious within. When the ſhadows were multiplied, God called for the heart then in the times of the Law, much more now in the times of the Goſpel.

3. *The heart, the whole heart.* Not a peice of it, not a corner of it only. The true Mother would not have the Child divided. God indeed loves a broken and a contrite heart; but he won't accept of a divided heart. This is that royal Law, the great comandement; *Thou ſhalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart:*

Οὐκ ἀγαθὴ πολυκοιρανίη, εἷς κοίρανος ἔστω, Εἷς βασιλεύς.

But the Divil obſerves the other rule; *Divide & impera.* He would ſeem to be very moderate, to be content with a piece of the heart only; but 'tis becauſe he knowes by this means he ſhall have all. For God won't have any of it, unleſs he have it entire. And this is one great happineſs that comes by Religion; the heart is thus united and knit upon one ſupreme Object. Luſts, they do divide the heart and diſtract it; *...duplici in diverſum ſcinderis hamo* (as the *Satyrift* ſpeaks very elegantly.) The ſoul doth as it were, bite at two baits at once, and is caught with two ſeveral hooks; this puls that way, and that puls another way. Pride calls for this thing, but Covetouſneſs forbids it; which muſt needs breed a great confuſion and tumultuation in the ſoul. But when the heart is given unto God, and yields to his Scepter,

then

then other Lords shall no longer rule over it. When a Saviour comes into the soul, the winds, and the storms, and the waves obey him.

4. Give thine *Heart*, that is, all *the powers and faculties of thy soul*. Give him thine understanding; set upon the windows of thy soul, for the entertaining of such light as shines from Heaven. Give thine understanding to be enformed by him, to be captivated by him: Give it as wax to the seal, to receive such stamps, and impressions, as he is pleased to put upon it. Give him thy will, that which glories so much in its own liberty, let it be subject to him. Give him thine affections, those ebbings and flowings of the heart, *Fluxus, & reflexus cordis*; Let thy joy be subject to him; let thy trust and confidence be upon him; *Let all that is within thee, bless his holy name.*

And thus we have run over the words in a way of Explication, and we shall give you the sum of all in one Observation. That,

The heart is to be consecrated unto God.

I. Because 'tis due to him. Look upon the heart, see whose Image and Superscription it hath; if the Image of God be upon it, (as sure you cannot but see that, though it be much defac'd) *Give then unto God the things that are Gods.* If thou wilt not give men their due, yet sure thou wil not with-hold from him his due, It is due unto him upon a four fold account.

1. As he is the *Maker* of Hearts; the Creator of them. All the strength of created beings is due to him; and the nobler any being is, the more strongly it is engaged to him; for it hath received the more from him. Now the heart of man it is a chief piece of Gods workmanship, 'tis Σοφῶ τέκτονος καλὸν πεικίλμα; 'tis due to him, as it was made by him, and 'twas made upon this condition, that it should return to him.

2. As he is the *Lord*, and *Ruler* of Hearts, Καρδιοκράτωρ. His Throne 'tis in the hearts of men, and 'tis he only that hath Dominion and Soveraignty over them. It is the great usurpation of Popery, that would tyrannize over the hearts of men. That proud Antichrist would sit in the Temple of God: but there is none Lord of the Conscience, but God alone: And he can frame them, and fashion them, and dispose of them as he pleaseth.

He

He can rule thoſe hearts that are moſt large, and unlimited, and unreſtrained. The hearts of Princes he can wind them, which way he will, even as the Rivers of Waters.

3. As he is the *Judge* and Searcher of hearts. We only can ſee the outward ſurface, and appearances of things, as the *Opticks* ſay, *Sola ſuperficies videntur*; but God he ſees into the depth, and bottom of things. We look only to the fruit and branches, but he ſearcheth to the root and foundation.

4. As he is *Sponſus Cordis*: 'Tis the Prophet *Hoſea*'s expreſſion, *I have eſpouſed thee to my ſelf in mercy, and goodneſs, and faithfulneſs*: ſo that is an Adulterous heart that now goes after Creatures: *Ye Adulterers*, (ſayes the Apoſtle) *know ye not that the love of the world is enmity againſt God?* And the Apoſtle ſpeaks of preſenting Virgin-hearts unto Chriſt.

II. 'Tis very pleaſing and acceptable to him. For,

1. Hee askt it of thee. He knocks at the door, he wooes thine heart, and invites it to himſelf; and what is the whole mind of the Goſpel, but to draw hearts unto God with arguments of Love?

2. 'Tis thy *Totum poſſe*. Now ſaith the Apoſtle, he accepts according to what a man hath. Thou thus caſteſt all thou haſt into the Treaſury; and if thou hadſt more, thou wouldſt give it him.

3. 'Tis a pregnant gift, a comprehenſive gift, and contains many other things in it. As the Apoſtle ſaith, *He having given thee his Son, how ſhall he not with him give thee all things alſo?* This is the ſpring of motion, that ſets the wheels on working. When this royal ſort is taken, all the reſt will be yielded up preſently. When the *Heart indites a good matter*, then the *Tongue will be like the pen of a ready Writer*; then thy *Glory will awake*, thy Tongue will praiſe his name, and encourage others in his wayes, then thy bowels will be enlarged, and thy hands open to the neceſſity of the Saints: then there will be a Covenant made with the eyes, and a watch ſet before the door of thy lips, then thy feet will run to the place where his honour dwelleth, & all the members of the body will become inſtruments of righteouſneſs unto Holineſs. Which ſhews the vanity of thoſe ignorant ones, who thank God, though they cannot expreſs themſelves, yet their hearts are as good as the beſt, though there be not one

beam

beam of light in, nor one ſpark of love in them, whereas a good heart never wanted for ſome real expreſſion. He in the *Comedian* was never deſervedly laught at; who would ſeem to be angry, but could expreſs it no otherwiſe, then by ſaying *Iraſcor*, whereas true anger would ſoon have ſhewn it ſelf in its own proper colours, in its ſudden, and extemporary ſparklings, in its vehement and furious flamings. They that can ſhew a good heart no otherwiſe then by ſaying they have a good one; they do even deſire us not to believe them.

They that offered up ſacrifices, were wont to judge of them moſt according to the inwards, and God doth thus judge of performances. For,

1. The leaſt performances, if the heart accompany them, are accepted by him. That *Perſian* Monarch was famous for accepting a little water from the hand of a loving Subject: And doth not Chriſt accept of the ſame? *He that ſhall give a cup of cold water to a Diſciple, in the name of a Diſciple, ſhall not loſe his reward.* What though thou canſt not bring ſuch coſtly ſacrifices, thou canſt not offer up Hecatombs? Well then, bring thy Turtle Doves and young Pigeons; and theſe ſhall be accepted by him. Thou haſt no Gold, nor Jewels; thou canſt not bring any ſilk, and purple to the Tabernacle; yet bring thy goats hair, and Badgers skins, and theſe ſhall be welcome to him. Thou canſt not bring Cedars to the Temple, thou canſt not poliſh, and crave, and guild the Temple; Well; but canſt thou be any way ſerviceable to it? even that ſhall be rewarded by him. A few broken ſighs if they ariſe from a broken heart, are very potent and rhetorical. A few tears, if they flow from this fountain, are preſently botled up; he puts your tears in his Bottle.

2. God accepts of your intentions, if they flow from a pure heart, though they be blaſted in the bud, though they be cruſht *in Ovo*, though they never come to the birth.

In magnis voluiſſe ſat eſt. ------

It was in *Davids* heart to build a Temple, that's enough. The Schoolmen do very well determine, that *Tota bonitas moralis, & malitia eſt in voluntate.* God judgeth of the ſouls complexion by thoſe inward productions, though men judge only by outward expreſſion. That two-edged ſword of God doth thus pierce to the marrow, to the very intentions of the heart. The Law of

God it reacheth intentions, as our Saviour in those heavenly sermons of his upon the Mount doth spiritualize it, and paraphrase upon it. And God doth in especial manner punish naked intentions, because men cannot punish them. The venome of the seed of the Serpent doth most shew it self in intentions. God restrains the outward acts for his peoples sake. But the strength of sin is most vigorous in its first eruptions and ebullitions, and so the strength of goodness too.

3. When the heart is entire. Though there be obliquities and irregularities, yet they are past by, and not so much attended to. No doubt but *Abrahams* faith staggered, when he was put to an equivocation, and we cannot easily excuse *Jacobs* supplantings and *Rebekka's* deceits, and *Rahabs* dissemblings: and the *pia fraudes* of the Fathers. There was so much frailty and imperfection in all these, as did plainly spot and blemish them; and yet the heart being right, God accepts of that, and covers the rest with his pardoning love.

4. Hence it is, that God looks not to the outward lump, & heap of performances, but looks to the manner of them, and the spirit from whence they come. This might spare many a papist his beads which he thinks so necessary for the numbring of his prayers.

The glimmering light of nature taught the heathen thus much, that the Gods did not expect any benefit from them, but only a grateful acknowledgement. And this is the reason they give, why they consecrated to their Gods barren trees, which indeed were green & flourishing, but brought forth no fruit at all, as the *Laurell* to *Apollo*, the *Ivy* to *Bacchus*, the *Mirtle* to *Venus*, the *Oak* to *Jupiter*, the *Pine* to *Neptune*, the *Poplar* to *Hercules*; and so in many of the rest. And they will tell you, that the gods did not look for any fruit from their worshipers, but look for homage, and obedience, and thankfulness. And it is that which ingenuity teacheth men, not to look to the quantity and value of a gift, but to respect the affection of him that gives it. Away then with those vain ones, that think to bribe heaven with their gifts, and to stop the mouth of Justice with their performances. All duties and performances they are but to comment and Paraphrase upon the heart. In prayer God expects a flaming heart; in hearing of the Word, he looks for a melted heart; in fasting, rend your hearts, and not your clothes; in thanksgiving, he listens to hear whether

ye

ye make melody in your hearts. Religion it doth spiritualize performances, and doth shell them, and doth take the kernel; it doth expect the spirits and quintessence of them.

5. Hence it is, that without this, the most pompous performances are scorned and rejected. A sacrifice without an heart is an abomination to him, *I hate your burnt-offerings, my soul nauseats your solemn Assemblies.* Odi Danaos, & dona ferentes. *Bring me no more vain oblations* ἐχθρῶν δῶρα ἄδωρα, κ' οὐκ ὀνήσιμα. A corrupt heart, it soils every ordinance, it stains and discolours every Duty, it envenoms every mercy. If such a one pray, 'tis esteemed houling; if he mourn, 'tis hanging down the head like a bul-rush; if he sacrifice, 'tis cutting off a dogs neck; if he rejoyce, 'tis but a blaze, a crackling of thorns under the pot.

6. In Heaven when outward performances shall vanish, yet then God shall have thine heart, and thou shall have his face; the well-beloved shall be thine, and thou shalt be his. When Preaching shall cease, and prayer shall cease, when Sacraments shall disappear, yet then thy naked heart shall be offered unto God; it shall twine about the chiefest good, and by a near and immediate union shall enjoy it for ever.

III. *The heart* is to be given unto God, because thou hast promised it him. Remember that Primitive and Original vow in Baptism. God then may take possession of the heart, if he please; for he hath the key of all hearts; he hath the key of an Infants heart, and can open it if he please. But however there is an engagement upon thee by this to give him thine heart. And sure there are few but some time or other, have given him several other promises of their hearts. Didst thou never offer thine heart unto him in a storm? in a judgement? in a sickness? Well then, withal remember that God takes no pleasure in fools, that make vowes and break them. His promises to thee are sure: why should thine be deceitful?

IV. Give thine heart unto him, that he may make it better. It may be thou hast a flinty and unmalliable heart, give it to him, and he will melt it, and dissolve it. It may be thou hast a barren and unprofitable heart; give it to him, and he will make it fruitful; he will bid it increase and multiply. It may be thou hast an unquiet and discomposed heart; give it to him, and he will tune it, It may be thou hast a narrow and contracted heart, give it to him, and

he will enlarge it. It may be thou haſt a droſſy and corrupt heart, give it to him, and he will purifie and refine it.

V. Give it him, that he may make it happy, that he may fill it with his love, that he may ſatisfie it with himſelf, that he may ſeal it with his Spirit. It hath toiled already ſufficiently, and wearied it ſelf amongſt vanities: it hath gone from flower to flower, and can extract nothing but bitterneſs, and ſtill Deſire, which is *hiatus cordis*, opens its mouth wide, and cryes aloud, Give, give. Go then to the Fountain, to the Ocean, and there fill thy ſelf. Doſt thou think thou canſt ſuck any ſweetneſs from the breaſt of a Creature? no, but go to the fulneſs and exuberancy of a Deity, and then ſtretch thy deſires to the utmoſt compaſs, widen thine heart as much as thou canſt, yet there will be enough to make the run over with happineſs.

That's the firſt thing, why the heart muſt be given to God. We'l conſider in the next place, when the heart may be ſaid to be given to him?

(1) When thou acteſt out of a principle of love towards him. What's love but a giving of the heart? as *Dalilah* ſpeaks to *Sampſon*; *How canſt thou ſay thou loveſt me, when thy heart is not with me?* A lover not only, *quærit coſtam ſuam*, as the Jews ſpeak, *ſed quærit cor ſuum*, for he hath given that to another. And where there is mutual love, ther's a mutual exchange of heart. God loves himſelf in thee, and thou findeſt thy ſelf in God. His thoughts are for thy welfare, and thy thoughts are for his glory. In love there is a mixture and blending of beings; 'tis *fibula animarum*; nay, it knits, and weaves ſouls together. *Knit my heart unto thee, O God*, ſaith the Pſalmiſt.

(2) Then thine heart is given unto God, when thou doſt act out of ſincerity, when thou art an *Iſraelite* without guile. This is Evangelical perfection; it is that Evangelical allowance, which is put into the ballance of the Sanctuary, ſo as a Chriſtian is not found too light. As for keeping every jot and *apex* of the Law, let them ſpeak for it that could ever do it. Thy Saviour hath kept it for thee in the full rigor and exactneſs of it; and thoſe ſpots which thou findeſt in thine own heart, thou muſt waſh them out in the blood of the Lamb; thou muſt whiten thine heart in that *Fountain* which is *ſet open for the houſe of* David, *and for the inhabitants of* Jeruſalem, *for ſin, and for uncleanneſs*. If thou beeſt ſincere

ſincere, and cordial, and faithful with thy God, then thine heart is given to him.

(3) Then thou doſt give thine heart unto God, when thou doſt fully comply with him in thoſe glorious ends, in thoſe great intereſts, and deſigns which he doth propound to himſelf; when thou doſt ſubmit thy will unto his, and conform thy deſires unto his; when thou doſt wholly reſign up thy ſelf unto him, and ſweetly cloſe with his providence, though never ſo myſterious, and unſearchable: when thou doſt pluck out thy right eye for him, and cut of thy right hand for him; when thou thinkeſt not thy life too dear for him.

(4) Then thou doſt give thine heart unto God, when thou doſt ſerve him with vigour and intention. Luke-warm *Laodicea* could not give the heart unto Chriſt. *Epheſus* when ſhe fals from her firſt love, her heart is unbended preſently, performances come dropping from her in a weak, and languiſhing manner. Whereas ſpiritual productions they ſhould be ſtrong and maſculine, ſpringing, and ruſhing forth with a ſacred *impetus*, as Gods love comes ſtreaming to thee with an irreſiſtable fulneſs. Thine heart ſhould boyl up a good matter, as the *Pſalmiſt* ſpeaks. But ſome are ſo cold, and flat in performances, as that you would wonder where the heart was all the while; & to be ſure wherever it was, it was an heart of ſtone, a *Nabals* heart, an heart ſunk within them. Popery layes much ſtreſs upon the intention of the Prieſt, but the people in the mean time may be as remiſs as they pleaſe. As implicit faith, ſo implicit prayers, and implicit performances muſt ſuffice them. But if they had but a Bible, or ſuch a one as they could underſtand, they might turn to that ſame place, *Curſed is every one, that doth the work of the Lord negligently.* Offer ſuch blind and lame ſacrifices, offer them to thy Prince. Offer ſuch imperfect obedience to the Pope. See whether he will accept of it. I remember I have read of one of them, who when his Catholick Creatures deſired a further latitude, and diſpenſation in ſome matters of religion that were of leſs conſequence, he return'd him a favourable & indulgent anſwer, but withal, he encloſed this very Text, *O fili mi, præbe cor tuum mihi.* Thus Popery would rob God of the heart, & give it to a creature.

(5) Then thou giveſt thine heart unto God, when thou giveſt it unto the people of God. *In aſmuch as you did it unto one of theſe,*

you

you did unto me, ſaith Chriſt, Ther's an union between God and his people; and therefore if thine heart be united to them, it is united unto him alſo. And how ſad is it, that thoſe hearts ſhould jar amongſt themſelves; who yet harmoniouſly meet in the cloſe in the union with their God!

And thus we have ſeen why the heart muſt be given unto God, and when is given to him. We will now ſhut up all in a word of Application.

1. See then how powerfull Religion is, it commands the heart, it ſeizeth upon the vitals. Morality that comes with a pruning knif, and cuts of all ſproutings, and wild luxuriances; I, but Religion lays the ax to the root of the tree. Morality looks that the skin of the apple be faire; but Religion ſearcheth to the very core. Morality chides outward exorbitances, but religion checks ſecret inclinations. Or at the beſt in Morality there is but a poliſhing, a guilding, a carving of the heart; but in religion there is a new framing, a new modelling; nay, a new creating. That's the power of godlineſs, it changeth the heart.

2. See alſo the odiouſneſs of an Hypocrite. He doth not give God the heart, and yet will give any thing elſe: I, and will ſeem to give that too. He hath לב ולב, which the Apoſtle renders by δίψυχος. Now an heart, and an heart, 'tis as odious as a weight, and a weight, as a ballance, and a ballance. Treachery and Perfidiouſneſs is that, which is ſo much deteſted by men, as that which cuts the ſinews of humane Society; and though there be ſome that will practiſe it, yet there are ſcarce any that will in expreſs terms patronize it;

Il. 1. 5. 312. Ἐχθρὸς γάρ μοι κεῖνος ὁμῶς Ἀΐδαο πύλῃσιν, &c.

as he there ſpeaks. Now as perfidiouſneſs hinders commerce and intercourſe with men, ſo hypocriſie muſt needs hinder communion with God. Can you think that a painted Sepulchre is a fit place for his Spirit to dwell in? This is that which Chriſt doth ſo much upbraid; *The blind Phariſee*, thou that never reflecteſt upon thine own heart, thou that keepeſt a continuall poreing on the outſide only, and lookeſt to the painting, and whiting, and daubing of that; doſt thou think thus to pleaſe the pure, and bright, and piercing eye of Omniſcience? Thou haſt not the black skin of the *Ethiopian*; thou haſt not thoſe eminent ſpots of the *Leopard*;

Leopard; I, but thou haſt the plague of the heart, thou haſt the Leproſie within, and is not that more deadly and dangerous? The heart of a Publican is far whiter then thine.

3. See then the bitter root of Apoſtacy. There are ſome that never gave their hearts unto God, no wonder if they fall from him. Hypocriſie 'tis the ſin of Apoſtacy. *Take heed*, ſaith the Apoſtle, *leſt there be in any of you an heart of unbelief, as that you depart from the living God.* He that hath a *Judas* his heart in him, will at length betray a Saviour; He that hath a *Demas* his heart in him, will at length embrace the preſent world. An Apoſtate did but lend the heart unto God for a while, and now he calls for it again.

4. Ye ſee the ſecurity of a weak Chriſtian, he hath an heart as well as others, and he hath given that to his God. He hath a vital Principle, an immortal Principle within him. What though the ſturdy Oaks of *Baſan* be broken? what though the ſtately Cedars of *Lebanon* fall? what though the green Bay-tree vaniſh, and diſappear? what though men of vaſt abilities, of rare accompliſhments, of fair flouriſhes in Religion, what though theſe draw back from God? yet a weak vine may ſtand all this while leaning upon his beloved laden with fruit, chearing both God and men, a bruiſed reed may laſt all this while, if he be but bound up in the Bundle of life. The ſmoaking flax may be kindled into ſo pure a flame, as that it may outſhine a blazeing Profeſſor. A worme may conſume *Jonah* his Gourd, but a Whale ſhall not conſume *Jonah* himſelf. Outward profeſſion may wither, but nothing ſhall ſeparate a ſincere ſoul from his God.

5. Such as have not yet given their hearts unto God, let them with-hold them no longer. Put up thy weak deſires, and pray him to give thee ſuch an heart, as may return it ſelf to him. Doth God ask thine heart of thee, and doſt thou refuſe to give it him? What doſt thou ask of him that he denies thee, if it be good for thee? and do but think how eaſily doſt thou give thine heart unto any other but thy God. When the world knocks, when Satan knocks, thou openeſt preſently; nay, it may be before they knock; and muſt a Saviour only be excluded? Is there no Rhetorick in the love of Chriſt? Is there nothing that can draw thine heart to him? Are all the cords of love too weake? Doſt thou break them all? Will not the influences of the Goſpel ſoften thy heart?

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Will not the blood of a Saviour diſſolve it? will not importunate wooings and beſeechings move thee? Out of what Rock wert thou hewen, O obdurate ſoul? Doth a greater then *Moſes* ſmite the rock, and will it not guſh out with water? Doſt thou ſay, thou canſt not give to him? this anſwer is ready for thee, *Non velle in cauſa eſt, non poſſe prætenditur*; if thou hadſt a will to give it him, thou wouldſt have a power to give it him too. However; as thou hadſt ſome faint velleities, ſo make ſome weak endeavours; when he moues thee, then offer it to him as well as thou canſt, though but with a trembling hand, and his hand will meet thine, and will preſently take it of thee.

6. Such as have given their hearts unto God, here's matter of praiſe and thankfulneſs, Bleſs thy God that would receive ſuch a vain and contemptible thing, as thine heart was, when firſt thou gaveſt it to him. Was it not infinite love to eſpouſe ſuch an heart to himſelf; to beautifie it, and enrich it, and prepare it for his love; to guide it, and teach it, and rule it; and ſteep it in all preecious ſweetneſs; and amplifie it, and dilate it that it might be more capable of his love, to ſet a guard about it, and to keep it againſt the ſubtilty and vigilancy, the malice and fury of ſpiritual enemies? How canſt thou enough admire the greatneſs of this his goodneſs?

THE

THE Panting Soul.

PSAL. 42. 1.

As the Hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God!

HEre's one of the sweet strains of *Davids* harp: one of those bright and sparkling expressions, λαμπρὰ ῥήματα, which not only carry a Majesty with them but even include a Deity: one of those holy and strong ejaculations, with which he was wont *è corporis pharetra* (that I may allude to that of the Prophet *Esay's*) to take his soul (that polished shaft) out of the quiver of the body, and to dart it up to heaven, the place of his treasure and hope, and the dwelling place of his God. And truly every Psalme may well say, as the Psalmist himself sayes in the 139. Psalme, *I am admirably made, I am curiously wrought* רקמתו, so 'tis in the Original, *Acupictus sum I* am wrought with a needle. There's a spiritual imbroidery, a most rare and sacred needle-work in every Psalme. they are all wrought by the finger of the Spirit: and they are like the Kings daughter in the 45. Psalme, *Their clothing is of wrought gold, their rayment of needle worke, and they are all glorious within.* We doubt not but that there's a most divine Emphasis in all Scripture eloquence, and every jot and tittle in holy writ, as it has eternity stampt upon it, so it has a Majesty shining in it; But yet never did heavenly

 eloquence

eloquence ride in more ſolemne and triumphant pomp, than in this book of Pſalmes: As if the voice had been here contrary to that in other triumphs, *Memento te immortalem eſſe.* And as for that Prophane Politian, that ſaid he found more ſweetneſſe in *Pindars Odes*, than in *Davids* Pſalmes: he might as well have ſaid (if he had pleaſed) that he found more fragrancy in noyſome weeds, than in the Roſe of *Sharon*, or Lilly of the valleys: that he found more ſweetneſſe in a dunghill, than in a garden of ſpices, than in an *Eden*, even a garden of God. Happy *Pindar!* If inſtead of his Ἄριστον μὲν ὕδωρ, he had thought of theſe water brooks, and he might have hop't for a better Crown, then either he or any of his worthies were like to obtain; if he could have reach't this heavenly tune, ſet by ſo holy a Lyrick, the ſweet ſinger of *Iſrael*, ὃν τρόπον ἐπιποθεῖ ἡ ἔλαφος ἐπὶ τὰς πηγὰς ὑδάτων, &c. as the Septuagint render the words. And yet their ἐπιποθεῖ ſpeaks not loud enough to expreſſe the Hebrew ערג; for though ποθεῖν may ſignifie a ſtrong and earneſt deſire, and though ἐπιποθεῖν may intimate a deſire upon a deſire, which by reduplication muſt needs be ſtronger: and granting that τὰς πηγὰς do ſtill adde to the vehemency of it; yet the word in the Original is more appropriated to the panting hart, and may ſeem to be borrow'd from that very noiſe which it makes in its braying after the water-brooks, and the Latin *glocitat* is anſwerable unto it. Now as for the hart, alas 'tis but a melancholly timerous creature at the beſt, a panting creature, Κυνὸς ὄμματ' ἔχων καὶ καρδίην δ' ἐλάφοιο. You know who 'tis upbraided it to *Agamemnon*, Thou haſt an impudent eye, and a panting heart: and no more uſual *Periphraſis*, of a coward, than ἐλάφοιο δρυός. But that which the text chiefly aimes at, is the dryneſſe of temper in the Hart, which at ſome times of the year, (in Autumn chiefly) as *Ariſtotle* notes in his *Hiſtoria Animalium*, is very exceſſive, eſpecially in thoſe hot and dry Countreys, and being uſually in the deſert, doth more diſcover it ſelfe, by reaſon of the ſcarcity of waters there. To let that alone which yet divers relate of its drawing up, & devouring of ſerpents, & how that when 'tis enflam'd with the venom of them, it then breaks out into thoſe ſtrong anhelations & violent breathings after the ſtreams of waters; and when it hath ſatisfied it ſelf with them, it then caſts off all that was burthenſom in the body before, and thus renews its age again. *Epiphanius* adds, that

If within the space of three hours it can't quench its thirst. It presently dies, but if it satisfie it selfe with the streames of water, it usually lives fifty years longer. 'Tis likely here in the text 'tis meant of the Harts panting when 'tis chased by the hunter, and yet not (as some understand) when that after its many στροφαὶ and ἀντιστροφαὶ, it can finde no place of safety, it then pants after the water-brooks, as the only place of refuge: but rather διὰ τὸ καῦμα καὶ τὸ ἄσμα (as Aristotle briefly) for the quenching of its thirst, as the following words clearly intimate, *My soul is athirst, &c. Heret lateri lethalis arundo*, the arrows of the pursuer stick fast in it, & the venom thereof drinks up its spirits. Why now water-brooks can hardly quench its thirst, with *Behemoth* in *Job*, it can drink up rivers, and sup up the Ocean at a draught, there's a combustion in its bowels, nothing but fire, fire, nature's on fire, and would fain be quencht, and those little reliques of strength that it has, it spends in panting after the streams of water. Thus does the Hart pant after the water-brooks, and thus did *Davids* soul, thus does every devout soul pant after the living God; and thus *ardently*. Religion is no matter of indifferency as vain man would imagine. It is θερμόν τι πρᾶγμα, as he said of love. It requires the very flower & vigour of the spirit the strength and sinews of the soul, the prime and top of affection. It is no empty wish, nor languishing endeavour, no still born prayer, nor abortive resolution will serve the turne. He that's but almost a Christian shall but almost be saved, and that will be the very *Emphasis* of damnation, to have been within a step to heaven. But there is a grace, a panting grace, we know the name of it, and thats all, 'tis call'd zeal, a flaming edge of affection, and the ruddy complexion of the soul; which argues it sound, and shews it lovely. This is that, that makes a Christian an holy sparke, a sonne of the coal, even of the burning coal, that was fetcht from the Altar. Nay, we need not go so low as this, a zealous Christian is an incarnate *Seraphim*, what should I say more? he's just of his Saviours complexion, *white and ruddy, the fairest of ten thousand*. This was that, that set a lustre upon those shining Robies, that adorn'd the Noble Army of Martyrs, *purpuratus martyrum exercitus*; And indeed they were ἔνδον ἐλοπόρφυρα in a better sense, than e're it was meant of *Antipater*. ἐδίψησεν ἡ ψυχή, 'tis true indeed, their soul was athirst even for the living

 God,

God, they enter'd into heaven panting, and there they reſt themſelves to all eternity. μένει σαββατισμὸς, There remains therefore a reſt, a ſabbatiſm, unto the people of God. And yet there are a generation in the world that are all for a competency in goodneſſe, and are afraid of too much holineſſe; Mediocrity, even here is golden, a *Laodicean* temper ſhall go under the name of moderation, and a reeling neutrality ſhall be ſtil'd prudence and diſcretion, what needs this breathing and panting? this forwardneſſe and eagerneſſe? this vehemency and violence in the way of Religion? *quorſum hæc perditio?* and they look upon ſuch expreſſions of affection as this in the Text, as upon ſtrong *Hyperbole's*, or pretty Rhetorical flouriſhes. *Jeremy* ſurely was ſtrangely melancholy, when he wiſht his head a fountain, that he might weep day and night; and 'twas meer fondneſſe in the Spouſe in the *Canticles*, to be ſick of love. Thus do's the ſerpent hiſſe at the wayes of godlineſſe, and thus do's the ψυχικὸς ἀνὴρ argue. But go vain man, look upon the panting hart, wonder why it breaths ſo ſtrongly after the ſtreames of water; bid it pant moderately after the water-brooks and when thy empty breath can abate its fervency, then, and not till then, nay hardly then, wonder at the ſtrength of a Chriſtians deſire after communion with his God: for as the Hart pants after the water-brooks, ſo panteth his ſoul after his God, ſo *ſtrongly*.

2. *So panteth my ſoul after thee, O God!* ſo *unſatisfiably*: And that in a double ſenſe.

1. 'Tis ſatisfied with nothing elſe. 2. 'Tis not ſatisfied with a little of this.

1. Nothing can ſtill the weary and thirſty Hart, but the ſtreams of water, and nothing can content the panting ſoul, but the fruition of his God: God never reſted till he made man, and man never reſts till he enjoyes his God. He ha's a ſoul within him of a vaſt capacity, and nothing can fill it to the brim, but he that's fulneſſe it ſelf. Deſire is *hiatus voluntatis*, and ſuch as nothing but happineſſe can fill it: that indeed is (as he ſayes) *Mors deſiderii, ſilentium appetitus, claustrum cupiditatis, modeſtia ambitionis, quoddam ſatis.*

Nature hath taught us all to pant after a *ſummum bonum*; And 'tis the voice put into every ones mouth, *Who will ſhew us any good?* indeed 'tis the errand for which we are ſent into the world

world, to finde out happineſſe, and yet we ſeek it ſo, as if we were loth to find it. Τοξόται δὲ πολλοὶ μὲν ἀπὸ τὸν βίον, καὶ μισοῦσι τὰς φαρέτρας ποικίλον καὶ παντοδάπων τρόπων, ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν πάντας ἀστοχᾷ τοξεύσεως, As *Lucian* followes the metaphor moſt elegantly. And happineſs may well have that inſcription, which *Plutarch* tells us, was upon the temple of *Iſis*, τὸν ἐμὸν πύλον οὐδεὶς ἀνθρώπων ἀνεκάλυψε. We knock at every creatures door, but ther's nothing within, no filling entertainment for the ſoul; no creature can bid it welcome. Would you know what they all amount to? if you'l believe *Solomons* reckoning the very *ſumma totalis*, is, *vanity of vanitie*, *all is vanity and vexation of ſpirit*. Vexation is the very quinteſſence of the creature, and all that can poſſibly be extracted out of it. Now if vanity can ſatisfie, or if vexation can give content, if you can gather grapes of thornes, or figs of thiſtles, go on then to dote upon the creatures, and to be enamour'd with a ſhadow of periſhing beauty. The Prophet *Eſay* tells us, that all the creatures they are but as the drop of a bucket; when the water's empty'd out of a bucket, perhaps ther's a drop ſtayes ſtill behind, a weak drop, which recollecting all its forces, yet has not ſtrength enough to fall. And will ſuch a drop (think you) ſatisfie a panting heart? The creatures are weigh'd in the ballance of the Sanctuary; and they are found to be lighter than the duſt of the ballance, and this will inflame the thirſt, rather than quench it. To ſpeak in the Epigramatiſts language, they are οὐδὲν καὶ μηδὲν, meer nothing. And ſurely man's the vaineſt of all the reſt, the *index* of all the volumes of vanity; that by ſinne has ſubjected the creatures unto the bondage, under which they groan, and waite to be delivered, and yet dreames of diſtilling I know not what felicity out of them, ſo that (methinks) 'twas a notable expreſſion of him, that ſtyl'd the Orators very ambitious of empty applauſe τρισάνθρωπος, we may ſurely tranſlate it thrice miſerable. And 'tis one of the Encomiums that *Eunapius* gave of *Longinus*, τὸ μὲν ἄνθρωπον οὐ ἐμίσησε. And as for that ſuppoſed being and excellency, which we fancy in the creatures, 'tis really to be found after a far more pure and eminent manner in God himſelf. The load-ſtone can't draw the iron when the diamond's in preſence, and ſhall earthly vanities draw the ſoul, when the pearle of price is in preſence? *Dulcius ex ipſo fonte bibuntur aquæ.* Surely that's no panting ſoul, that forſakes the

fountain of living waters, and digs to it ſelfe broken and empty ciſterns that will hold no water. The Hart pants unſatisfiably after the water-brooks, and the ſoul as unſatisfiably after communion with its God, 'tis ſatisfied with nothing elſe. But,

2. 'Tis not ſatisfied with a little of this, not a drop or a taſte will ſuffice the thirſty heart, it does not come like *Canis ad Nilum*, a lap and away, a drop can no more quench its thirſt, than it could cool *Dives* his tongue, though indeed he begg'd for no more. That ſhort ſweetneſs and brief refreſhment, which is ſhut up in a drop, does but beſpeak a ſtronger panting after waters of life, *Quo plus ſunt potæ, plus ſitiuntur aquæ. Bonum* as 'tis *ſui diffuſivum* in reſpect of others, ſo 'tis *ſui multiplicativum* even in that Subject where it is: when it has once engratiated it ſelf with the ſoul, and wonne upon its affections, when the ſoul begins to eye the beauty of it.

Ὀφθαλμὸς δ' οὐδὲς ἐστιν ἀπ' ὀφθαλμοῦ τελαύσας
Ἕλκος ὀλισθάνει ᾗ ἐπὶ φρενὸς ἄκρον ἵκηται.

When the underſtanding once ſees it, O how ſweetly, how preſently does the will embrace it? and it becomes the well-beloved of the ſoul. O how does it enlarge it ſelf, for the entertainment of it? And how does it delight to expatiate in ſo choice a happineſs. He that has taſted but a little of Gods goodneſs, thinks he never has enough of it, to be ſure, he can never have too much, ther's no fear of ſurfetting upon happineſs. 'Tis true, the leaſt glimps of Gods favourable preſence is enough to ſupport and cheriſh the ſoul, but 'tis not enough to ſatisfie the ſoul; O how pleaſant is it to ſee Chriſt flouriſhing through the lattices? and yet the ſpouſe will never leave longing till ſhe ſee him face to face. Ther's ſweetneſs indeed in a cluſter of *Canaan*, but yet ſuch as ſets the teeth on edge for more. The thirſty hart pants עַל אֲפִיקֵי מָיִם, and the Chriſtian after fulneſs of communion with his God: *Dulciſſimo Deo totus immergi cupit & inviſcerari*, as *Carthuſian* ſpeaks; *So panteth my ſoul after thee, O God!* ſo *unſatisfiably*. But,

3. *So panteth my ſoul after thee O God!* ſo *unceſſantly* untill it be ſatisfied. The thirſtie hart never leaves panting while it has any being, delay here does but whet deſire, and give it time for ſtronger

ſtronger forces. And what elſe is a Chriſtians whole life, but a continued anhelation after his God? and though this may ſeem very wearisome and tedious, to be always a panting: yet the Chriſtians ſoul findes far more incomparable ſweetneſs. Ἀληθινὴν ἐ σφυρήλατον χαρὰν, ſolid and maſſy joy, beaten joy, like beaten gold, ſo much σφυρήλατος imports; he findes more of this in the very panting after his God, than any worldling can, when with the greateſt complacency he takes his fill of the choiceſt delights, and when he enjoys the ſmiles and blandiſhment of fortune, his ſo much adored Deity.

And this is that which notably differences a Chriſtian from an hypocrite; *Will an hypocrite pray alwayes?* ſayes *Job*, or will he pant alwayes? no, he keeps the rule, *Si ter pulſanti*, by no means knock at heaven too often. What nothing but breathing after the water-brooks? better take up ſome muddy contentment by the way, and ſee if that will quench his thirſt. Indeed he ne're taſted the ſweetneſs of the fountaine, no wonder that he ſo eaſily parts with it. His ſtrongeſt panting was but ἀπάτη φλεγμαίνουσα as the Moraliſt ſayes of paſſion, *fraus inflammata*: the motion was meerly violent, and therefore not likely to laſt long. Me thinks the Greek Epigram ſpeaks to him,

Ζώγραφος τὴν μορφὴν κλέπτεις μόνον, ἀ δυνατὸς δ'
Ζωὴν συλῆσαι χρώματι σκιθρώπην.

Τὴν μορφὴν κλέπτεις, The painters eye ſteales a little beauty from the face, and perhaps his hand makes reſtitution, reſtoring it again in the picture; and this is all you can look for of him, nay 'tis well if he performe ſo much: as for the expreſſion of vitals, or the repreſentation of eſſentials, 'tis *ultra penecillum*, ſo that he muſt let this alone for ever. The moſt accompliſht hypocrite, the cunning'ſt painter of Religion that ſets it out, in the fineſt and freſheſt coulours τὴν μορφὴν κλέπτει, he does but ſteal a forme of godlineſs, the Apoſtle has ſome ſuch phraſe, Ἔχοντες μορφὴν εὐσεβείας. He can't reach to the vitals of Religion, nor expreſſe the eſſentials of holineſs, ſincerity can't be painted, they deny the power of it: and 'tis juſt with God, δικαιοκρισία τῦ Θεῦ, as they can't expreſſe the life of a Chriſtan, ſo they ſhould not taſt the joy of a Chriſtian: no ſtranger intermeddles with his joy; As no man can paint the eſſence of a thing, ſo no man can

paint

paint the ſweetneſſe of a thing. Who ever could paint the ſweetneſſe of the honey-combe? The joyes of an hypocrite as they are groundleſſe and imaginary, ſo like his ſervices, they are vaniſhing and tranſitory. But a Chriſtian as hee's alwayes breathing after his God, ſo hee's alwayes drawing ſweetneſſe from him. And here 'twere eaſie to ſhew, how in every condition the ſoul breaths after its God, when it ſees the vanity of the moſt flouriſhing condition, it pants after fulneſſe in its God: when it ſees the vexation of a cloudy condition, it pants after contentment only to be found in its God. But I ſhall inſtance only in theſe two, as having ſome neerer acquaintance with the text, the ſtrong pantings of a tempted ſoul, and the ſecret pantings of a languiſhing and a deſerted ſoul. And

1. In temptations the ſoul pants after God. They that are ſkill'd in thoſe terms, tell us, that an Hart is properly a ſtagge which has eſcap't a King in hunting: And there are ſome ſuch Chriſtians, that have eſcap't the Prince of the aire (that *Nimrod* the mighty hunter) and all his fiery darts. God he has ſet his bowe in the clouds as a token of a peace and reconciliation (the rain-bowe, the lace of Peaces coat:) And the devil he muſt ſet his bowe in the clouds too; in the troubled and cloudy ſpirit, and there are arrowes in the hand of the mighty-- ἰσχυρὰ βέλεα, πνευστόλοντας ὀϊστοῖς. And how ſhall the ſoul eſcape theſe fiery darts, but by panting after its God as the only place of refuge, *a ſtrong tower and a rock of defence*; and by breathing after Heaven, as a place where 'tis ſure to be free from them? ὃς μὲν τυπτόντος σίφαρον ἴχνεσιν, as he ſaid to the Comedy. A crowned Chriſtian is ἔξω βέλους, and Satans fiery darts can by no means reach Heaven. And the ſoul pants.

Ariſe O Lord, and ſave me O my God, from the mouth of the Lion that's ready to devour me, leſt he teare my ſoul and rent it to pieces, while there is none to deliver. Lo, the enemy has bent his bowe, and made ready his arrow upon the ſtring, that he might ſecretly ſhoot at the upright in heart: But compaſs me, O God, with thy favour a with a ſhield; keep me as the apple of thine eye, and hide me under the covert of thy wings: Deliver me from my ſtrong enemy and from him that hateth me, for he is too ſtrong for me. O ſend me help from thy Sanctuary, and ſtrengthen me out of Sion! and thus when with a ſure recumbency it leans upon its God, it has leaſure then with

an

an holy triumph to out-brave the Enemy: And as for thee that wouldſt make a partition between me and my God, ſee if thou canſt tear me from the bleeding wounds of my dying Saviour; rend me (if thou knowſt how) from the bowels, the tendereſt bowels of Gods deareſt compaſſions: See if the gates of Hell can prevail againſt the Rock of Eternity. If thou, O God, be with us, if the God of *Jacob* be our Refuge, we will not fear what all the powers of darkneſs can do againſt us: ὑπερνικῶμεν, *We are more than Conquerors.* Theſe are the ſtrong pantings of a tempted ſoul.

2ly, In deſertions, even then the ſoul pants after its God; Ἀσθμαίνει ἐξαυχμώσης καὶ ὀλιγυδρίας λειμῶνος, when the ſoul is ready to periſh in the dark, it pants after the water brooks, and can meet with nothing but waters of *Marah* and *Meribah*; God dips his pen in gall, and writes bitter things againſt it. ἐδίψησεν ἡ ψυχὴ, the ſoul is athirſt, and like its Saviour, it can have nothing but Gall and Vinegar to drink, yet ſtill it pants after its God. 'Tis under a Cloud indeed, but even theſe Clouds ſhall drop fatneſs, they ſhall drop upon the dwellings of the Wilderneſs, and the barren ſoul ſhall rejoyce; like *John the Baptiſt*, it feeds upon honey in the deſert, not μέλι ἄγριον, wilde honey, ſuch as is the Worldlings joy; but honey out of the Rock, upon the tip of the Rod, like *Jonathans*, to open the eye, and to refreſh the heart. A ſoul in a Deſertion, is as it were a ſoul in a Conſumption, & one only taſte of Gods ſweeteſt love in Jeſus Chriſt, is a ſure Reſtaurative for ſuch a languiſhing ſoul. Now in the greateſt Eclipſe of Gods favour, in the total Eclipſe, when there is not ſo much as a ſecret light; yet there's ſtrong influence; nay, ſtronger then at another time, for his ſtrength is proportion'd to our weakneſs: And they are *Pauls* own words, *When I am weak, then I am ſtrong.* And even now there is σπέρμα πυρὸς, as *Homer* calls thoſe ſparkles that ſeem'd to be buried in the aſhes; and a Chriſtian in time may ἀναζωπυρῶν τὴν χάριν τοῦ Θεοῦ; nay there is σπέρμα φωτὸς too, *Light is ſown to the righteous*, there's a door of Hope open'd in the Valley of *Achor*; and now the ſoul pants after God, as a Father of Mercies, and a God of Conſolations. A God of Conſolation? what higher, what ſweeter ſtrain? All the Balm of *Gilead* ſeems to be wrapt up in this Expreſſion. A God of Conſolation; that's one, who in the ſtrangeſt exigencies, and ſtraiteſt rep-

nances, when comforts fail, can create new comforts; for that's to be a God of Conſolation: Creation is his property, can raiſe them out of the barren womb of nothing, for that's Creation; can do it with a word, for Omnipotency uſeth to put it ſelf to no greater expences: *Imperatoria brevitas*, the very commanding word, Let there be light in ſuch a ſoul, is enough to make it more glorious than the Empyrean Heaven. And now the ſoul pants thus, as you may hear *David* panting almoſt in every Pſalm: *How long wilt thou forget me O Lord, for ever? And how long wilt thou hide thy face from me? Hath the Lord forgotten to be gracious? And hath He in anger ſhut up his tender mercies? Is the Hand of Omnipotency abbreviated, that it cannot help; and His Arm ſhorten'd, that it cannot ſave? Or is His Mercy clean gone for ever, and does His Promiſe fail for evermore?* Weeping hath endured for a Night, why comes not Joy in the Morning? When wilt thou ſatisfie the longing ſoul, and fill the thirſty with thy goodneſs? When wilt thou lead me into thy green Paſtures, and refreſh my ſoul with ſweetneſs? When, O when! ſhall I enjoy an Ordinance in its orient luſtre, in its heavenly beauty, in its full and pureſt ſweetneſs? When, O bleſſed Saviour! wilt thou become the Lilly of the Vallies? the Beauty and the Ornament of the humble ſoul? And when ſhall theſe Vallies ſtand ſo thick of Corn, as that they may laugh and ſing? And then it breaks it ſelf into ſome ſuch Expreſſion, as that of a ſweet ſinger in our *Iſrael*: *Ah my dear God, though I be clean forgot; Let me not love thee, if I love thee not.* Theſe are the ſecret pantings of a languiſhing ſoul.

Thus you ſee how the ſoul pants after its God, even as the Hart pants after the Water-brooks. We are to diſcover in the next place, what manner of Communion with its God it is, that the ſoul thus pants after; and that either mediate Communion with him here in his Ordinances, or immediate Communion with him hereafter in glory. And,

Firſt, it ſtrongly deſires acquaintance with him here in his Ordinances. *Chryſoſtom's* very Rhetorical upon the Text, and tells us, how that *David*, like a Lover in abſence, he muſt expreſs affection: As they have their dainty ſighes, and paſſionate complaints; their loving exclamations, and ſuntry diſcoveries of affection; they can meet with never a Tree, but in the bark of it

they

they must engrave the name of their Darling; Δοκεῖ δ' ἴρως ἔρωτι ἕλκος ἀυτὸν ἐν πᾶσι ἀναζῆσαι παρέχοντι; 'twill twine upon every opportunity, as the Moralist speaks; Ἐγὼ δ' τὰς ἐρώσας πᾶσι ἐκφανῶ ἀυδῶς Ἔχων γὰρ τὶ λέγειν Ψυχῆς τὸν χάραγμα, as *Anacreon* sings: And the true Lovers of God, they are alwayes thinking upon him, sighing for him, panting after him, talking of him, and (if 'twere possible) would ingrave the name of the Lord Jesus upon the breasts of all the men in the world; Look upon *David*, now a banish't man, and fled from the presence of *Saul*, and see how he behaves himself: not like *Themistocles* or *Camillus*, or some of those brave banish't Worthies. He does not complain of the ungratefulness of his Country, the malice of his Adversaries, and his own unhappy Success; No, instead of murmuring, he falls a panting, and that only after his God. He's banish't from the Sanctuary, the Palace of Gods nearest presence, and chiefest residence, he can't enjoy the beauty of holiness, and all other places seem to him but as the Tents of *Kedar*. He's banish't from the Temple, and he thinks himself banish't from his God, as 'tis in the following words, *O when shall I come and appear before the face of God?* The whole stream of Expositors run this way, that 'tis meant of his strong longing to visit the Temple, and those amiable Courts of his God, with which his soul was so much taken; and so 'tis equivalent to that in the 63. *Ps. My soul thirsteth for thee, to see thy glory and thy power, so as I have seen it in the Sanctuary*, there to appear before the face of God. In the Ordinances *extat Dei facies*, as *Calvin* speaks, and the Gospel, in 2 *Cor.* 4 6. is call'd πρόσωπον Ἰησοῦ Χριστοῦ, as suppose a Glass ('tis one of our own Divines Illustrations) when a man hath lookt into it, should keep a permanent and unvanishing *species* of his face, though he himself towards were absent, we might well say there were the face of such a man. The Gospel is such a Glass, representing Christ unto us, 'tis ἀπύγασμα τῆς δόξης καὶ χαρακτὴρ τῆς ὑποστάσεως αὐτοῦ, that I may borrow that Expression in the *Hebrewes*, so that when we shall come to see him πρόσωπον πρὸς πρόσωπον in Heaven, we may be able to say, Surely this is the very Saviour that was described to me in the Gospel, *sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat*, God has made himself very conspicuous in his own Ordinances.

No doubt, but that even now God was a little Sanctuary un-

to *David*, and he had a private Oratory in his own breast, where he could mentally retire, and shut up his thoughts and affections in that inferiour Closet, and yet he pants after the publick worship of his God. Musick in Consort is sweetest: And some have took it for mysterious in nature, and one of its *Magnalia*, that affections are wrought upon in publick more strongly than in private. The Ordinances, these are the water-brooks *Davids* heart pants after βιοτήσιον ὕδωρ, חיים חיים, bubling up to eternity. And yet 'tis not the out-side of an Ordinance that the soul thus breaths for; alas! there's little sweetness in a shell. σχῆμα παράγει, as the Apostle sayes in another case, the superficies, the surface of it soon passes away, and 'tis practical Popery to rest in an *Opus operatum*. You may hear *David* panting in another place, *O who will give me no drink of the water of the Well of* Bethlehem? It was not the outward water that he so much long'd for. You see when that was brought him by the hazard of mens lives, 'twas but water spilt upon the ground: No, 'twas a Saviour to be born in *Bethlehem* that his soul thirsted after: *O who will give me to drink of the water of the Well of Bethlehem?* Thou hast open'd thy mouth wide (O blessed Prophet!) and thy Saviour hath fill'd it; thou hast tasted of the water which he ha's given thee to drink, and thou shalt never thirst any more: but 'tis a Well of water springing up in thee to eternal life. A soul breaths after an Ordinance, as an opportunity of having freer entercourse with its God; συγχρωματίζεσθαι τῷ Θεῷ, to have an heavenly tincture upon it, to breath in so sweet an Aire, to be steep't in a Divine Nature, to have some foretastes and prelibations of happiness, a prepossession of heaven, and some dawnings of glory. And then it enjoyes it in its orient lustre, in its heavenly beauty, in its full and purest sweetness, when it meets with its God there, and increaseth its acquaintance with him. And would you see how the soul thus breathes after its God in every Ordinance.

1. In the *Word*, there it desires the ἄδολον γάλα, as the Apostle speaks. *Homer* tells us of a People, that he terms γαλακτοφάγοι; and *Eustathius* there tells us, that the same were wont to be called θεοσεβεῖς, both names very well agree to them, that desire this sincere milk of the Word that they may grow thereby. Faith pants after a promise, a breast of consolation.

The

The ſoul lies panting at the Pool of *Bethesda*, and waits for the ſtirring of the waters.

2. *Baptiſm*, that's a water-brook the Infants ſoul pants after; for even that's envenom'd with a Serpent. There are *Errata's* in theſe *Carnea Encheiridia*, though they be the faireſt Copies of innocency thet are now extant. Indeed many of the fathers apply this text to Baptiſme: and *Aquinas* quotes it out of *Jerome*, that theſe verſes were wont to be ſung at thoſe ſolemn times, when Baptiſme was publickly celebrated.

3. As for the Sacrament of the *Lords Supper*, why there are *mellita flumina*, ſtreaming brooks of butter and honey, as *Job* ſpeaks; and O how welcome is the panting ſoul hither! God ha's ſent a Meſſenger to invite him. *O! every one that thirſteth, let him come and drink freely; Drink; yea, drink abundantly O Beloved!* 'Tis moſt true here that which *Triſmegiſtus* feign'd, God ſets a great Cup full of Celeſtial Liquor, with this Proclamation, βάπτισον σε εἰς τὸν κρατῆρα, Up ſoul, and drench thy ſelf in this Cup of the Spirit; *Calix ebrius eſt*, as the force of the Original is in *Pſal.* 23. we render it, The Cup overflows. Here if ever the ſoul is *comforted with Flagons*, and Chriſts *love is* כּוֹב לִין, *ſweeter than wine.*

4. What ſhould I tell you; nay, how can I tell you the ſtrong pantings of the ſoul in Prayer? The Apoſtle calls them, *Rom.* 8. 26. στεναγμοὶς ἀλαλήτοις, *groans unutterable*, when the ſoul becomes, as the Syriack Idiom calls the *thuribulum*, *domus aromatum*, breathing up ſweet odours unto the Throne of Grace, and Heaven it ſelf is thus perfum'd; *Domus orationis*, is *Domus aromatum.* In all theſe you ſee how the ſoul breaths after Communion with its God, mediate Communion with him here. But

2dly. It pants after immediate Communion with him in glory; and the following words will well bear this ſenſe, though not ſo properly and genuine, *O when ſhall I appear before the face of God in glory.* Thus *Paul* pants, *I deſire to be diſſolv'd, and to be with Chriſt.* Thus the ſouls pant in the *Revelation*, *Come Lord Jeſus, come quickly. Hic pitiſſamus, illic deglutiemus*: Here we ſip of the water of life, but there we ſhall drink it up, though there be Eternity to the bottom: Here we are ſons of hope and that's a panting grace: *Spes* indeed is *aurora gaudii & matutina lætitia*, early joy: but when grace ſhall be ripen'd into glory,

glory, then hope shall be swallowed up in fruition; And thus we (as 'tis in 2 *Cor.*3. 18.) with open face κατοπτριζόμενοι τὴν δόξαν Κυρίου. You see that κατοπτριζόμεθα here denotes a clear Vision, whereas quite contrary in 1 *Cor.*13. to see ἐν κατόπτρῳ, is to see ἐν αἰνίγματι, we see in a Glass darkly. A learned Critick hath well observed, that the Hebrew מראה includes both, for it signifies Vision and Speculation; we clearly beholding the glory of God, are chang'd into the same Image from glory to glory; that's either, from his glory we become glorious, or else ἀπὸ δόξης εἰς δόξαν, that's from grace to glory; for grace is glory in the bud, as glory is grace at the full. Surely glory is nothing else but a bright Constellation of graces; and happiness nothing but the Quintessence of holiness. And now the soul by an holy gradation ascends higher, from those first-fruits and earnest-pennies of joy here, to the consideration of the fulness of glory which it expects hereafter.

Ἢ Ἀλλ' ὅταν ἀγλαὸν ἦθος ἀπὸ θνατῶν λάμψῃ ὑπὸ ἢ φάγγος ἀνδρὸς ἢ χρὼς μείλιχον αἰών, as the Lyrick strains sweetly, when the soul shall be unsheath'd from the body (that I may allude to the Chaldee Idiom) how gloriously shall it then glister? or to speak in *Plutarches* expression,

when the soul shall be unclouded from the body, in what brightness shall it then appear? what? did *Davids* soul, his panting soul, leap for joy, when he remembred thee, *O Sion*? O how triumphantly then does his gloried soul now sing in the new *Jerusalem*! Did his soul sing so sweetly in a Cage of Clay? what melody (think you) does it now make, being let loose to all eternity? Is there such deliciousness in a Cluster of Grapes, cut down in the Brook *Eshcol*, what look you for in the Vintage of *Canaan*, the Land of Promise? Is but a Prospect of that holy Land upon the top of Mount *Pisgah* so pleasant and delightful? surely then their lot is fallen to them in a fair ground and they have a goodly heritage, that enjoy the sweetness of that Land that flowes with milk and honey. Ha's but a glimpse of Gods favourable countenance, such a powerful, such a satisfying influence upon the soul? O think (if you can) how it shall be ravish'd with the fulness of the Beatifical Vision! when the clarifi'd soul shall drink in the beams of glory, and be fill'd with joy to the very brim. When the panting soul shall rest it self in the

the bosome of a Saviour, and fix his eye upon the brightness of his Majesty to all Eternity nay, when eternity shall seem too short for the beholding and admiring of such transcendent excellencies, and for the solemnizing of those heavenly Nuptials between Christ and his most beloved Spouse: where all the powers of heaven shall dance for joy, while a Consort of *Seraphims* sing an *Epithalamium*. *Beloved* (sayes the Apostle) *now are ye the sons of God, but it appears not as yet what ye shall be.* This choice Prerogative of Adoption does but shadow out your future glory, for it appears not as yet what ye shall be. Now ye are sons, but in your minority; sons, but yet insulted over by servants. Now ye are sons, but then ye shall be heirs; heirs of Glory, and co-heirs with Christ. Now ye see in a Glass darkly, *Ἐν αἰνίγματι*, in a Riddle; and that Book which is call'd the *Revelation*, is most vail'd with obscurity; but then you shall see face to face, פה אל פה ..... as God promises to manifest to *Moses*; And some think, that this place of the Apostle alludes to those very words, taken out of *Num.* 12.6. The Ridd'e of *summum bonum*, that hath pos'd so many, shall then be explicated happiness shall be unmask't, the book shall be unseal'd, the white stone shall sparkle most orientally, you shall behold with open face the glory of God, you shall know as you are known: not as if a finite Creature could comprehend an infinite Essence (as some of the School-men seem fondly to imagine) but the words will easily bear a double Hebraism. You shall know as you are known; that is, either you shall know as you are approved, or else you shall know as you are known; that is, you shall know as you are made to know; *ἐπιγνώσομαι καθὼς καὶ ἐπεγνώσθην*, that is, *καθὼς καὶ ἐδιδάχθην*, sayes *Beza*, *καθὼς καὶ ἐγνωρίσθην*, sayes *Heinsius*; for indeed *γινώσκω*, is the same with the Hebrew הודיע, and if it be rendered Hellenistically he tells us the words will run thus, *ἐπιγνώσομαι καθὼς καὶ ἐπιγνωσθήσομαί μοι ὁ Θεός*: I shall know, so as God is pleased to be known by me, to manifest himself unto me O let every pious *panting soul*, with its apprehensions rais'd, and its affections advanc't, wait and long, and breath for so glorious a time, when the *panting soul* shall become an enjoying, an embracing soul. When water-brooks shall be turn'd into rivers of pleasure, ever springing from Gods right hand, who is the fountain of being, where the glorious rayes that flow from the face of

Christ,

Christ shall gild those pleasant and crystalline streams, and there shall be fresh and eternal ebullitions of joy, so that the pure soul may bathe it self in bliss, and be forever steept in unexpressible, inconceivable sweetness.

Mount Ebal.

JUDGES 5. 23.

Curse ye Meroz *(saith the Angel of the Lord) Curse bitterly the Inhabitants thereof, because they came not out to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the Mighty.*

THis Chapter is fill'd with a Triumphant Song, that was made by *Deborah*, that glorious Nursing-mother in *Israel*, after a great & famous Conquest, which God had given her and *Barak* over *Fabin* and *Sisera*, and all their mighty Hosts. She presently after the Victory breaks out into a Psalm of thanksgiving, she stirs up her soul to the praise of her God, & excites *Barak* to bear her company in this her joy: *Awake* Deborah, *Awake, &c. Deborah* in the Hebrew Language signifies a Bee; A Bee by them is called דבורה, a working, industrious Creature; And this Song may well be look't upon as *Deborah*'s Honey-combe, a sweet and precious Song, dropping from her gracious lips, *Deborah*'s Honey-combe; But withal this Bee, it has a sting, *Curse ye* Meroz, *saith the Angel of the Lord, Curse ye bitterly*, &c. These words, they are the sting of *Deborah*'s Song which

which ſtrikes through all ſuch as maintain not the cauſe of God againſt his Enemies, *that come not out to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord againſt the Mighty.*

If you look but upon the foregoing words, you may ſee there how this holy Propheteſs takes an exact view of the behaviour of the ſeveral Tribes in this time of War and Commotion, when the People of *Iſrael* were now oppoſing the *Canaanites*, ſuch Enemies as God had devoted to deſtruction, and had given the *Iſraelites* full Commiſſion to deſtroy them. And after ſpecial notice taken, ſhe gives juſt *Encomiums* and Commendations of all ſuch as were forward and active in the Lords Cauſe, and withal, ſharp Reproofs, and cutting Reprehenſions, to all ſuch as were remiſs and negligent in this their duty. And firſt ſhe begins with the praiſe of them that deſerv'd it.

Out of Ephraim *was there a root of them againſt* Amalek.] This Tribe ſent in aid to *Iſrael*, and the root that ſprang from hence againſt *Amalek*, was *Deborah* her ſelf, who judged *Iſrael*, dwelling under a Palme-tree between *Ramath* and *Bethel* in Mount *Ephraim*, and by her Charge and Authority the War was undertaken, it was ſhe that whetted *Barak*, and encourag'd the *Iſralites* againſt their Enemies.

After thee Benjamin, *among thy People.*] Againſt thee, O *Amalek*, ſome of this Tribe alſo adjoyned themſelves to *Deborah.*

Out of Machir *came down Governours.*] The Tribe of *Manaſſeh* branch't it ſelf into two noble Families, that of *Machir*, and the other of *Jair*; And out of *Machir* there came worthy men to help in the Battel.

And out of Zabulon *they that handle the Pen of the Writer.*] Learned men, and skilful Lawyers, ſuch as handle the Pen, theſe help't forward in the War both (1) By their Councel and Advice; and this is none of the ſmalleſt aides: One *Ulyſſes* better than many an *Ajax.* Or (2.) By Weapons and outward Aid; Such as were wont to handle the Pen of the Writer, they now handle the Spear of the Souldier.

And the Princes of Iſſachar were with *Deborah,*] choice and worthy ones, Heads of the People.

And Iſſachar.] Not only the Princes, but the reſt of the Tribe.

And alſo Barak.] He was the Captain, chief in the War, the

primum mobile. He was sent on foot into the Valley.] He was the Leader of the Foot-men in the Valley. Thus far she commends, in the next words she reproves.

For the Divisions of Reuben *there were great thoughts of heart; Why abodest thou among the sheepfolds, to hear the bleatings of the Flocks? for the divisions of* Reuben *there were great searchings of heart.*] Thee were great wonderings why *Reuben* came not out to help their Brethren; for the divisions of *Reuben*, that they should hold back, and not accompany the rest of the Tribes, many searchings and enquiries why *Reuben* came not. This Tribe dwelt beyond *Jordan* in fat and goodly Pasture; and they too much minded their Cattel, and neglected the care of the Common-wealth. They were hearing the bleatings of the sheep, and the bellowings of the Oxen, when their Brethren heard the Alarum of War, the Noise of the Trumper, the Beating of the Drum. *Why abodest thou among thy Sheepfolds?* Hast thou no care of *Israels* troubles, of the bleeding condition of thy Brethren? Dost thou take more care of thy Sheep, than of them? see how the fierce Enemy like a Wolf, comes to devoure them, and proud *Sisera* is ready to tear them in pieces? wilt thou not take as much care of them, as of thy Sheep?

Gilead abode beyond Jordan.] Both the Families of *Manasseh Machir* and *Jair*, dwelt in *Gilead*, and possessed it; now the Family of *Machir* was commended before, so that here is meant of *Jair*. Or else the words are to be took thus, as an answer to *Reuben*, why couldst thou not come from beyond *Jordan*, as well as *Gilead*; *Gilead* abode beyond *Jordan*, and yet he came, and so this tends to *Gileads* praise, and to *Reubens* dishonour; the first sense is most genuine.

And why did Dan *remain in ships?*] Either 1 To shelter themselves from the Enemies? when they heard of *Jabin* and *Sisera's* coming, they slipt themselves away. Or else 2. *Dan* remained in Ships, he minded his own business and merchandize, his traffick and commerce. And why did *Dan* remain in ships, when all *Israel* was almost suffering shipwrack?

Asher continued on the Sea-shore, and abode in his breaches.] The words include a double excuse which *Asher* had, why it came not to help *Israel*; 1 They dwelt afar off by the Sea-shore. 2. Their Towns and Cities were ruinous, and not well fenc't; and therefore

fore they ſtayed at home to defend and fortifie themſelves, they abode in their breaches; *I* but there was another breach that *Aſher* might have thought of, a breach of Gods Law and Commandment, which enjoyn'd his Peoples mutual love, and a joynt oppoſition of their Enemies.

Zebulun *and* Nephtali *were a People that jeoparded their lives unto the death in the high places of the Field.* After a more general commendation of ſome Tribes, and reproofs of others, ſhe then comes to a ſpecial *Encomium* of theſe two, as moſt eminent in their ſervice, and a more ſtinging reproof of ſuch as were inexcuſably negligent.

Zebulun, and *Nephtali* reproached their lives, ſo 'tis *in ſome*, they eſteemed them not worth the having, with *Iſrael* ruine, they preferr'd Gods cauſe before their lives. *They reproached their lives.*] For it ſeem'd a ſtrange thing to others, and little better then ridiculous, for a ſmall number, a little hand full of men, to go againſt a vaſt Army, Enemies cloath'd with Terrour, that might even blow them away in leſs than an houre; And yet they go out againſt *Jabin* and *Siſera*, they fear not his nine hundred Chariots of Iron. What means *Siſera* to brandiſh his glittering Sword, to bend his Bowe, and prepare his deadly Arrows? No weapon againſt them ſhall proſper. *Zebulun* and *Nephtali*, if they were leſs than they are, they would adventure their lives, and if they periſh, they periſh.

In the high places of the Field.] On Mount *Tabor*, where they might have a view of *Siſera*'s Army, a terrible proſpect for *Zebulun* and *Nephtali* one would have thought. And yet they march forward with an undaunted courage and reſolution. *Zebulun* and *Nephtali*, more eminent in their forwardneſs and obedience, and ſo have a more ſingular commendation given them.

And *Meroz* has a more bitter curſe than any of the reſt. God took notice, of all the others remiſſneſs, and hath left it upon Record to the view of all Poſterity; but *Meroz* has a curſe with a greater Emphaſis.

Curſe ye Meroz] The Jewes have a Proverb, we muſt leap up to Mount *Gerizim*, but creep into Mount *Ebal*. You know upon Mount *Gerizim*, all the bleſſings were pronounc't by *Moſes*, as upon Mount *Ebal* all the curſes; So then, you may leap up to Mount *Gerizim*, be forward, and ready to bleſs; but creep

into Mount *Ebal*, be ſlow, and unwilling to curſe; but where God gives a ſpecial command to curſe, there you muſt leap up to Mount *Ebal* too.

Curſe ye Meroz, *ſaith the Angel of the Lord.*] This does not come out of any revengeful thoughts, or private reſpect that *Deborah* had; but ſhe has a ſpecial command to curſe them, *ſaith the Angel of the Lord.*] Expoſitors are dubious, מלאך יהוה ---- it may be rendered *Nuncius Jehova*, and ſo ſome take it to be *Barak*, who call'd out (as is very like) this City to the War, but they refuſed to come; But whether it be meant of an Angel properly, or of any that had a Prophetical Spirit, Gods Meſſenger, his Angel; this we are ſure, the drift is to ſhew that this Curſe comes by Divine Authority, by Heavenly Mandate, by the Dictate of the Spirit, *Curſe ye* Meroz, *ſaith the Angel of the Lord.*

Curſe ye bitterly.] Curſe ye with Curſings: an uſual Hebraiſme. *But how comes* Meroz *to have a more bitter and ſharp Curſe, then any of the reſt that came not?* This City was very near the place where the Battel was fought, it was very nigh Mount *Tabor*, the inhabitants were within the noiſe of the Trumpet; other Tribes had excuſes, this City none. And no doubt but they were requeſted by *Barak* to help, and yet they came not out.

Becauſe they came not out to the help of the Lord.] Why? does the Lord need any aid? And does the God of Hoſts need the help of *Meroz? Is the Hand of Omnipotency abbreviated, that it cannot help; or his Arm ſhortned, that it cannot ſave?* Does the Mighty God call for Help, and the great *Jehovah* need Auxiliary Forces? What means this holy Propheteſs, when ſhe ſayes, and repeats this, *They came not out to the help of the Lord, &c.*

They that help *Iſrael*, are ſaid to help the Lord. What is done to the Church, God reckons as done for himſelf; *Inaſmuch as ye did it to one of theſe little ones, you did it unto me*: O the infinite goodneſs of God, that hath conjoyn'd his own Glory, and the ſalvation of his People together! He hath wrought *Iſraels* name in the frame of his own Glory; it is for his honour to ſave *Iſrael*; They that come not out to help *Iſrael*, they come not out to help the Lord.

God

God needs not the help of men, he can ſave his People miraculouſly, he did ſo here; *The Stars fought in their Courſes againſt Siſera*; He can raiſe a glorious Army of Stars, and can order them as he pleaſes; they ſhall all keep their Ranks, they fight in their Courſes againſt *Siſera*. How did the Stars fight againſt him?

Their beams and influences were their weapons; they wrought impreſſions in the Aire, and rais'd Meteors, Rain, Hail, Lightning, Thunder; The Stars, like bright and eminent Commanders, lead under them an Army of Meteors; their train'd Souldiers, they ſet them into their ſeveral poſtures, like the Centurion, they *ſay to one, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he comes.* If they bid the Clouds diſcharge, they inſtantly dart out lightning flaſhes, and preſent a Volley of Thunder-claps; They'l try what they can do with proud *Siſera*: And if *Iſrael* be too weak for them, the Hoaſt of Heaven ſhall fight againſt them; *The Stars fought in their Courſes againſt Siſera*: I, but all this is no thank to *Meroz*; nay, it rather aggravates their ſin, and ſo embitters their curſe; Shall inanimate Creatures more ſympathize with *Iſrael*, than their Fellow-brethren? Shall the Stars fight in their Courſes, and ſhall not *Meroz* ſtir a foot to help them? And *the River Kiſhon ſweeps them away* (as dung) *that antient River, the River Kiſhon*, now ſwelling by reaſon of the exceſs of Rain, and drowning many of the *Canaanites*, as the *Egyptians* were once drown'd in the Red Sea; they ſink like lead in the mighty waters. Stars and Rivers fight for them, but *Meroz* will not help them.

Againſt the mighty,] *Jabin* and *Siſera*, גברים, potent, puiſſant Enemies. The Church of God has had alwayes mighty Oppoſers, great Enemies; Satan, the Prince of the Aire, Antichriſt and his Forces. Theſe, and many ſuch like obſervations lie ſcatter'd in the words, and might be gathered out of them; but we will unite them all in this one truth, which is directly aim'd at, and intended in them.

Doct. Every Chriſtian ſhould be of a publick ſpirit; he is bound under pain of a bitter curſe (as much as in him lies) to promote the cauſe of God, and to help *Iſrael*, to help the Church of God againſt its mighty Enemies.

Wee'l branch it into theſe two particulars.

1. 'Tis

1. 'Tis a thing full of Reaſon and Equity, that every one that profeſſes himſelfe an *Iſraelite*, ſhould help *Iſrael*, that Chriſtians ſhould be of a publick ſpirit; it is but juſt that *Meroz* ſhould aid *Iſrael*.

2. How every one may help the Lord againſt the Mighty, and ſtand for the peace of *Sion*; by what means they may do this.

(1.) A Chriſtian ſhould be of a publick and enlarged ſpirit, not ſeeking only himſelf, and his own ends, with a narrow and contracted heart; but he ſhould ſeek the glory of God, and the good of *Sion*, of his Church and People.

1. It is the very nature of goodneſs to diffuſe it ſelf abroad in a ſpreading and liberal manner; for it do's not thus loſe any thing, but augments, and increaſes its being, by communicating it ſelf.

2. You may ſee ſome prints and foot ſteps of this in Nature, ſome obſcure Repreſentations of this Truth there. The Sun, it does not monopolize its beams, and engroſs its light; but ſcatters them abroad, gilds the whole World with them; it ſhines more for others, than it ſelf, it is a publick light.

Look on a Fountain, it does not bind in its ſtreams, ſeal up it ſelf, and encloſe its waters, but ſpends it ſelf with a continual bubbling forth; it ſtreames forth in a fluent, liberal, and communicative manner; it is a publick ſpring.

Nay, natural bodies will part with their own properties, leave their motions; nay, croſs their own inclinations for a general good. The Air, a light and nimble body, that mounts upwards, and does naturally aſcend; yet for an univerſal good, rather than there ſhall be a breach and rupture in nature, a *vacuum*, it will deſcend for the ſtopping of that *hiatus*. In the body of man, the inferior Members will venture themſelves for the good of the whole; the hand will be cut off, and looſe its own being, rather than the head ſhall be endanger'd; you ſee ſome ſhadows of this truth in Nature.

3. And the weak and glimmering light of Nature ſhews thus much, that a man is not born for himſelf alone; he is a ſociable Creature, and ſent into the world for the good of others. The voice of an Heathen, a mans Country, and his Friend, and others challenge great part of him. It is a miſerable φιλαυτία, to make his own ſelf the centre of all his actions.

4. Con-

4. Conſider, that every mans private welfare is included in the publick. The welfare of *Meroz* depended upon *Iſraels* ſafety; what would have become of *Meroz*, if the reſt of their fellow-brethren had periſh'd? So that it was a part of great folly in *Meroz*, not to come out to the help of *Iſrael*. When the diſeaſe ſeazes upon a vital part, as the head, or the heart, or the like, ſo as to endanger the whole; then every Member is in danger, though for the preſent they may be free from pain. The well-being of every private man, depends on the publick good. A ſingle drop is ſoon dry'd up, and conſum'd; I, but a drop in the Ocean, when 'tis united to a multitude of other drops, 'tis there more ſafe; and a drop by it ſelf is weak, and can make no reſiſtance; I, but a drop in the Ocean is terrible. Men have a more ſafe, and a more honourable being, as joyn'd to the whole, than taken ſingle by themſelves. A ſingle drop can do nothing; but a multitude of drops joyn'd together, will make a ſtream, and carry all before them, A ſingle beam is obſcure; but in the Sun, the centre of rayes, meeting in the publick point, they are glorious.

And theſe Arguments may prevail with you as men, living in common ſociety; but then as Chriſtians

I. Conſider, That Gods children have been alwayes of this diſpoſition, of publick ſpirits, ſeeking the glory of God, and the good of *Sion*. *Exod.* 32. 32. *If not, blot me I pray thee out of thy Book*; *Moſes* out of a pang of vehement zeal, would part with his own happineſs, rather than *Iſrael* ſhould periſh; if it would make more for the glory of God, he would be content to be dam'd, or at leaſt to have the beams of Gods favourable preſence withdrawn from him. *Rom.* 9. 3. *I could wiſh, that my ſelf were accurſed from Chriſt* (or ſeparated) *for my Brethren, my kinſmen, according to the fleſh*, for the *Jewes, Iſraelites*; which is meant of the *pœna damni*; I could be content to have the face of Chriſt hid from me for my Brethrens ſake, as Gods face was once hid from Chriſt upon the Croſs; *My God, my God, why haſt thou forſaken me?* A moſt ſtrong affection and zeal for the publick good. *Paul* knew what the face of Chriſt was; how glorious a ſight it was, to ſee God face to face: And he knew what anſwer God had given to *Moſes* too; *Him that ſins, him will I blot out of my Book*: And yet out of a moſt ardent deſire of the ſalvation of the Jews, he will part with the face of Chriſt, ſo they may be

ſaved,

ſaved; here were publick ſpirits indeed.

What ſhould I tell you of *Uriah* that famous Souldier, his brave and heroical Reſolution; how he would take no complacency in outward things? and mark his Reaſon, 2 *Sam.* 11. 11. The *Ark, and Iſrael, and Judah abide in Tents, and my Lord Joab, and the ſervants of my Lord are encamped in the open Fields*; as if he ſhould ſay, What ſhall the Ark be in danger, and ſhall *Uriah* be ſecure? Or ſhall my Lord *Joab* be more forward than I am in *Iſraels* cauſe? *As thou liveſt, and as thy ſoule liveth, I will not do this thing*: He raps out an Oath like a Souldier, which he might have well ſpar'd; but yet he ſhews a moſt generous and publick ſpirit: And this was no ſmall aggravation of *Davids* ſin.

137. *Pſalm*; See how the Pſalmiſt, and the reſt of Gods People behave themſelves. *By the Rivers of Babylon, we ſate down and wept, when we remembred thee, O Sion! We hanged our harps upon the Willows in the midſt thereof; If I forget thee, Jeruſalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.* *David* had a moſt delicate touch upon the Harp, a ſoft and ſilken touch; he could ſtill *Saul's* evil ſpirit with his Muſick; but *if I forget thee, Jeruſalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.*

And when did *Jeremy* make his Lamentation, that whole Book of mourning; but when the glory of *Sion* was laid in the duſt; when *Jeruſalem*, the Lady of Nations was made deſolate: Gods People have been always of publick ſpirits, and have ſympathiz'd with the Church.

II. That you may follow ſo good example; think whoſe cauſe it is; the cauſe of *Iſrael*, is the cauſe of God; *to the help of the Lord, &c.* Can you have a better cauſe? the good of the Church, and the glory of God are knit together by an act of Gods gracious will. So that he that ſeeks the good of the Church, does in the ſame act ſeek the glory of God: And he that helps not *Iſrael*, comes not out to the help of the Lord. Now you are bound to maintain the cauſe of God, and to help the Lord.

1. By many and ſeveral Engagements; as Creatures at his beck, he has a Soveraignty and Dominion over you. Not to obey the great God, is to deny his Supremacy. You are bound in a way of thankfulneſs, to ſtand for him and his cauſe, by thoſe ſweet mercies, thoſe precious pledges of his love, which he every moment heaps upon you: by thoſe many bleſſings that come

ſwimming

ſwimming to you in the blood of a Saviour.

2. By many Promiſes, Vowes, Proteſtations. Your firſt and Original Vow in Baptiſm, obliges you to maintain the Cauſe of God, and of his Church, againſt all the Enemies thereof. And you have often repeated this Vow, & ſeal'd it again in the Lords Supper; for you know that's a ſealing up of the Covenant: Now what's the Covenant but this, *That he ſhall be your God, and you ſhall be his People?*

3. Certainty to proſper, it is the Cauſe of God. A Chriſtian is of the ſureſt ſide, of the winning ſide. There's none but has a mind to proſper, then *pray for the peace of Jeruſalem, they ſhall proſper that love thee.* There's none can eclipſe the glory of God; it's beyond the limited power of a Creature, to dim the luſtre of his Crown; God will maintain his own Cauſe, or elſe he ſhould loſe of his Glory; his mighty Arm will get himſelf the Victory. Chriſt is the Captain of his Church, and he is the chiefeſt of ten thouſand (the Enſign-bearer.) And this is comfort enough for a Chriſtian, the Enemies muſt conquer Chriſt before they can overcome his Church. Chriſt the head of the Church is impregnable. This is the ſecond ground why Chriſtians muſt ſtand for the Cauſe of the Church, becauſe 'tis the Cauſe of God, to which they are bound. (1.) by Engagements, many and great. (2.) By Vows. (3.) Encouraged with certainty of ſucceſs.

III. A Chriſtian is bound to be of a publick ſpirit, by vertue of the Communion of Saints. Every Chriſtian is a Member of Chriſts Myſtical Body, and ſo muſt take care for the good of the whole. He that is united to Chriſt the Head, muſt be knit alſo to the other Members; He that does not ſympathize with the Church, is not of the Body: He that can hear of the breaches of *Sion*, and the decayes of *Jeruſalem*: He that can ſee the Aples of Gods eye pierc'd through, & not be affected with it, will ye call ſuch Members of Chriſts Body? He that is not truly affected with the bleeding condition of Chriſtians when they are in diſtreſs does virtually, and in effect, deny this Article of his Creed, *The Communion of Saints.*

IV. It is *againſt the Mighty*: Chriſtians had need have publick ſpirits, becauſe they have publick Enemies; the Devil, a pub-

lick Enemy; Antichriſt, a publick Enemy: They are private enough in reſpect of their malice and ſubtlety; but publick in force and oppoſition. As there is the Paw of the Lion for ſtrength, ſo there is the Head of the Serpent for wiſdom; but yet the Head of the Serpent is broken, their wiſdom infatuated: *He that is in Heaven, can counterplot them, and laugh them to ſcorn*: But yet thus much you may learn of the Enemies of the Church, to ſtudy the publick good: They ſeek the ruine of the whole, and why ſhould not you ſeek the welfare of the whole? If they be ſo ſedulous and induſtrious, ſo forward and active in a bad cauſe, will you be negligent and remiſs in the beſt cauſe, in the cauſe of God, in the helping of the Lord? All that they do, they'l tell you 'tis for the Catholick cauſe, they are for the publick. What won't a Jeſuite do for the Catholick cauſe: Hee'l compaſs Sea and Land to gain one Proſelyte. They do publick miſchiefs, and have a malignant and venemous influence into all places where they come; and why ſhould not Chriſtians do as publick ſervice for God, as they do for the Devil? Come out therefore againſt the Mighty to the help of the Lord. That which was *Meroz* his excuſe perhaps, becauſe the *Canaanites* were mighty ones, therefore they durſt not come out againſt them; this God makes the very aggravation of their ſin; for if the Enemies were mighty, *Iſrael* had more need of their help and aid, *Curſe ye Meroz, ſaith the Angel of the Lord, &c.* And *Meroz* might have conſidered, that as there are mighty Enemies, ſo there is a mighty God too, an Almighty God, that can cruſh proud *Siſera*, and daſh in pieces the ſtrongeſt Enemy. And now by this time you have ſeen that 'tis but fit and equal for a Chriſtian to be of a publick ſpirit, to come out to the help of the Lord.

(2.) The manner how every Chriſtian may promote the publick good. And here by way of premiſal:

1. It muſt be in a lawful and warrantable way. They that come out to help the Lord, muſt help him in his own wayes, ſuch wayes as his Word allowes, or elſe, they do not help the Lord, but offend the Lord in breaking his Commandments; *Job* 13.7. *Will you ſpeak wickedly for God, and talk deceitfully for him?* Does Gods glory depend upon mans ſin? Does he allow any man to ſin for the advancing of his glory? Nay, does he not forbid it, and deteſt it?

it? Is a clear and undeniable truth of the Apoſtle; *You muſt not do evil, that good may come of it.* A ſpeech of one of the Ancients, *You muſt not tell the leaſt lie, if you could ſave the whole Church by it.* To the right conducting of an action, beſides the intention of an end truly, there muſt be alſo the choice of juſt and direct means for the accompliſhing of it.

2. In a prudent and orderly way. They that come out to the help of the Lord, muſt keep their Ranks; *the Stars fought in their Courſes againſt Siſera.* Chriſtians muſt keep their ſeveral ſtations; if there be confuſion, you can't tell a *Canaanite* from an *Iſraelite*, a Friend from a Foe. Let every Chriſtian that ſtudies the publick good, keep his own place; the Magiſtrate his, the Miniſters theirs, and the People alſo theirs. And now there are ſome wayes very good and warrantable, by which Chriſtians may come out to the help of the Lord, and to the aiding of *Iſrael.*

(1.) *By Prayer.* To be ſure this is a lawfull means; I, and 'tis a prevalent means too, and has great influence upon the publick good; *Exod.* 17. 11. When *Moſes* held up his hand, then *Iſrael* prevail'd. 'Tis a ſpecial benefit that Chriſtians have by the communion of Saints, the prayers one of another. There's a ſtock of prayers the Churh has, and the weakeſt Chriſtian has a ſhare in it. Thou haſt the benefit of many Chriſtians prayers, whoſe face thou never ſaweſt, whom thou never heard'ſt of; perhaps he lives in *America*, or ſome remote corner of the world; but where ere he be, thou haſt the benefit of his prayer, as a Member of the myſtical body. For there's no prayer put up to God for his Church, but it includes every particular Member of the Church in it; ſo that Prayer does wonderfully promote the publick good. *Pray for the peace of* Jeruſalem, pray for it, that's the way to have it. And many an one that can uſe no other means, yet may uſe this; many a weak and aged and ſickly one, unfit for War, and yet powerful in prayer. And theſe weapons of our warfare, they are not carnal, but mighty You can't encounter an Enemy; I, but you may thus wraſtle with the Almighty. You can't batter down a ſtrong Hold; but yet ye can beſiege the Throne of Grace with concentred abilities. You are not fit to be ſet in a Watch-tower, to ſpy out the approach of an Enemy;

but yet you may watch unto Prayer. And this is a great advantage that Christians have over their Enemies; the Enemy knows not how to pray; they know how to curse, and swear, and blaspheme the name of God; but they know not how to pray: Or if they do pray, and tell their prayers with their beads, that they may know the number of them; yet their prayer is turn'd into sin, *The prayer of the wicked is an abomination.* Let them cry a loud to their Idols, and see if they will here them; they can't look that God should hear them: For, *If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear my prayer.* O then let Christians know their own happiness, and make use of this spiritual weapon of Prayer, that opposes the Enemy more than all other weapons whatsoever; Let them brandish the glittering sword, &c.

And this is the chief use you are to make of all the News you hear to know how to order your prayers accordingly. No question more ordinary in mens mouths, than what News? And I find no fault with the question, it is good and fitting; But News are not to be enquired after only for the satisfying of mens minds and curiosity; as the *Athenians* spent all their time in enquiring for some News: But this is the main end of it, to know how to send up your Prayers for the good of the Church; and your praises for such mercies as God bestows upon it. All News heard by a publick spirit, will stir up Prayer or Thanksgiving. This is the use you are to make of News; if sad News of the Churches Misery and Desolation, then send up more fervent Prayer, that God would repair the breaches of it, and settle it in a flourishing condition; if welcome News, then praise God for his free goodness, and desire him to perfect the great work which he has begun. This is one special means to promote the publick good, the prayer of the righteous. And God alwayes when he intends any great mercy, he poures upon his people a spirit of prayer, he stirs up their hearts in this way; he opens their mouth wide, before he fills it.

(2.) *Self-Reformation.* This has great influence upon the publick good. And how can you expect a publick and glorious Reformation, unless first you reform in private? Look upon the grievan-

grievances of your own ſoul; hearken unto thoſe many Petitions that are put up to you by the Miniſters; who beſeech you to be reconcil'd unto God. Every ſin adds to wrath; it provokes God, pulls down his Judgments, and ripens a Nation for deſtruction, and has a malignant and venemous influence upon the whole. So then the turning from ſin, and reforming your wayes, is the means to divert judgments, to bring down mercies, and bring down publick good. If there were more private Reformations in mens ſpirits; there is no doubt, but God will bleſs the publick Reformation. Sin puts more Rubs in the way, than any enemy or oppoſer whatſoever. This is the great Mountain that hinders the going up of the Temple; if this one were but took away, all other would quickly become a plain. They are very injurious to the publick good, that go on in a courſe of ſinning againſt ſo gracious a God, that does ſuch great things for us. *One ſinner deſtroys much good*, as the wiſe man ſpeaks.

(3.) *United ſpirits*, and a ſweet Harmony of affections graciouſly conſorting together, would help forward the cauſe of *Iſrael*, Jars and Diſſentions amongſt Chriſtians themſelves, ſound very harſhly; for the diviſions of *Reuben*, there were great thoughts of heart. What is there can give greater advantage to an enemy than to ſee *Iſraelites* fall out amongſt themſelves? You may learn more wiſdom of them that are wiſer in their Generation, than the children of light; what a ſtrait union to confedracy have they among themſelves? *Gebal* and *Ammon*, and *Amalek*, the *Philiſtines*, with them that dwell at *Tyre*. Theſe ſcales of *Leviathan* (as that in *Job* is uſually allegoriz'd) are ſhut together as with a cloſe Seal. And if they ſhould be at variance and diſcord among themſelves, yet they have a ſure way of Reconciliation, by a joynt oppoſition to the Godly. *Ephraim* againſt *Manaſſeh*, and *Manaſſeh* againſt *Ephraim*, both againſt *Judah*. *Herod* and *Pilate* made freinds in crucifying Chriſt. If wicked men can agree in oppoſing of goodneſs, why ſhould not Chriſtians in helping forward goodneſs?

All ye that come out to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord againſt the Mighty, come with united hearts, and agreeing ſpirits. Why ſhould there be ſtriſe between you, ſeeing yee are Brethren?

And

And then consider, What will not united Forces do, when you shall joyn to the work of the Lord with one consent, with one shoulder? What is it that this union won't bring to pass? It will strike terror into the Churches Enemies, & strengthen the hearts of Friends: It will mightily promote the publick good, and tend to the glory of *Jerusalem*. If men would but lay out themselves and their several gifts and abilities in one general aim, for the advantage of their Maker, and good of their Fellow-servants; what glorious times should we then see?

(4) I might add that, *with outward aid* too, you are bound to promote the publick good; with liberal contribution to relieve the necessity of the Christians, as the Church of *Macedonia* gave above her abilities. And also such as by Authority shall be sent forth against the Popish Rebels, they are to fight with courage and alacrity, for 'tis for the Cause of God; *They come out to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the Mighty.*

And now for a word of Application.

☞ It is for the just Reproof of most men, that mind not at all the publick good: How do they think to avoid the curse of *Meroz*, seeing they *come not out to the help of the Lord, &c*? There is a principle of corrupt self-love in men, that makes them of narrow and contracted spirits; all their aims are for themselves, and their own ends; they do not mind the good of the Church. If they hear but of a worldly loss, some Ship cast away, and their Estate be weaken'd; this will pierce and affect their spirits; 'twill sad and darken their joy: But they can hear of ruines of the Church, the breaches of *Sion*; that the Church has many Roullings and Commotions, and not be wrought upon, not be much mov'd with it. Men are more affected with their own private good, than with the publick; and more mov'd with private miseries, than publick. If they themselves be in the least danger, or some of their near friends, then you shall have mourning, and sighing, and lamentation: But if the Church lie a bleeding, the Saints (those precious ones) *be kill'd all the day long, and accounted as Sheep for the slaughter*; they can be merry enough for all this. How many are there that have not shed a tear for *Ireland*! That have not spent a sigh for them, nor put up a prayer

for

for them? God he has a Bottle for your tears, and he knows how many you have put into it; I am ſure it will hold a great many more than you have ſhed. I ſpeak not ſo much for outward weeping, there's many perhaps can't ſhed a tear upon any occaſion: But I call for a ſpirit of mourning, a ſympathizing ſpirit; a ſpirit took up with the publick good, as its beſt employment. O how many are there, that this bitter curſe of *Meroz* will fall heavy upon! And upon your dayes of Humiliation, be ſure to humble your ſelves for this; your want of a publick ſpirit, your not praying for the peace of *Jeruſalem*. How do you know, but that if you had ſent up more prayers to Heaven, God might have freed the diſtreſſed Chriſtians by this time? As they are guilty of the Chriſtians blood in an high degree, that ſhed it in a moſt inhumane manner; ſo I know not, how they can excuſe themſelves from ſome guilt of it, that do not help them by prayers and endeavours, as much as in them lies.

2. It is againſt all ſuch as are in a kind of indifferency and neutrality; they neither are for one, nor other. What is this but the very ſame caſe with *Meroz? Meroz* did not fight againſt *Iſrael*, it did not fight for the *Canaanites*; no, but it did not come out to the help of *Iſrael*, and therefore it has this bitter curſe. Vain men that think to content themſelves with this, that they do no hurt; but every man that does not good, does durt, he muſt do either one or other; the ſoul is not idle, it is either doing good or evil.

Suppoſe that a man did no hurt, yet this is not enough, unleſs he does good too; for there are ſins of Omiſſion, as well as of Commiſſion. Not nothing of publick good, is a publick hurt.

3. by way of Gradation, *à minori ad majus* If there be ſuch a bitter curſe upon *Meroz* for their negligence, and remiſſneſs in duty, for not coming out againſt the Mighty, what ſevere judgments and dregs of wrath ſhall be pour'd out upon all them that come out againſt the Lord, that are againſt the publick good, that wiſh ill to *Sion*, that would fain ſee her in the duſt, that hate and perſecute Chriſtians, that oppoſe the power of Religion, and the life of the Goſpel, that are in the very gall of bitterneſs? All the curſes that are written, and not written, ſhall flame againſt them, and the vials of Gods fierceſt wrath ſhall be

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empyed upon them. *Meroz's* curse is bitter; but in respect of theirs, sweet and easie.

Use. 2. Bless God for men of publick spirits; for *Zerubbabels* and *Jehoshuahs*, such as are building God a Temple; Pray God to encrease the number of publick spirits, such as may come out to the help of the Lord. As there's great and bitter curse laid upon *Meroz*, for being negligent in the cause of God, so there are choice and eminent blessings for such as are forward and active in it. God will abundantly recompence all the labour of love, which any shall shew for his Name; their labour shall not be in vain in the Lord.

THE

THE White Stone:

OR,

A Learned and Choice

TREATISE OF Assurance,

Very useful for all, but especially Weak BELIEVERS.

2 PET. 10.

Wherefore the rather, Brethren, give diligence to make your Calling and Election sure.

ASsurance of Salvation is a truth of great and precious consequence, of a sweet and comfortable influence into the whole life of a Christian: A truth which has scarce had liberty to unmask and shew it self in former times, and so has seldom or never been fully treated of: A truth which could never be more welcome and seasonable, than in times of danger and uncertainty;

when all other things are in a doubtful and wavering condition, then *to make our Calling and Election ſure*; to ſet up a ſpiritual *Militia*, and to put the ſoul in a poſture of defence, in ſuch an heavenly preparation, as it may be fit to meet with all conditions; *He ſhall not be afraid of evil tydings, his heart is fixed, truſting in God*: He is juſt like the Philoſophers good man, τετράγωνος, four-ſquare, that, caſt him where you will, like a Dy, he falls alwayes ſure and ſquare; He's built upon the ſame foundation that the whole Church of God is; He's built upon a *Rock*, and though the *waves daſh*, and the *winds riſe*, though the ſtorm encreaſe, and the *floods beat in*, yet the *houſe ſtands*, the foundation is ſure, *'tis built upon a Rock, and the Gates of Hell ſhall not prevail againſt it*. *I'le make him a Piller in the temple of my God*, as Chriſt promiſes to the Church of *Philadelphia*; even like one of thoſe Pillars in *Solomons* Temple; the *name of the one was* Jachin, *and of the other* Boaz; nothing but *ſtability* and *ſtrength*, as the words imply; Chriſtian Aſſurance fortifies the ſoul, and prepares it againſt all conditions.

Now, as for the drift of our Apoſtle in this Chapter, 'twas to perſwade the Chriſtian Churches of *Pontus*, *Galatia*, *Cappadocia*, *Aſia*, *Bythinia*, to whom he wrote, that they would be fruitful and abundant in the graces of God, that they would *grow in grace*, and add grace to grace, and ſo to increaſe in them all, till they came to a full and perfect ſtature in Chriſt. For *he that lacks theſe*, (ſaith the Apoſtle) *is blind, and cannot ſee afar off*, he is pore-blind, and cannot ſee ſo far as Heaven, and heavenly things: And then he is forgetful too of the very firſt Principles and Rudiments of Grace; he forgets that he was purg'd from his former ſins in the Lavour of Regeneration, in Baptiſm, when he firſt ente'r'd into Covenant with God.

Wherefore do ye rather give diligence to make your Calling, &c. You that have a ſpiritual eye, and an enlighted ſoul, and can diſcern the things of God; and you that are mindful of the Covenant made with him, do you, *Brethren, give, &c.* for this if any thing, will make you fruitful in the works of Grace; for by theſe you muſt maintain your Aſſurance; theſe are the fruits and evidences of your ſalvation; the fruits of the Spirit, and the firſt-fruits of eternal life. Chriſtians that *make their Calling and Election ſure*, will, and muſt be fruitful in good works. The Papiſts interpoſe

poſe διὰ καλῆς ἔργων in this Verſe; and *Beza* ſayes indeed that he found it in two Ancient Copies; but though it be left out in the letter, yet we include it in the ſenſe; good reaſon to leave it out in the Text, becauſe all the Greek Copies do, two only excepted; but yet we take it in, in the interpretation, & freely acknowledge that no Chriſtian can be aſſur'd of his ſalvation, who is not fruitful and abundant in good works, as *Fulke* and *Carthwright* do very well ſatisfie the Rhemiſts Tranſlation.

In the words you have (1.) An uſual Compellation, *Brethren.* (2.) An Apoſtolical Exhortation, and that to a double Duty, one ſubordinate to another.

The (1.) and principal in intention, *To make your Calling and Election ſure.* The (2) (which is a means to the former) *To give diligence.* And if you look upon the firſt again, you ſhall find in it, (1.) A propriety, *Your Calling and Election.* (2.) A method and order, firſt *your Calling*, and then *your Election.*

As for two of the particulars, we'l but point at them, becauſe they are not ſo properly intended in the words. For,

The Compellation is frequent and obvious in every Epiſtle, and ſhews,

1 An Apoſtolical *Suada*, by which they were wont to wind and inſinuate themſelves into the affections of the people, to engratiate themſelves with them; for affection does ſtrongly engage the judgment. And all Rhetorick is little enough to win hearts, and prevail upon ſome mens ſpirits.

2. An Apoſtolical meekneſs: *Peter* a Star of the firſt magnitude, yet calls the leſſer *Sporades* his Brethren; a glorious and eminent Chriſtian, a tall Cedar in *Lebanon*, yet acknowledges the meaneſt and loweſt Chriſtians his Brethren. He learnt this of his Lord and Maſter, who was not aſhamed to call them Brethren; And ſt all the Diſciple be above his Lord? 'Twere well if the Pope, who will needs be Saint *Peters* Succeſſor, would follow him in this. And who art thou, O prophane *Iſmael*, that ſcoff'd at the children of the Promiſe under this very name and notion of Brethren!

And then as for the Propriety, ὑμῶν τὴν κλῆσιν, *your Calling and Election.*

1. None can be assured of another mans salvation, unless it be of such whom the Scripture tells us were in the state of grace, whose sincerity is made famous to all the World; to whom the Spirit has set its broad Seal, and given them a publick Testimony that they were within the Covenant; for others we know in General, that there are a select and peculiar company whom God has chosen out as his Jewels; but we cannot say certainly & infallibly of such a particular person, of any *Individuum*, that he is a chosen Vessel. Of some 'tis evident and apparent, that for the present, they are not in the state of Grace; we were sure that as yet they are not efficaciously called, but we know not whether they be chosen; for others we have great hopes, and an high degree of probability, that they are truly born again, but yet we have no absolute certainty; for Hypocrisie will go so far, as that the best Criticks may be deceived. And a man can never tell certainly another mans sincerity, unless he could supply the place of Conscience. An Hypocrite may spin so fair a thred, as that it may deceive his own eye, he may admire the Cobweb, and not know himself to be the Spider; how much more easie may he deceive a stander by? And as for any extraordinary spirit of discerning, I know no ground for it, nor any promise of it in the Scriptures.

You'l say, this takes much from the communion of *Saints*, and from the sweetness of Christian society if we cannot tell who are true Members of the Mystical Body, Fellow-brethren, and Fellow-heirs of the same promise.

1. Though we cannot tell absolutely and infallibly yet we may know very probably; we know there are such *a peculiar people, a chosen Generation, a Royal Priesthood*; and we know that such and such are the likelieſt in the World to be of this number, so as we have no reason to distrust them.

2. We must commend much of this to Gods Providence, who very seldom suffers Hypocrites to go undetected; he that is the great searcher of hearts will be sure to meet with them he hates a rotten heart, and will be sure to make it odious.

3. 'Tis fitting that this, and many other priviledges should be reserv'd for Heaven, that so we may long after that the more. There shall be a pure and unmixt Communion, *the perfect beauty of holiness*. Nothing shall enter there that makes a lie, nothing of

of Hypocriſie; but glorious Angels, and glorified Saints ſunning themſelves in the preſence of God, ſhall keep company together to all Eternity.

2. Τιμῶν τὴν κλῆσιν. Chriſtians are chiefly to look to their own *Calling and Election.* They are indeed bound to promote the good of others, and to look upon their lives with ſuch Rules as Chriſtianity allows; but they muſt be ſure to dwell at home, and be acquainted with their own breaſts, to *make their own Calling and Election ſure*; for they cannot be ſure of another mans condition, ſo as they may be of their own.

And thus we have diſpatched thoſe two particulars which lay more collateral in the words, and were not directly intended in them. We now come to the very midd and drift of the Text, which branches it ſelf into theſe four Propoſitions, that will fully explain the nature of Aſſurance, though we keep within the bounds of the Text: It ſtreams into theſe four particulars,

1. A Chriſtian may be aſſured of his ſalvation.
2. Aſſurance of ſalvation requires all diligence.
3. Aſſurance of ſalvation deſerves all diligence, both implied in *Give diligence.*
4. The way to make our Election ſure, is firſt to make our Calling ſure.

And now you may look upon the Text, as on a pleaſant Vine, ſituated in a fruitful place, בקרן בן שמן, *i. e.* in the horn of the Son of Oyle or Fatneſs, as the Prophet ſpeaks, you may ſit under the ſhadow of it, and its fruit will be ſweet unto you. For you ſee how it has ſpread it ſelf into ſpacious & goodly branches, ſuch as are all laden with fair and ſwelling Cluſters, Cluſters of *Canaan*, that are ripen'd with thoſe heavenly Son-beams that ſhine out upon them; and richly fill'd with all ſpiritual ſweetneſs. And this fruit of the Vine ſhall chear the heart of man to all Eternity. As for us, we'll be ſure to prune off all ſuch ſproutings and luxuriancies of ſtyle, as may any way ſteal from the ſap and ſtrength of ſo great a truth in hand, as the Hebrews call thoſe ſproutings, ולולים, *i. e.* little Epicures, alwayes feaſting upon the ſweetneſs of the Tree, and putting the Root to continual expences; we'll prune off all theſe. And if there be any Cluſters lie lurking under the leaves, truth's not ſo obvious to every eye, we'll (if we can) ſpy them out. The Vintage will be long,

we

we shall gather but a Cluster at a time, and press it in the Application.

A Christian may be assured of his Salvation, for Saint *Peter* would never exhort them to give diligence for an impossibility, for that which could not be obtained. We'll move this in order, and shew,

1. What Assurance is.
2. Arguments for Assurance.
3. The manner how Christians are assur'd.
4. The special times of Assurance.
5. Make Application.

I, And here first, what Assurance is.

'Tis a reflex act of the soul, by which a Christian cleerly sees, that he is for the present in the state of grace, and so an heir apparent to glory; or in the words of the Text, by which he knows his *Calling* and *Election*.

'Tis a reflex act, and so

1. Assurance is situated in the souls most *noble*, most closeted, most private, and most spiritual operation.

(1.) Reflex acts are the most noble and most royal operations the most rational and judicious acts of a most intelligent Spirit. Reason is now in its exaltation, it fits upon the Throne, and exercises a Judge-like power; all the faculties of the soul must appeare before its Tribunal, and give up a strict account, Πῆ παρέβην, τί δ' ἔρεξα, τί μοι δέον οὐκ ἐτελέσθη, as the *Pythagoreans* were wont to pose and catechize themselves; your inferiour sensitive creatures can go poring on upon a present object, and blunder on in a direct way, but are far enough from any reflect acts; although some talk of reflexiveness in sense too (as to see that they see, or the like) but 'tis a fancy of their own; Sensitive Creatures could never reach so high as a reflex act; and indeed sensual men know not what belong unto it; but the reasonable soul can retire into it self, and take a view and survey of its own actings.

(2.) It is the most secret and retir'd operation; the soul withdraws, and bids the body farewell, and even here becomes an *anima separata*; it retires into its Closet, and bolts its self up, where none can peep in, none can evesdrop it.

(3.) The most refin'd and spiritual working of all, this is most abstracted

abſtracted from matter. The ſoul here does not commerce with outward droſſy objects, but looks upon it ſelf, fixes its eye upon its own face. This is the moſt ſpiritual employment of the ſoul, which does moſt ſtrongly argue its immortality, and ſhews it to be a ſpark of Divinity: How does the prime and fountain Being ſpend all Eternity, but in looking upon his own tranſcendent and glorious Eſſence? in viewing the bright Conſtellation of his Attributes, and ſeeing ſome ſhadowy and languiſhing Repreſentations of himſelf in the glaſs of the Creatures? 'Tis one of the chiefe works of a Chriſtian, to reflect upon himſelf, *Vita eſt in ſe reflexio*, as the grave Moraliſt *Seneca* ſpeaks. The Prodigall came to himſelf, when he came to reflex acts, ſo 1 *Kings*. 8. 47. *When they ſhall turn to their own hearts, &c.*

II. But yet this working of the ſoul is but weak and *tranſient*, 'tis fleeting and deſultory, it quickly vaniſhes; which ſhew as great diſorder and irregularity in the Spirit, that that which is the nobleſt and moſt proper operation, that borders upon Divinity, men are leaſt verſ't in it. How rare is it for men to reflect upon their own conditions, to enter into an exact trial and examination of their own ways? *Radius reflexus languet*, as the Opticks ſpeak; the beam begins to be weary, and is ready to faint it gives a weak and languiſhing Repreſentation; tis true of intellectual beams too, *radius reflexus languet*. O how quickly are men weary of ſerious thoughts and conſiderations? They look upon them as melancholy interruptions, *turbida intervalla*. You had need of good Arguments to perſwade men to entertain a ſerious thought; outward objects, theſe divert the mind, and take it off from its greateſt work. *As a man that ſees his natural face in a glaſs* (as St. *James* ſpeaks) *goes his way, and preſently forgets what manner of man he was.* The ſoul ſcarce knows its own viſage, it looks abroad, and is a ſtranger to it ſelf. Many a mans ſoul has ſcarce look't upon it ſelf all his life time.

III. It conſiſts in a reflex act, (1 *Joh.* 2. 3. γινώσκομεν ὅτι ἐγνώκαμεν) and ſo differs from faith; it is one thing to believe, and another thing to know that I believe. Our Divines go ſomewhat too far, (*Calv. Perkins, &c.*) when they put all juſtifying faith in a full perſwaſion. *Ames* ſayes, 'tis when they deal with the Papiſts, who put it in a bare aſſent: but (methinks) they ſhould rather be more

wary

wary there, leſt they give the enemy too much advantage. *I* rather think, that being men eminently pious, it was as they found it in their own ſouls, but all are not ſo ſtrong in Chriſt. Aſſurance is the top and triumph of faith; faith, that's our victory, *by which we overcome the World*; but Aſſurance, that's our triumph, by which ὑπερνικῶμεν, *we are more than Conquerours.* 'Tis *flos fidei*, the very luſtre and eminency of faith. Faith that's the Root, Aſſurance is the top branch, the flouriſhing of Faith, Faith with a gloſs upon it. Juſtifying Faith, that does not only dwell in the underſtanding, *in nudo aſſenſu*; but requires an act of the will too, which muſt embrace a promiſe; indeed it calls for an act reſulting from the whole ſoul, which muſt receive Chriſt offered unto it; but now aſſurance conſiſts only in the mind, and ſo there you have the difference between Faith of Adherence, and Faith of Aſſurance. The firſt is an act of the whole ſoul, the latter is a work of the mind only; it ariſeth *è ſenſu quodam ſpirituali*; whereby we know and perceive that we believe. And when *I* ſay every Believer may be aſſur'd of his ſalvation; *I* don't ſay that every Believer is aſſur'd of it; No, every one is to labour for it, to *give diligence*, as our Apoſtle ſpeaks; but every one has not yet obtained it: Aſſurance is not of the Eſſence of a Chriſtian; a man may be a true child of God, and certainly ſaved, though he have not Aſſurance; he can have little ſweetneſs and comfort without it, little joy and peace; but yet he may be in a ſafe, though in a ſad condition. 'Tis requir'd to the *bene eſſe*, not to the *eſſe* of a Believer.

1. For the promiſe is made to the direct act, and not to the reflex. *Believe, and thou ſhalt be ſaved*, that's the voice of the Goſpel; Not know that thou doſt believe. Now there's many a weak Chriſtian that has Faith, and yet does not know that he has it; Faith, like a grain of muſtard ſeed, lies hid for a while; but it has a vigorous and operative ſpirit, and will work out in time, and ſpread it ſelf into goodly branches. The leaſt degree of Faith, if it be true, brings ſalvation, but it does not bring Aſſurance.

2. Many true Chriſtians are in a ſtate of deſertion, all their light is eclipſed, their joy and comfort is put out. Nay, they look upon God as an Enemy; they are ſo far from being aſſur'd of their ſalvation, as that they verily think themſelves in a loſt

oft condition, and yet all this while are in a true ſtate of grace. Their condition is cloudy and dark, and very uncomfortable for the preſent, but yet 'tis ſafe; they are true Believers, and yet far enough from aſſurance. An excellent place in *Iſaiah* for this, *Iſa.* 50.10. *Who is among you that feareth the Lord that walketh in darkneſs, and hath not light? let him truſt in the Name of the Lord, and ſtay upon his God*; ſome may truly *fear God*, and yet *walk in darkneſs*, and have no light, not the leaſt glimpſe of Aſſurance, no beam of Gods favourable countenance, yet *let him truſt in the Lord, and ſtay himſelf upon his God.* He may do this, though he has no light; he may multiply direct acts, though he has no reflex acts. And here he may lay all the ſtreſs of his ſalvation, lean upon the grace of God in Chriſt, and with a ſweet recumbency reſt himſelf upon his God.

And this Conſideration may ſtrengthen many a bruiſed Reed and revive many a drooping ſpirit, who for the preſent do not know that they believe, their caſe may be good for all this. Thou may'ſt be a true Believer, though thou art but a weak Believer; nay, though thou think thy ſelf no Believer; I do not ſpeak this, that any ſhould reſt in this condition; no, this were againſt the Text; All muſt *give diligence to make their Calling and Election ſure*: And a Chriſtian can have little or no quiet, till he attain to Aſſurance.

And thus you have ſeen the Nature of Aſſurance; we ſhall in the next place prove, That a Chriſtian may be aſſur'd of his ſalvation.

1. *Ab eſſe ad poſſe.* Many a Chriſtian has been, and is aſſured of his ſalvation. Scarce any eminent Chriſtian in the whole Book of God, but has ſet his ſeal to this truth, by his own particular experience. This is ſo clear, as the adverſaries themſelves cannot deny, but that many choice ones have had a full and ſatisfying light ſpringing in upon their ſoul; and clearing their eternal condition to them. But they ſay 'tis by way of extraordinary Revelation, a ſpecial Priviledge vouchſafed to ſome few of Gods choiceſt Worthies by a rare indulgence. But this is ſpoken *gratis*, and is contrary to the preſent experience of many thouſands of Chriſtians, 1 *John* 5. 13. The very drift of St. *Johns* Epiſtle, is, that Chriſtians might have Aſſurance. And beſides, theſe *mediums* by which Chriſtians attain to Aſſurance, are common to all:

All of them have the Spirit dwelling in them; all have the fruits of the Spirit, and a ſweet teſtimony of their own ſpirits; though ſome have it in a weak meaſure, & cannot reach to a Plerophory; all come not to this full Aſſurance; but yet theſe are the uſual wayes by which men attain to it, which have nothing in them of extraordinary Revelation; they are *via Regia*, and yet *via trita* too. Add to this the ſcope of the Text; St. *Peter* exhorts all *to give diligence to make their Calling and Election ſure*, which, to what purpoſe were it, if it came only by ſpecial and extraordinary Revelation, which does not depend upon their diligence?

2. Search into the Nature of Faith it ſelf, and you will ſee that it does much tend to aſſurance, and has ſome vicinity with it. There's a double act of Faith, as the moſt acute *Ames* obſerves; (1.) The *actus primus*, by which I believe in Chriſt for the Remiſſion of my ſins, and juſtifying of my perſon, which is properly juſtifying faith. (2.) *Actus ex fide emanans*, by which I believe that my ſins are remitted, which does neceſſarily preſuppoſe the former act; for thou haſt no more reaſon to believe that thy ſins are remitted, than any other, till thou haſt firſt received Chriſt for the Remiſſion of thy ſins. And this is contain'd in the Article of the Creed, *I believe the remiſſion of ſins*; not only in general, for this the Devils believe, and yet tremble; but the Chriſtian peculiarizes it, and draws ſweetneſs out of it, I believe the forgiveneſs of my ſins. And of this latter 'tis meant, that *fidelis certus eſſe poteſt certitudine fidei de Remiſſione peccatorum*, Rom. 5. 1. Being juſtified by Faith, εἰρήνην ἔχωμεν πρὸς Θεὸν, a ſweet εὐθυμία, and holy ſecurity of Spirit, for Aſſurance is nothing but *apex fidei*, the higheſt degree of Faith. And 'tis the ſpeech of *Aquinas*, *Quicunque habet ſcientiam vel fidem, certus eſt ſe habere, nam de ratione fidei eſt, ut homo ſit certus de his quorum habet fidem.* Faith does of its own accord raiſe and advance it ſelf to Aſſurance, and that by reaſon of the applying and appropriating vertue which is in it; 'tis Faiths Idiom, My Lord, and my God; by a ſweet Monopoly it engroſſes all to its ſelf; and yet leaves enough for others. Now a man that ſtrongly graſps a Jewel in his hand, knows that he has it; the hand of Faith layes hold on Chriſt, and knows that it receives him; ſo the want of Aſſurance in a Believer, does meerly flow from the weakneſs of Faith; for though it be true, that to believe, and to know that I believe,

believe, be two distinct Acts; yet this you must know & observe, that the strength and clearness of a direct Act, will necessarily infer a reflex Act. Those truths which I do clearly and evidently know, I also know that I know them. And that which I strongly believe, I know that I believe it; so the want of Assurance comes from the imbecillity of Faith. And the Papists that place Faith only in a meer assent, may well deny Assurance; for they take away that clasping and closing power by which it should unite it self with its object.

3. From the Nature of the Promises; for this is the drift of the Promises (as 'tis *Hebr.* 6 18.) *That the Heirs of Promise might have strong Consolation*: Now a Believer can have but weak and unstable comfort without Assurance. What if all the Clusters of *Canaan* were laid on an heap? What if all the Cordials of the Gospel were strain'd into one Cup? were the soul any thing the better if it must only Tantalize, see them, and want them? What sweetness can a Christian draw from a Promise, till he knows that it belongs unto him? Will this enrich a man, to know that there are Pearls and Diamonds in the World? Will this satisfie a fainting *Israelite*, to know that there is a *Canaan*, a Land that flowes with milk and honey, although (it may be) he shall ne're come neer't? Nay, is it not a greater sting and vexation for the soul to think, I know there are pure fountains and pleasant streams, but yet I may die with thirst? there are spiritual dainties, and precious delicacies, but I am not sure to have one taste of them; many a Promise looks with a pleasant and propitious eye, but 'tis not fixt upon my soul; so that take away a Christians interest and propriety in a Promise, and what becomes of his Consolation? God has given his Word, his Oath, his Seal, his Earnest, and all to this very end, that a poor Christian may be assur'd of his salvation, that he might have strong and vigorous consolation; so that to deny him this, is to annihilate the Word of God, to frustrate the Oath of God, to evacuate the Seal of God, & as much as in them lies, to make him lose his Earnest, and to leave the soul in an intricate and perplex't condition.

4. From the Nature of Christian hope: There's a vast difference between the Moralists hope, & that which is the Theological grace, & yet this is scarce took notice of; they require these three ingredients into the object of hope; that it must be (1) *bo-*

num, (2.) *futurum*, (3.) *incertum*; but Christian hope is certain and infallible, it looks upon good as to come, and as certain to come; indeed 'tis nothing but αἷμα ἐ πίστεως, as *Clem. Alexand.* elegantly, blood running in the veins of Faith; if Hope expire, Faith will presently bleed to death. That good which Faith sees, Hope waits for; Faith eyes it as present; but yet at a distance, and Hope tarries for it till it come. Christian Hope is nothing but a waiting and expectation of a certain good; you have a pregnant Text for this in *Hebr.* 6. 19. *Which Hope we have as an Anchor of the soul both sure and stedfast.* Hope were but a poor Anchor if it should leave the soul to the courtesie of a Wave, to the clemency of a Rock, to the disposing of a Storm. Hope were but a weak Anchor, if it should let the soul be lost with uncertainties, if it should leave it in danger of shipwrack; but this Anchor is ἀσφαλὲς τε ἐ βέβαια, and it pierces within the vail, it will be sure to have fast hold, 'twill fix upon heaven it self, upon the *sanctum sanctorum.* See another, *Rom.* 5. 2. Καυχώμεθα ἐπ' ἐλπίδι; Now that's a poor glory to triumph in uncertainties, to triumph before the Victory; little cause of joy and exultation, till the soul be provided for Eternity. I can tell you the very possibility of being damn'd, is enough to extinguish joy; so that till the soul come to be in a safe condition, safe for all Eternity; and till it know it self to be in this safe condition, 'tis so far from being joyful, as that it cannot tell how to be quiet. A probable hope will bear up and support the soul, *a door of hope in the Valley of Achor*; but it will not quiet and satisfie the soul. The least dawning of hope in the initials of grace, does mightily cherish and encourage the soul O how pleasant are the eye lids of the Morning! how welcome is the day-break after a dark & disconsolate Night! Nay, the very possibility of being saved, was that which first drew us all to look after Heaven; the very Consideration, that there was *Balm in Gilead*: But the weary soul will ne're rest here; the Dove will ne're take this for an Ark: No, the beams of Gods love will shine out stronger and brighter upon the soul, and ripen his hope into Assurance. Christian hope, when 'tis in its full vigour, is all one with Assurance, 5. 5. ἡ δ' ἐλπὶς οὐ καταισχύνει, but if hope could be frustrated, it then might make asham'd; disappointment would cause a blush; hope differ'd, will make the heart sick, and uncertain hope will scarce make the soul well; a Christians hope

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is not like that of *Pandora*, which may flie out of the Box, and bid the ſoul farewell; no, 'twill ne're vaniſh, till it be ſwallowed up in fruition. The hope of the Hypocrite, 'tis as the righteouſneſs, like the morning dew, but the hope of a Chriſtian 'tis like the morning light, the leaſt beam of it ſhall commence into a compleat Sun-ſhine, 'tis *Aurora gaudii*, and it ſhall ſhine out brighter and brighter till perfect day. We ſhall further clear this truth, if you conſider the manner how Chriſtians are aſſured of their ſalvation, the third thing we propounded.

1. By the graces of God which are in them, theſe precious ſeeds of Immortality, and the Prints of the Spirit, by which they are ſealed to the day of Redemption. Grace is the Spirits ſtamp by which it marks the ſoul for its own; the firſt-fruits of the Spirit, the leaſt grace, if true and ſincere, is ſufficient to ſalvation; and therefore the ſenſe of the leaſt grace is ſufficient to Aſſurance.

But how ſhall the ſoul know that it has theſe graces in truth and not in ſhadow and colour only? how ſhall it be certain that theſe are not counterfeit and painted? Object.

There might be given many ſigns and characters of true grace, that it muſt flow from a principle of ſincerity, from a principle of love, that it muſt be conformable to the grace of Chriſt; but all this will not ſatisfie, for the ſoul will ſtill queſtion, how ſhall I know that my graces are ſuch? ſo then that which we muſt ultimately reſolve it into, is, that in *Rom.*8.16. For *in the mouth of two or three Witneſſes every thing ſhall be eſtabliſhed*: Now we have here two Witneſſes, *omni exceptione majores*, we have a double Teſtimony, a twin-Teſtimony. *The ſame Spirit beareth witneſs with our Spirits that we are the ſons of God*; συμμαρτυρῶ, he confirms what the other ſayes; both the witneſſes do fully agree, and make up one entrie teſtimony, the ſoul may ſay here, as *Paul*, *Rom.*9.1. *I ſpeak the truth, I lie not, my Conſcience bearing me witneſs by the Holy Ghoſt.* Sol.

The whole work of Aſſurance is ſumm'd up in this Practical Syllogiſm, *Whoſoever believes ſhall be ſaved; but I believe, and ſo ſhall certainly be ſaved.* The Aſſumption is put out of doubt.

1. Conſcience comes in with a full teſtimony: And if natural Conſcience be a thouſand Witneſſes, then ſure an enlightned and ſanctified Conſcience, can be no leſs than ten thouſand;

1 *John*

1 *John* 3. 10. *He that believes, has a Witness in himself*, a Certificate in his own breast, τὴν μαρτυρίαν ἐν ἑαυτῷ: for as the same Apostle, 1 *John* 3. 2. *Beloved, if our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence towards God.* καρδία here is the same with Conscience; for the Hebrews have no other word for Conscience, but לֵב. So then, if our heart acquit us, παῤῥησίαν ἔχομεν, we have as much liberty as we can desire. It fears not now the edge of the Law, nor the fiery darts of *Satan*: it doth not stagger with sense of its own weakness and unworthiness; but comes with confidence to the Throne of grace.

Object. 1. *Jer.* 17. 9. עָקֹב הַלֵּב מִכֹּל, *Supplantativum Cor pra omnibus*, so *Arias Montanus*, וְאָנֹשׁ הוּא, *& inscrutabile, desperabile*, so *Hierom* and our Translation, *desperately wicked*; 'tis properly *insanabile*. Some think *Paul* alludes to this place, and does explain it in *Rom* 2. 5. κατὰ τὴν σκληρότητά σου καὶ ἀμετανόητον καρδίαν. The Seventy read the words, וְאָנֹשׁ הוּא, and translate it accordingly.

Sol. 1. 1. Now as for the mind of the place; I find Expositors of great name and worth, understanding it of the unregenerate heart, of the heart of man that is in the state of corrupt nature, of whom 'tis said, that *All the imaginations of the thoughts of man's heart, are altogether evil continually.*

Sol. 2. 2. The drift of the Text is, to shew the deceitfulness of men's hearts in respect of others; for 'tis brought in by way of Objection. The Jews they are cunning and subtile, and can delude the Prophets, and so think to evade the Curse. No; but *I the Lord search the hearts*; I have a fair window, an open prospect into the most reserved Spirit; 'tis as clear as Chrystal to my eye.

Sol. 3. 3. Yet 'tis true, that the most sincere heart is very deceitful, the heart of a *David*, of a man after Gods own heart, is full of windings and turnings, and many deviations, such secret passages as himself knows not of. For *who hath known the errour of his ways?* No man yet had such a piercing insight into his own soul, as to be acquainted with every motion of it. None can so anatomize his own spirit, that it shall be γυμνὰ καὶ τετραχηλισμένα, so as every vein and nerve, and muscle shall be obvious and apparent to his eye. But what does this hinder, but that the general frame and bent of the Spirit, the byas and inclination of the soul may be clearly known? The soul knows which way its faculties stream with most vehemency. Conscience cannot be bribed, 'twill give

give in true judgement, especially an illightned Conscience. There's none, but if he search and examine his own soul in a strict and impartial manner, may know whether he be sincere and cordial or no. There's none but may know the general frame & temper of his spirit, 1 *Cor.* 2. 11. *Who knows the things of a man, but the spirit of a man that is in him?* The Testimony of Conscience is certain and infallible. Many a wicked man by this is assur'd, that for the present he is in a miserable and damnable condition; he knows certainly that as yet he is out of the Covenant; and hence many times there are lightning flashes of terrour flie in his face, the very sparks of Hell compass him about. Does not thy Conscience often tell thee, O prophane wretch, that as yet thou art a Child of wrath, and galloping to Damnation with a full Cariere? why then may not the heart of a Christian tell him as certainly, that he is a child of God by Adoption, and an Heir of Promise? nay, speak, O Christian, where ere thou art, and speak aloud, that we may hear thee; does not thine own soul tell thee that thou art in a sure and happy condition? so sure as *nothing shall be able to separate thee from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.* Why are Christians so often enjoyn'd πειράζειν, δοκιμάζειν, to try their own hearts, to search their spirits, if that after all their diligence they can't tell what to think of them? All uses of Examination were vain and frivolous, which yet are the very life and spirits of preaching. And *Ames* tells us of a *donum discretionis*, which Christians have, by which they can discern true grace from counterfeit. There are certain κριτήρια, by which they may distinguish them, and judge of them in themselves, though not in others certainly.

Object. 2. If all thus by the Testimony of Conscience may know their own frame of Spirit, whether they be upright or no; why then are not all true Christians assur'd of their salvation? what have they not their consciences and hearts about them?

Sol. 1. 1. Many are not sufficiently acquainted with their own spirits, they do not keep so strict a watch over themselves, they are not verst in their own hearts, they don't try and search their wayes, they have riches and a treasure, and do not know it.

Sol. 2. 2. *It* is in so great and weighty a matter: Eternity does so amaze and swallow up the thoughts, as that they are ready to tremble, where they are certain and secure; A man on the top of a

a tower knows that he is safe enough, and yet when he looks down he is afraid of falling.

3 Conscience sometimes gives a dark and cloudy testimony, when 'tis disquieted and charg'd with new guilt, the soul can't so clearly reade its evidences. And then it begins to question its condition. It may be it has dealt hypocritically in some one particular; and now it begins to question all its sincerity.

We do not say then that Conscience does always give a clear and full Testimony, but sometimes it does, and that with absolute certainty.

2. Now comes in the second witness, and the great and supreme testimony of *the Spirit himself, witnessing with our Spirits that we are the Sons of God*, Rom. 8. 16. we render it, *the same Spirit*, but in the fountain it is *the Spirit it self*, not τὸ ἀυτὸ πνεῦμα, but ἀυτὸ τὸ πνεῦμα, not only the gifts and graces of the Spirit, but the Spirit it self.

Object. This Testimony seems to be coincident with the other, for a man can't tell his own sincerity: 'tis the Spirit that must reveal a man to himself; The soul can't see its own face unless the Spirit unmask it; The Spirit is more present and conversant with the soul, than the soul is with it self. He does not only know our hearts, but *he is greater than our hearts, and knows all things.*

Sol. We'l easily grant, that to the least motion in spirituals, there is necessarily requir'd the concurrence of the Holy Ghost; but withal, we say that there's a mighty difference between the working of the Spirit, and the Testimony of the Spirit. There's a powerful & efficacious work of the Spirit, when faith is wrought in the soul: but yet there is not the Testimony of the Spirit, for every believer has not presently the Seale set to him; so that though the Testimony of our own spirit cannot be without the help and influence of the Spirit, yet 'tis clearly distinct from the Testimony of the Spirit; for here the Spirit does enable the soul to see its graces by a present light, by the souls light; But when it comes with a Testimony, then it brings a new light of its own, and lends the soul some auxiliary Beams, for the more clear and full revealing of it, so that you see according to that plain text in the *Rom. There are two distinct Testimonies, the Spirit witnessing with our spirits*; And St. *John* is most express, *beloved, if our hearts condemn us not, then have we confidence towards God.* Now the Testimony of the Spirit is,

1.)A

2.) A clear Testimony, a full and satisfying light springs in upon the soul, scatters all cloudes, all doubts and questions; 'tis as evident as any demonstration; 1 *John* 3.24 *By this we know that he dwells in us, by the Spirit which he hath given us.* Christ when he went to heaven, he left the Comforter, not only to the Church in general, but to every particular soul that believes, to print his love upon the soul, ὅταν δὲ τὸ πνεῦμα μαρτυρῇ ποία λοιπὸν ἀμφιβολία; εἰ μὲν ἢ ἄνθρωπος, ἢ ἄγγελος, ἢ ἀρχάγγελος, &c. *Chrysost.* If a Creature, though never so glittering, should tell men so, there might still be some hesitancy; I, but the Spirit witnesses. The secret and inward Testimony of the Spirit is as strong and efficacious; nay, more powerful than if 'twere with an outward voice. If an Angel from heaven were sent on purpose to a Christian by Christ himself: Go tell him that I love him, that I shed my blood for him, &c. 'twere not so certain.

2.) A sure Testimony, for 'tis the witnesse of the Spirit, who can neither deceive, nor be deceived, μαρτὺς ἐκ τῶν διὸς δέλτων *sufficientissimum Testimonium*, as *Cajetan*.

He can't deceive, for he is Truth it self.

1. He can't be deceived, for he is all Eye. Omniscience it self, And he does ἐρευνᾷν τὰ βάθη τοῦ Θεοῦ, he dwells in the breast and bosome of God: he is fully acquainted with the minde of God, and he reveales it to the soul. The Papists make the Spirits Testimony to bring but a conjectural certainty. But the most renowned *Perkins* answers them, (1) That 'tis such a certainty as makes them *Cry Abba Father*: not only think so, and speak so, but with all courage, confidence, intention of Spirit, *Cry* Abba Father. (2) It is opposed to the Spirit of bondage, and therefore takes away doubtings and tremblings. (3.) The very end why the Holy Ghost comes to the soul, is to make all sure, and therefore is call'd a seal and an earnest. God has given us the earnest of the Spirit, and he will not lose his earnest. Now he assures the soule.

1. By a powerful Application of the promise, for as faith does appropriate the Promise on our part, so the Spirit applies it on Gods part. As Satan that lying Spirit, casts in doubts and feares, and tremblings, and working upon the remainder of corruption, plots against the Peace and well-being of the soule; so this holy Spirit, by the comforting working upon that Principle of

grace, which he himſelf hath planted in the heart of a Chriſtian, do's ſtudy and contrive the welfare of a Believer. And as the Spirit of bondage do's ſtrongly apply wrath and the curſe; ſo this ſweet Spirit of Adoption applies grace and mercy. The Spirit of bondage ſtrikes terrour into the ſoul, by a mighty Appllication of wrath; this curſe flames againſt thee; this threatning is ſhot off againſt thee; theſe vials of wrath are prepar'd for thy ſoul: So the Spirit of Adoption do's ſet on ſtrong and vigorous apprehenſions of mercy; this pearle of price, 'tis to enrich thee; theſe Evangelical cordials are to revive thee; this balme in *Gilead* is prepar'd for thy ſoul. The Spirit of Adoption ſpeaks love and peace & pardon; & that by particular Application of the Promiſe to us; As when the Promiſe of remiſſion of ſins, and life everlaſting by Chriſt is generally propounded in the Miniſtry of the Word: the holy Ghoſt do's particularly apply it to the heart of ſuch a one, and does ſeale up the Promiſe to the ſoul; That when Faith ſayes, this Promiſe is mine, this belongs to me; the Spirit do's ſtrongly apply it, this is thine indeed, and this does belong to thee: Theſe are the ſecret ψιθυρισμοι, the whiſperings and breathings of the holy Spirit, the ſecret בת קול by which it converſes with the ſoul; The Spirit of *God* has free and often entercourſe with a beleiving ſpirit. And this is far enough from any vain Enthuſiaſme, any extraordinary Revelation; 'tis no imaginary thing, but ſuch as many a ſoul is acquainted with, and has taſted of.

2. By a bright Irradiation beaming out upon the ſoul, and clearing its evidences, diſcovering its graces, and ſhewing them to be true and genuine; not only by giving the ſoul a ſpirit of diſcerning, (for that we referr'd to the former Teſtimony;) but the Spirit brings in its own light, and makes thoſe graces, which were viſible before, more eminently conſpicuous; *The ſpirit of a man*, was *the Candle of the Lord*, (as the wiſe man ſpeaks) which gave a weaker and dimmer light, but yet ſuch as was enough to manifeſt the Object: I, but now there are glorious Sun-beams come ruſhing in upon the ſpirt, the Spirit ſhines in the ſoul with healing under his wings. The graces of the Spirit theſe flow, like a pure and Cryſtalline ſtream; and the light of the Spirit ſhines out upon them, and gilds the water. See a plain Text for this, 1 *Cor.* 2. 12. *We have received the Spirit which is of God, that we might*

might know the things which were freely given us of God: Light sets a glosse upon all the world. and this spiritual light gives a lustre and oriency to graces: it puts a beauty upon them, such as the soul is much taken with. We have received an heavenly light, that we may see heavenly things: Now thou knowest thy Faith to be lively, and thy repentance to be sound; thy Sorrow to be ingenuous, and thy Obedience sincere; thy love to be unfeign'd, and thy fear to be filial; for the Spirit has set his seale to all thy graces, and has acknowledged them for his own. *Sol.*

O but many have thought they have had the Spirit, when they had it not: and the Divel, that foule spirit, can transforme himself into an Angel of light.

But 1. One mans self-deceit does not prejudice anothers certainty. What if one man flatter himself in a false light, and please himself in a meere shadow of Assurance; must all men needs follow his example? A man that is in a dream, thinks himself a wake, when he is not: I, but (I hope) for all this, a man that is awake, may certainly know, that he is so. Many a traveller has thought himself in the right way, when he has been out of it: and yet this does not hinder, but that he, that is well acquainted with the road, may know that he is in his way. What if one man take Copper for Gold, must all men do so too? One mans folly and vanity does not at all hinder anothers Assurance. *Objct.*

2. The Spirit comes with a convincing Beam; Light shews both it self and other things too; the Sun by its glorious beams does paraphrase and comment upon its own glittering Essence; and the Spirit displayes himself to the soul, and gives a full manifestation of his own presence. The soul knows the aspect of the Spirit, better then we do the face of a friend. The light of a presumptuous wretch, is like a blazing Comet, and does but portend his ruine: it carries a venemous and malignant influence in it; and the light of an hypocrite is but a flash, and coruscation, very brief and transient. A man may sooner take a glow worme for the Sun, than an experienced Christian can take a false delusion for the light of the Spirit.

3. There is a twin light springing from the word and the Spirit. *Try the spirit; To the Law, and to the Testimony: if they speak not according to this rule, it is because there is no morning in them.*

The Scripture was all endited by the Spirit, and the Spirit cannot

not contradict himself: You doe but grieve the spirit, (whoer'e you are) that pretend to any Revelation, that agrees not with the Word: Nay, the spirit has revealed his whole minde in the Word, and will give no other Revelation, any otherwise than we have spoken of. And whoever it is that Rebels against the light of the Word, he shall never have the light of the Spirit whilst thou dost not follow the directing light of the spirit, thou shalt never have the quickening and cherishing beames of it.

And thus you have heard the double Testimony: the Spirit witnessing with our spirit, and now you must know, that

1. The testimony of Gods Spirit is alwayes accompanied with the testimony of our own spirit: and so that word, *Rom.* 8. is significant, συμμαρτυρεῖ which is properly of one, that does only confirm what the other sayes: But then

2. A man may have the testimony of his own spirit, that has not the witnesse of Gods spirit. The Spirit as it breaths when it pleases, so it shines when it pleases too: Well then, the question is, whether the Christian who has but the single testimony of his own spirit, may be assur'd of his salvation?

Mr. *Perkins* propounds the case, and resolves it thus: If the testimony of the Spirit be wanting, then the other testimony, the sanctification of heart, will suffice to assure us. Wee know it sufficiently to be true, and not painted fire, if there be heat, though there be no flame, thus he: And his meaning is as indeed the thing is, that it is a true Assurance, though not so bright an Assurance. I may see a thing certainly by the light of a candle, and yet I may see it more clearly by the light of the Sun. And for my part, I think that certainty do's not consist *in puncto*, but may admit of a latitude; and receive *magis* and *minus*: And the contrary principle do's delude many. There's an absolute and infallible certainty in faith, and by this I know the creation of the World: well, but besides this I know it by reason and by unquestionable demonstration, and I think this addes to my certainty. So here; though one testimony be enough for Assurance, yet a double testimony makes it more glorious. Certainty admits of degrees, and a man may be more certain of a thing, that he is already certain of. Take two Christians, both may be assur'd of their salvation; and yet one may have a clearer assurance that the

the other has: One may have a double teſtimony, and another but a ſingle. Nay, the ſame ſoul may have at one time a double teſtimony, and at another but a ſingle. The light of the Spirit may, and do's often withdraw it ſelf, and leave only the witneſſe of our own ſpirit; and yet then the ſoul has aſſurance. But yet the ſoul ſhould aime at the higheſt Plerophory, at the top of Aſſurance: Then *quench not the Spirit*, leſt you put out your own joy; grieve not ſo ſweet an inhabitant, that comes to comfort you, give him no cauſe to withdraw his light.

Queſt. But what if the ſoul have not the witneſſe of Gods Spirit, not of its own ſpirit neither? What if it have no preſent light, no certain evidence?

Anſw. There's one way leſt yet; have recourſe to former Aſſurance. Do'ſt thou certainly know and remember, that once thou had'ſt a ſweet ſerenity of ſoul? that an inlight'ned conſcience upon good grounds, did ſpeak peace unto thee? Did'ſt thou never ſee the light of the Spirit crowning thy ſoul with ſatisfying beames? Art thou ſure that once he did bear witneſſe with thy ſpirit, that thou wert the child of God? Why then, be ſure ſtill, that thou art in the ſame condition, for there's no totall falling from grace. Thy light (it may be) is put out for the preſent: Conſcience does not ſpeak ſo friendly to thee, as 'twas wont. And thou haſt griev'd the Spirit, and he has took it unkindely, and has held of his light for a while: But now canſt thou remember the dayes of old, when the Rock pour'd out oile unto thee, when thy branch was green and flouriſhing? Canſt thou certainly recall thy former Aſſurance? Canſt tell the time when the Spirit did ſet his ſeale unto thee, and confirm'd all thine Evidences? Well then, lay down but perſeverance for a ground, and thou art ſtill aſſur'd of thy ſalvation. The Spirits teſtimony is of an eternal truth: *And heaven and earth ſhall ſooner paſſe away, then one beam of this light ſhall vaniſh* though now it be not apparent to thy eye. When the ſoul for the preſent is cloudy and dark, it may cheriſh it ſelf with former Aſſurance. Now that a ſoul may have no ſenſible Aſſurance for the preſent, and yet may remember former Aſſurance, is clear in that holy man *David*. Pſal. 51. 12. *Reſtore unto me the joy of thy ſalvation, and uphold me with thy free Spirit.* *Davids* joy was extinguiſht, and he would fain have it lighted againe: Three things imply'd in the

word *Reſtore*. 1. That for the preſent it was taken away, 2. That once he had it. 3. He remembers that he had it, and therefore prayes, *Reſtore unto me the joy of thy ſalvation, and uphold me with thy free ſpirit*; that was the ſpring of *Davids* joy; the teſtimony of the Spirit witneſſing with his ſpirit, was that which did uphold and ſtaffe up the ſoul. *Davids* own ſpirit was now very unquiet, and Gods Spirit did withdraw himſelf; and now the beſt refreſhment that *David* has, is from former Aſſurance. 'Tis true, there it ſome ſadneſſe and bitterneſſe in this conſideration, when a Chriſtian ſhall think what he has loſt. O; my ſoul was once a beautiful Temple full of fair windowes, and goodly proſpects, and glorious light! I could take a proſpect of *Canaan* when I pleaſed; but now *I dwell in the tents of Kedar*, nothing but blackneſſe & darkneſſe. There is trouble and a ſting in theſe thoughts; but yet there is ſome honey and ſweetneſſe too: Was I not once a friend of God, and does he uſe to forſake his friends? Did he, not once ſpeake peace to thee, & does he uſe to recall his words? Did not he ſhed his love in thy heart, and is not his love immortall? Did not his Spirit ſeale up thy ſoul, and is not the print of that ſeale indelible? Speak, did not he once ſhew thee thy name written with his owne hand in the Book of Life, & does he uſe to blot out what he has written? Doeſt not thou remember; did not he ſmile upon thee in ſuch and ſuch an Ordinance, and are his ſmiles deceitful? O no! reſt ſatisfyed, O Chriſtian ſoul, and quiet thy ſelf in thoſe rich expreſſions of his Love, which he has formerly beſtowed upon thee; O queſtion not his goodneſſe, but prepare thy ſelf for receiving of it. The ſtreams are dryed up but yet the fountain's full; thou haſt had ſome taſtes of it, though now thou art dry and thrifty; and thou ſhalt have in time freſh bublings up of his grace towards thee: in the *interim*, take this for a cordial. Thoſe former drops which thou haſt taſted of it, will cheriſh thy ſoul to all eternity. The leaſt drop of grace ſhall never be exhauſted, the leaſt ſpark of true joy ſhall never be extinguiſht; all the floods that the Dragon can vomit out of his mouth, ſhall never be able to quench it. But then

4. Put the caſe thus, that there be no Sun-light, not Starre-light, nor reliques of former light; neither the teſtimony of Gods Spirit, nor of our own ſpirits, nor any recalling of former aſſurance; what muſt the ſoul do now? Now look to the dawning

of

of the day, to the firſt *Crepuſculum*, look now to the initials of grace, to the preface of Sanctification. Thou canſt not, it may be, ſhew ony faire and lively pourtraicture; I, but haſt thou the firſt draughts, any rudiments of holineſſe? Thou haſt not any goodly and delicious cluſters of *Canaan*; O but ſee if the tender grape do bud. There are not any ripe fruits of the Spirit, but yet are there ſome bloſſomings of holineſſe? Thy graces don't flow out in ſo full and faire a ſtream; but canſt thou ſee any bubblings up of goodneſſe in thee? Thou haſt not yet the ſtrength of a well grown Chriſtian, well, but is there the *vagitus* of an infant? Look now to the ſouls prizing of a Chriſt, to the whimprings after the breaſt, to the breathings and longings after its Beloved, thoughts upon him, deſires for him, endeavours after him, there's much comfort and ſweeetneſſe in theſe; I, and ſome kinde of Aſſurance. For

(1) Be ſure, that God that has begun this great work in thee, will never give over till it be full and compleat; he does not uſe to leave his work imperfect. The laſt tendency to goodneſs, is cheriſhed by him; The very firſt motion, tis of his own planting, and it ſhall lack for no watering, and he himſelf will give it an increaſe.

(2) The leaſt ſeed of grace, as tis choice and precious; ſo 'tis very vigorous and operative, it will never leave working till Chriſt be formed in thee. *Who hath deſpiſed the day of ſmall things?* Thy ſpark may ſpread it ſelf into a flame, and thy tender bud may flouriſh and bring forth much fruit. He that is richeſt in grace, began with as little a ſtock. He that is now a tall Cedar, was once a tender plant. Improve but preſent ſtrength, and God will ſend the in freſh ſupplies, Auxiliary forces, and thou ſhalt walk from ſtrength to ſtrength, till thou appeareſt before God in glory. Thy light ſhall ſhine out brighter and brighter till perfect day, *Donec ſtabiliatur dies*, according to the *Syriac*, till thou com'ſt to a firme and well eſtabliſht Aſſurance. The leaſt peeping out of light, the leaſt dawning of the day is pleaſant and comfortable.

5. If thou canſt not ſpy out any grace in thy ſelf, borrow light of another. Lay open thy ſoul to an Interpreter, one of a thouſand, he may explain thy condition, and paraphraze upon thy ſoul better then thou thy ſelf canſt. This interpreter, one of a thouſand

ſand may more exactly analyſe thy condition, and ſhew the context and coherence of it. 'Tis the ſpeech of *Elihu*, Job 33. 23. There meets him a meſſenger, an Interpreter, one among a thouſand, to ſhew unto him his uprightneſſe; Hee'l ſhew thee, here's grace and there's grace, here's a true pearle, and there's a ſpark, though in aſhes, and there's an evidence. A diſcerning and experienced Chriſtian may ſhew thee cauſe of joy, when thou canſt find none thy ſelf. Tis no ſhame to borrow light, eſpecially ſpiritual light.

6. One ſtep further. What if after all this there be not the leaſt glimmering of light, nothing of a ſpark, nothing of a beam? a totall eccliſpe, all clouds and blackneſſe and darkneſſe and the very valley of the ſhadow of death? yet even here will we fear none ill.

1. When reflex acts are wanting, be ſure to multiply direct acts: when there is no certainty of Evidence, yet even then have a certainty of Adherence and Recumbency. Now graſp a Promiſe, take faſt hold of that precious offer; rolle thy ſelf upon the free grace of God in Chriſt; lay all the ſtreſſe of thy ſalvation upon it, with a gallant and heroical reſolution; *If I periſh, I periſh.* Thus *Job. Though he kill me, yet will I truſt in him.* Thus our Saviour, *My God, my God, why haſt thou forſaken me?* And this muſt needs be a ſtrong act of faith, even then to rely upon God when he ſeems thine enemy; to truſt in an angry and diſpleaſed God; and when he frowns on thee, yet then to leane upon him. Like men ready to be drowned, be ſure to take faſt hold: caſt Anchor, though in the dark.

2. Study ſelf-denyal, and though thou long and breath after Aſſurance; yet reſigne up thy ſelf wholly to his will, and be content to want Aſſurance, if he ſee it beſt for the. Take heed of murmuring in the wilderneſſe, in the ſaddeſt and moſt deſerted condition. Throw thy ſelf at his feet; with this reſolution; O my God, I'le bleſſe thee for thoſe eternal treaſures of ſweetneſſe that are in thy ſelf, though I ſhould never taſte of them: I'le bleſſe thee for thoſe ſmiles of thy face, which thou beſtoweſt upon others, though thou wilt not caſt one gracious look upon my ſoule: I'le bleſſe thee for thoſe rich offers of grace thou makeſt unto me, though I have not a heart to lay hold of them.

3. Put

3. Put thy ſoul into a waiting poſture, and ſtay till he pleaſe to diſplay ſome of himſelf unto thee, and make ſome of his goodneſs paſs before thee. One beam of his countenance, one gracious ſmile, one propitious glance of his eye, the leaſt crumb of the hidden Manna; 'tis worth waiting for all thy life-time. And when I ſpeak of waiting, *I* mean not that the ſoul ſhould ſtand ſtill, and do nothing; no, this were againſt the Text, *Give diligence, &c.* improve all preſent ſtrength; wait upon him in prayer, beg one glimpſe of him, be earneſt for a taſte, for a reliſh of the hidden Manna; and wait upon him in his Ordinances, here the Spirit breathes, here Manna's rain'd down, here God ſhews his face; here's the ſealing place, the Spirit confirms the Word, and prints it upon thy ſoul. Thus wait upon him in his own way; *I*, and wait upon him in his own time too, don't think time tedious; He that believes, makes not haſte, which St. *Paul* renders, *He that believes, is not aſhamed*, as if to make haſte and be aſham'd, were all one. God will wonderfully prepare the ſoul, that he means to fill with his love. Aſſurance is too precious a thing to be pour'd into every ſpirit; He won't *put new wine into old bottles.* God is all this while making thee more capable of his love; and though for the preſent thou haſt no Aſſurance, yet thus truſting and waiting upon him, thou art in a great tendency to it. And put the worſt that can be imagin'd, that thou ſhouldſt dye under a cloud; yet thy condition were ſafe, and thou ſhalt come then to a full Aſſurance; nay, to a full poſſeſſion of thine inheritance; and thou ſhalt ſee the glorious Sun-ſhine of the face of God, a beam of which thou didſt ſo much long for here.

We come now to the fourth particular; thoſe ſpecial Sealing times, when Chriſtians have their Aſſurance and Plerophory.

1. Many times at their firſt converſion, God does then ſeal up the work of grace in the ſoul. When the Spirit of Bondage has paſt upon the ſoul, and by a ſtrong conviction, has apply'd particularly guilt and wrath unto it; the fatal ſentence is pronounc'd, and the ſoul is fill'd with the ſcorching pre-apprehenſions of hell and damnation, and trembles at the very thought of eternity: Now for the Goſpel to bring thee welcome news of a pardon, and for the ſpirit of Adoption to apply grace and mercy unto the

soul: for the prison-doors to be broken open, and a poor captive set at liberty; to have all the chains and fetters beaten off, and to be brought into a marvelous light; to have all the balm of *Gilead* pour'd into him, Evangelical fruitions and cordials prepar'd for him, and which is the very extraction and quintessence of all, the love of a Saviour shed into his heart. What strong impressions of joy, think you, must there be in such a soul? What precious infusions of spiritual sweetness? What secret springings and elevations of Spirit? What triumphs, what Jubilees, what love-raptures? *I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine.* I must appeal to your breasts that have found this great and heavenly work wrought upon your souls; 'tis you only that have tasted the joy of the Holy Ghost, that is glorious and unspeakable. And do you tell us, had not ye then the first relish of the hidden Manna? was not it very sweet and delicious? hadst not thou then the first glimpse of the White Stone? and was not it very bright and orient? hadst not thou then the Spouses kiss, and was not it precious and more worth than a world? didst not thou then first hear the soft language and whisperings of the Spirit, and was not his vioce lovely and pleasant? I know your souls dance within you, with the very recalling of so happy and golden a time, and you pant and breath after more of this communion with a Saviour, and truly he deserves an *Anathema*, that does not preferre the very possibility of having of it before all the world. *Hosea* 11. 1. *When* Israel *was a child, then I lov'd him; I taught* Ephraim *also to go, taking them by their arms,* הרגלתי *I* taught him to foot it on the wayes of Religion, ὀρθοποδεῖν; *I drew them with the cords of a man, all gentle and perswasive sollicitations, with bands of love, I was to them as they that take off the yoke on their jaws, and I laid meat unto them.* The yoke of bondage the soul was under, God freed the soul, brought him to an easie, pleasant yoke, to an Evangelical yoke. God has a special care of tender plants; when *Israel* was a tender vine, O then he fenc'd it, and hedg'd it, and shone out upon it, &c.

Now Christ is thus pleas'd to reveal his love, to unbosome himself unto the souls of young Converts, for their greater encouragement in the wayes of Grace: At the first step to heaven, he gives them a *viaticum.* If after the soul had been steept in legal humiliation, and possest with fears and terrours and amazements.

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compaſs'd with clouds, and now at laſt it has been drawn by a mighty work to receive a Saviour; if after all this it ſhould have no Sun-ſhine, 'twould droop and languiſh, and be ready to pine away; 'twould be very unfit and unſerviceable, the wheels of the ſoul would move heavily: God therefore oiles the wheels, pours *the Oile of gladneſs* into the ſoul. And now it moves like the chariots of *Aminadab*, with a nimble ſpontaneity. Chriſt begins to flouriſh through the Lattices, lets in ſome of his love into the ſoul; I, and gives it a ſenſe of his love too, and this conſtrains it to obedience; and ſets the ſoul a longing for more of this love, and for more ſenſe of this love; and ſo it will never leave longing, till it have a full fruition of it in heaven. This is Gods method, this is the uſual progreſs of grace in the ſoul.

And hence you may ſee why young Converts are uſually ſo active in the ways of Religion, ſo forward and vehement. O, they have freſh apprehenſions of the love of a Saviour; what an eminent alteration he has wrought in them; how they are rais'd from death to life? O, they can tell you long ſtories of his goodneſs; what great things he hath done for their ſoul. So that their affections are rais'd; there's a floſh of joy, the ſoul runs over, and knows no banks, no bounds. Thus God does many times ſeal up the work of grace in the ſoul, and gives a ſatisfying light at the firſt converſion: but yet I cannot ſay that this is alwayes ſo, for there are diverſities of workings, and grace ſometimes wrought in the ſoul after a more ſtill and undiſcernable manner; as we ſhall have occaſion to ſpeak more hereafter.

2. Sacrament-times, are ſealing times. I ſpeak of the Sacrament of the Lords Supper; for as for thoſe ſecret breathings of the Spirit upon Infants in that other Sacrament of Baptiſme, they are altogether unſearchable, and paſt finding out. Now in the Lords Supper you have the New Covenant ſeal'd up unto the ſoul; the ſoul has not only his graces increaſed, but they are printed clearer; that ſeal of the Spirits does Print a Chriſtians evidences with a clearer ſtamp. You have plain and viſible repreſentations of the love of a Savionr; and you have the ſenſe of his love pour'd out into you. A Chriſtian feeds not only upon Sacramental bread, but upon *hidden Manna* too, and has taſtes

of that love that is ſweeter than wine. Here's *a feaſt; of fat things; The ſoul is ſatisfied as with marrow and ſweetneſſes;* ſpiritual refreſhments like fat things, they are ſweet, and they are filling too; yet not like other fat things, that have a cloying fulſomeneſs in them; no, theſe carry a delicious reliſh with them, ſuch as the ſoul takes preſent complacency in them, and has a longing appetite for them. The ſoul never naſeats the feaſt of fat things; but the more it feeds upon them, the more it hungers after them. Now the two grand ends of this Sacrament in reference to a Chriſtian, are (1) Growth of Grace. (2.) Senſe of Grace. 'Tis a Sacrament of Augmentation by which a new-born-infant-ſoul may grow up to its ful proportion and ful ſtature in Jeſus Chriſt; and 'tis a Sacrament evidencing this his condition of the ſoul. Chriſtians come hither *ad corroborandum Titulum*; *the ſmoaking flax* comes hither to have ſome light, and *the bruiſed reed* comes hither to have ſome ſtrength; the worm *Jacob* crawls into the preſence of a Saviour, and is ſent away with an encouraging voice, *Fear not, thou worm Jacob.* Many a tender babe in Chriſt, has ſtrecht out its weak and trembling hand, to lay hold of a Saviour, and has found virtue coming out from him. Many a thirſty ſoul has come breathing and panting after ſtreams of water; 't has open'd his mouth wide, and he has fill'd it. The longing and affectionate ſoul has come with vehement and enlarg'd deſires, and has found full expreſſions and manifeſtations of his love towards her. Many a cloudy ſoul has come hither to ſee if he could ſpy out any beam, and has been ſent away brighter than the Sun in all its glory. You that come hither with the moſt ample and capacious ſouls; tell us whether you ben't fil'd up to the brim, whether your cup don't overflow? O what heavenly entercourſe is there between you and a Saviour; what pleaſant aſpects? what mutual love-glances? what ſmiles and blandiſhments? don't you find in your own ſouls, a full Paraphraſe upon the book of *Canticles*, that book of Loves? He comes with an earthly and droſſie ſoul, that is not rais'd and advanc't with ſuch glorious myſteries.

And yet my meaning is not, as if every true Chriſtian that had received this Sacrament, muſt needs have Aſſurance; No, we know.

1. Believers themſelves may receive unworthily, as the Chriſtian

ſtian *Corinthians*, (when *Paul* tells them) they came together for the worſe, and not for the better, he ſpeaks it of ſuch as were truly in the ſtate of grace. Thus he concludes his diſcourſe, *You are chaſtened of the Lord, that you might not be condemned with the world.* And thus the ſoul may go from a Sacrament with leſs comfort then it brought thither.

2. Many that have much joy and ſweetneſs from a Sacrament, real and ſpirituall joy, and ſtrength and vigour too, yet it may be have it not in ſo great a proportion, in ſo high a meaſure; their cup is not ſo brim-ful, as that it ſhould reach to aſſurance. All that do truly partake of theſe heavenly delicacies, yet don't go away equally ſatisfied. Some have but a taſt which is enough to cheriſh them, others a full draught which does mightily enliven them. So then, all we ſay is this, theſe Chriſtians that have aſſurance, have it uſual at theſe times, and ſome Chriſtians that have wanted aſſurance, yet here have found it, which ſhould ſtrongly engage all to come hither with great and ſolemn preparation, quickening and exciting their graces, improving all preſent ſtrength, breathing and longing after theſe pleaſant ſtreams, widening and enlarging their affections, opening their mouths like a dry and thirſty land that waits for ſome ſatisfying ſhowers, and would fain be fill'd.

3. Times of imployment are ſealing times. When God intends a Chriſtian for great and eminent ſervice, he firſt makes his goodneſs paſs before him, he ſheds ſome of his love into his heart, which does both conſtrain him to obedience, and encourage him in it; his ſmile makes the ſoul go cheerfully about his work, his preſence gives life and vigour to a performance. The ſervants of God wait on him, fix their eyes upon him, look whether he gives them a propitious glance, they walk in the light of his countenance, they follow the directions of his eye; they won't move unleſs he breath on them. *Moſes* won't ſtir without Aſſurance of his preſence. All the cluſters of *Canaan* ſhall not entice him, he had rather dwell with briers and thorns in the wilderneſs, with the good will of him that dwells in the buſh: He had rather to be in barren, and deſolate, and howling wilderneſs, than in a pleaſant and fruitful land, in a delicious land without the preſence of his God. He knows there's no ſweetneſs in *Canaan* without him; there's more ſting than honey in the land of Promiſe,

Promiſe, unleſs he be there; and *Canaan* it ſelf will prove a wilderneſs if he with-draw himſelf, The beams of his gracious Preſence, theſe gild a place, they can turn a deſert into a paradiſe, and can make a priſon glorious. The love of God in Chriſt 'tis attractive and magnetical, and draws the ſoul along when 'tis once toucht with it, this will draw *Moſes* to the land of Promiſe, this will carry him through all difficulties. God ſheds ſome of this love into *Moſes* his heart, and then he goes on with cheerfulneſs and alacrity. And ſo 'twas with his Succeſſor *Joſhua*, God calls him to an honourable employment, to be the Shepherd of this little flock, to guide and govern his People *Iſrael*. Now how does he prepare him for ſo great a work? why, he ſtrengthens him, and heartens him with a Promiſe of himſelf, with aſſurance of his love; *Fear not, but be of courage, I am with thee*, Thou haſt my preſence, thou ſhalt have my bleſſings; I have done much for thee, and I will do more for thee; be faithful in my ſervice, and be couragious, and don't doubt of the love of God towards thee. Thus God when he call'd *Abraham* to that great expreſſion of obedience in the ſacrificing of his *Iſaac*, he firſt warms his heart with his love, and ſeals up the covenant of Grace to him: he ſpreads before him ample and comprehenſive Promiſes *I am thy God All-ſufficient; I* am thy Buckler, and *thine exceeding great reward*; and this will beare up and ſupport *Abraham*, though the ſtaſe of his old age be taken away, and by his own hands caſt into the fire.

And this was his uſual dealing with the Prophets, when he ſent them with great and weighty meſſages. He firſt reveals his goodneſs to them, before he reveals his mind by them; he aſſures them of directing mercy, of protecting mercy that ſhall bear them company, that ſhall go along with them: and this puts generous undauntedneſs upon them, that they fear not the frowns of men, nor the threatnings of men, nor of the greateſt of men: this makes *Jeremy* to ſet his face like a flint, and *Eſay to lift up his voice like a Trumpet, to tell Iſrael their ſins, and* Judah *their tranſgreſſions.*

And this is that which prepares the Martyrs for their ſufferings. God tempers and allayes that Cup, he drops ſome of his goodneſs into it, and ſweetens it to them. He firſt ſets his ſeal to their ſouls, before they ſet their ſeal to his truth; he diets them

them with the hidden Manna, and gives them before-hand the *white Stone*, as a ſure pledge of victory. What is it but this that makes them devour torments, and come to them with an appetite? 'tis that that ſoftens the flames, and turns them into a bed of Roſes; 'tis this that fills their ſouls with joy, and their mouths with praiſes: that makes them more chearful in their ſufferings than their *Saviour* in his; for they uſually have the face of a reconciled God ſhining out upon them, which was wholly withdrawn from him, when he cry'd out *My God, my God, why haſt thou forſaken me?*

4. Praying times are ſealing times. The ſame Spirit that endites the Prayer, ſeals it up. When *Hannah* had put up her Prayer, 1 *Sam.* 1. 18. the text ſayes expreſſely, that *her countenance was no more ſad.* As 'tis the great Priviledge of Aſſurance, that Chriſtians may then with confidence cry *Abba Father*, ſo alſo 'tis a great means to Aſſurance. The hearing of Prayers is a mighty ſtrengthening to faith; and the ſtrengthening of Faith does ſtrongly tend to Aſſurance. Beſides, Chriſtians may pray for Aſſurance; they may be importunate for a glimpſe of his face, for one beam, for one ſmile, and his bowels won't let him deny them. Hence you ſhall find it, that ſuch as are moſt frequent in Prayer, are moſt bleſt with Aſſurance. Praying Chriſtians have much entercourſe and communion with their God. And thus there may be a National kind of Aſſurance, *I* ſay a National plerophory; when God ſhall pour out a Spirit of Prayer and Supplication upon his people, and they with united and concentricated abilities ſhall beſiege the Throne of Grace; there is no doubt, there can be no doubt, but at length he will yield up ſuch a mercy to his praying people.

5. Times of outward exigencies are ſealing times, 2 *Cor.* 4. 16. *Though our outward man decay, yet our inward man is renew'd daily*; that feeds upon hidden Manna, a precious reſtaurative for a fainting Chriſtian: Manna you know was rain'd down in the wilderneſs; and when the Iſraelites proviſion failed them, then Manna was rain'd down. When the water-pots are fill'd up to the brim; then was the water preſently turn'd into wine: and ſo this hidden Manna is provided for ſad and cloudy conditions. We except only the caſe of total deſertion, when the ſoul has not the leaſt light ſhining in upon it, which is the ſevereſt judgement

ment that a true Chriſtian is capable of: but in other diſtreſſes eſpecially outward and temporal diſtreſſes, he does reveal himſelf more immediately to them. And though the creature frown, yet he will ſmile upon them. Believers they are the friends of God, and 'tis no part of friendſhip to forſake them in the ſaddeſt times. St. *John*, when a baniſht man in the Iſle of *Pathmos*, then God ſheds him that glorious *Revelation*. *Paul* and *Silas* when in priſon, then brim-full of joy, which breaks out into Pſalmes of Praiſe. In the fiery trial, as there is ſome ſcorching, ſo there is ſome light too. And God does prepare his People for the ſeal of the Spirit, by thus melting and ſoftening their heart; for the ſofter the heart is, the clearer will the Print of his love be. When God had brought that great ſickneſs upon *Hezekiah*, and thus had diſſolv'd and ſoft'ned his heart, he preſently prints his love upon it:

Thou haſt lov'd my ſoul from the grave. God does then moſt expreſs his love, when they have moſt need of it. The white Stone ſparkles moſt oriently in the darkeſt condition. O how gloriouſly does God ſhine in upon the priſons of Martyrs? what frequent viſits does he give them? it might even make men ambitious of their ſufferings, that they might have ſome ſuch expreſſions of his love towards them.

6. Times of Victory and conqueſts over luſts and temptations are ſealing times. God after ſuch victories will give his People a triumph. This is expreſt in that text of the *Revelation*, *Rev.* 2 17. τῷ νικῶντι δώσω, *To him that overcomes will I give to eat of the hidden Manna*; &c. Thus when Saint *Paul* was wraſtling with, and conquering that great temptation, whatever it was, that is mentioned in 2 *Corinthians* 12. God then gives to eat of the hidden Manna, and ſtrengthens him with this, *My grace is ſufficient for thee.* He gives him the white Stone with that Motto graven in it, *My grace*, &c. Thus that noble Chriſtian, and famous Convert of *Italy Galeacius Caracciolus*, when he had ſcorn'd the pomp and luſtre of the world, and had trampl'd upon all relations for the love of a Saviour: when Satan that cunning Angler of ſouls, had ſpent all his baits upon him, and he had refuſ'd them all: O then what a deal of precious ſweetneſs ſlides into his ſoul? what ruſhings in of glorious joy? he had never ſuch joy at *Naples*, as he had at *Geneva*. You may hear

hear him pronouncing on *Anathema* to all ſuch, as ſhall preſer all the gold and ſilver in the world before one dayes ſweet Communion with Jeſus Chriſt. As none have more dregs of wrath than relapſing and apoſtatizing Spirits, (Remember but *Spiras* caſe;) ſo none have ſweeter and choicer mercy than the faithful Servants of the Lord Jeſus, that follow him in the hour of temptation. Apoſtates are ſeal'd up to a day of vengance, but theſe are ſeal'd up to a day of Redemption. Thus the mourners in *Ezekiel*, that would not yield to the abomination of the times muſt have a ſeal ſet upon them. Thus that Virgin-company in the *Revelation*, that would not proſtitute their ſouls to Antichriſtian folly, have the ſeal of God in their foreheads. This is the happineſs of a Chriſtian, that has a ſweet ſatisfaction in ſelf-denyal; in denying ſin, in repulſing luſt, in conquering temptation, and pulling out his right eye, in cutting off his right hand, in mortifying the body of death, he has a ſweet ſatisfaction in all theſe. And thus you have ſeen thoſe ſpecial ſealing times when Chriſtians have this high plerophory, theſe riches of Aſſurance: we come now to ſpeak of them in a more Applicatory way.

1. Times of Aſſurance, they ſhould be times of humility and dependance upon God. When *Moſes* had been ſo long in the Mount, and had a luſtre upon him by converſing with God himſelf, preſenly at the foot of the Mount he meets with matter of humiliation. The Iſraelites have made them a golden Calf; *Thy people*' ſayes God to *Moſes*, they have done this. And the Apoſtle *Paul*, when de had been rapt up into the third Heaven, and had heard there ſome of *Arcana Cœli*., things that neither could nor might be utter'd; for both are impli'd in Ἄρρητα ῥήματα: there then comes a meſſenger of Satan to buffet him, he muſt be put in mind of himſelf by a thorn in the fleſh, and that at left he ſhould be exalted above meaſure with abundance of Revelations. A creature can't καλαπίπλαι μέγαν ὄλβον, a little thing will puff up a buble, a ſmall happineſs will ſwell up the ſons of men. Pride as it twines about the choiceſt graces, ſo it devours the ſweeteſt comforts. But yet there is nothing tends more to ſoul-abaſement and ſelf-exinanition, then the beholding of Gods face, than the ſeeing of his glory, this will make the ſoul abhorre it ſelf in duſt and aſhes. The more God reveals himſelf unto the

ſoul, the more will the ſoul ſee that huge diſproportion that is between it ſelf and a Diety. There's none here below that ever ſaw more of Gods face than *Moſes* and *Paul* had done, and there were none that ever had lower apprehenſions of themſelves. They knew well enough what the ſun-ſhine of his preſence was, what a glorious ſight it was to behold his face, and yet they had rather part with this, than he ſhould part with his glory. They are like men amaz'd with the vaſtneſs and ſpaciouſneſs of the Ocean, and make nothing of a little inconſiderable drop of Being. They that know not theſe treaſures of love and ſweetneſs, thoſe heaps of excellencies that are ſtor'd up in God, theſe are the grand admirers of themſelves. But when the ſoul comes to have a proſpect of heaven, and fixes his eye upon an object of the firſt magnitude, the creature diſappears, ſelf vaniſhes and loſes it ſelf in the fulneſs of God. And if God do aſſure thee of this his love, thou canſt not but wonder at the greatneſs of his goodneſs, eſpecially when thou ſhalt recollect thy ſelf, and think upon thine own unworthineſs. Thou that didſt not deſerve a beam of his face, what does he give thee a full Sun-ſhine? Thou that could'ſt not look for the leaſt taſte of his love, what does he give the a whole cluſter of *Canaan*? Thou that didſt not deſerve the leaſt crumb of the hidden Manna, does he fill thee an Omer full of it? Nay yet higher, Thou that didſt deſerve a brand from his Juſtice, does he give thee a ſeal of his love? he might have given the gall and venegar to drink, and does he flow in upon thee with milk and honey? he might have given thee the firſt flaſhes of hell, and does he give the the firſt-fruits of heaven? what could'ſt thou have look't for but an eternal frown, and doſt thou meet with ſo gracious a ſmile? O then fall down and adore his goodneſs, *and let all that is within the bleſs his holy name.* Tell me now, is there any ground for pride in ſuch a ſoul? Does not aſſurance beſpeak humility; and ſpeak a meer dependance?

2. Times of Aſſurance, they ſhould be times of trampling upon the creature, and ſcorning of things below. Doſt thou now take care for corn, and wine, and oile, when God lifts up the light of his countenance upon thee? is this ſame Angels food, this ſame hidden Manna, is it too light meat for thee? Now thou art within the land of Promiſe, feeding upon the grapes

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and pomegrannates of the land, doſt thou now long for the garlick and onions of *Egypt?* Now thou art within thy fathers houſe, and the fatted Calf is ſlain, wilt thou now ſtill feed upon huſks? Art thou cloth'd with the Sun, and canſt not thou trample the Moon under thy feet? O let them ſcramble for the world that have nothing elſe to live on. Pray give room to the green Bay-trees to ſpread themſelves abroad; but don't thou loſe thy fatneſs and ſweetneſs to rule over theſe. Art thou ſure of heaven, and would'ſt thou fix thy Tabernacle upon earth? Is it good for thee to be here? or would'ſt have any more than the light of Gods countenance? is it not enough that thou art ſure of happineſs? is not a fountain enough for thee? why wilt thou drink in muddy ſtream? and thou that art fill'd with the love of a *Saviour*, canſt thou tell how to ſpend a thought upon the worlſi? is not there more beauty in a Chriſt than in the Creature? is not he *the faireſt of ten thouſand?* Away then with adulterous glances, for why ſhould'ſt thou embrace the boſome of a ſtranger?

3. Times of Aſſurance they ſhould be times of watchfulneſs, and more accurate walking with God. To ſin againſt revealed love, is a deep and killing aggravation. To ſin againſt light is too too much, but to ſin againſt love is a great deal more: this height'ned *Solomons* Idolatry, (1 *Kings* 11. 9.) that he turn'd from the God of *Iſrael* which had appeared to him twice. What wilt thou with *Jeſhurun* wax fat and kick, and kick againſt bowels too? To provoke God in a Wilderneſs is not ſo much as to provoke him in a Paradiſe. What could he have done more for thee than he has done! and what couldſt thou have done more againſt him than thou haſt done! and wilt thou ſtill requite him thus? wilt thou provoke him with Manna in thy mouth? does he give thee the ſweet cluſters of the land, and doſt thou return him wild grapes? that which is the ſtrongeſt engagement to obedience, doſt thou make it an encouragement to ſin? art thou ſo willing to daſh thy joy, to loſe thy peace? And O how will it pleaſe the powers of darkneſs to ſee thee abuſe a beam? The devil has ſeveral deſignes againſt the welfare of a ſoul. Firſt, if it were poſſible he would keep thee from having any grace at all. But ſecondly, if he can't do that, he would keep thee from ſtrength of grace, from growth in grace; he would *break the*

bruiſed reed, and he would *quench the ſmoaking flax*. But then if he can't prevail here neither, then in the third place, he would keep thee from ſenſe of grace, in a ſad and cloudy condition: he envies thee one beam, one ſmile, one glance of his eye. But then if the riches of Gods goodneſs, do ſo run over, as that he will give thee a ſenſe of his love; then fourthly, in the laſt place, he would have thee abuſe his grace, and turn it into wantonneſs. But when God has planted thee in ſo happy a Paradiſe, don't thou liſten to the whiſperings of the Serpent. Thou that art ſeal'd by the Holy Spirit, don't attend to a lying ſpirit. The devil that great plunderer of ſouls, would fain rob thee of thy Jewels, of thy joy, and peace, and happineſs: but do thou hide them in a Chriſt, in the wounds of a Saviour; and take heed of blotting thine Evidences; thou that art a Child of light, be not rul'd by a Prince of darkneſs. *If* God give thee a ſenſe of his love, walk more ſtedfaſtly, walk more accurately with thy God.

4. Times of Aſſurance they ſhould be times of inviting and encouraging others in the wayes of grace. Thus the Pſalmiſt when his Cup overflowes, he calls others to taſte of it, *O taſte and ſee how gracious God is*, that he may truſt in him. Thou mayeſt now bring a good report upon the land of *Canaan*, thou mayeſt ſhew them the goodly fruits of the land, that were cut down at the brook *Eſhcol*. Men look upon Religion as a rigid and auſtere thing, that comes to rob them of their joy, they muſt never have a ſmile more, they muſt never have a Summers day after it; but thou canſt tell them of the ſweetneſs and deliciouſneſs that is in the wayes of grace, thou canſt aſſure them that all the wayes of wiſdom are pleaſantneſs; thou canſt ſatisfie them, that grace does not mean to take away their joy, but only to refine it; that it does not mean to put out the light, but only to ſnuff it, that it may burn brighter and clearer. There's no ſuch joy to be found in the wayes of ſin, there's no ſuch joy to be extracted from the Creature; no, the ſweeteſt and pureſt honey 'tis ſuck'd from a flower of Paradiſe. Spiritual joy 'tis the moſt clarifi'd joy; 1, and 'tis ſolid and maſſy joy, beaten joy, like beaten gold, Αληθινὴ καὶ σφυρήλατος χαρά. 1, and 'tis laſting and durable joy. All the Creatures make but a blaze. but the leaſt ſpark of this 'tis immortal; Can there be a ſweeter Sabbatiſm of Spirit?

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can there be a happier compoſedneſs of ſoul, than to be provided for eternity; to be ſure of heaven, of happineſs and glory; to have the revealing of Gods love, the diſplaying of himſelf, the beaming out of his face? is not the leaſt appearance of his love more worth than a world? are not the gleanings of ſpirituals better than the vintage of temporals? Methinks an aſſur'd Chriſtian, like a *Caleb* or a *Joſhua*, ſhould be able & ready to confute all the falſe intelligence of the Spies, and to anſwer the weak objections that they bring againſt the land of Promiſe. Awake O ſluggard, and ariſe, there is no Lion in the way, or if it be, it has honey in it: There are no ſons of *Anak*, or if there be, before *Iſrael* even theſe mountains ſhall become a Plain.

5. Times of Aſſurance they ſhould be times of ſtore, Οὐκ αἰεὶ θησαυρίζειν ἐστὶν ἡμῖν Now treaſure up beams, heap up light, ſtore up hidden Manna. To be ſure, this Manna won't breed worms. Then thou mayeſt confidently applaud thy ſelf, *Soul, take thine eaſe, thou haſt goods laid up for many years.* Happy thou, if this night thy ſoul be taken from thee. Storing up of former evidences, is a good proviſion againſt a cloudy day.

6. Times of Aſſurance ſhould be times of breathing after full poſſeſſion. The eſpouſed ſoul ſhould long for the Nuptials, for the full conſummation of its joy: and by a heavenly gradation it ſhould aſcend in its thoughts. Is there ſuch ſweetneſs in one cluſter of *Canaan*, what ſhall there be in the full vintage? is there ſuch pleaſantneſs in a proſpect of the land upon the top of Mount *Piſgah*, what happineſs ſhall there be in enjoyment of the land? is there ſuch glory in a beam of Gods face, what ſhall there be in an eternal Sun-ſhine? is there ſuch a ſparkling luſtre in the white Stone, what then ſhall there be in all thoſe pearls that garniſh the foundations, and make up the gates of the New *Jeruſalem*? is there ſo much in the preface of glory, what ſhall there be in the inlargements and amplifications of it? is there ſo much in the *Ænigma*, what is there in the explication? can you ſee ſo much beauty in happineſs, when her maſk is on, how glorious then will ſhe appear when ſhe is unveil'd? does the ſoul ſing ſo ſweetly in a Cage of clay, what melody, think you, ſhall it then make when 'tis let looſe to all Eternity?

We now come to wind up all in a word of Application.

Now the more pure and delicious a truth is, the more do the

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men of the world diſreliſh it: the more bright and ſhining it is, the more offenſive to their eyes. The more orient the Pearl, the more do they trample upon it. Evangelical diſcoveries meet with the fierceſt oppoſitions. The Serpent will be ſure to wind into Paradiſe; and the ſeed of the Serpent ever knew how to ſtill venemous and malignant conſequences, out of ſweet and flowery truths. 'Tis the devils work to impriſon all truth, but the nobler and more precious truths muſt be ſure to be put in the loweſt and darkeſt dungeons. As here now, Aſſurance of ſalvation, 'tis the very Crown and joy of a Chriſtian; the *Flos lactis*, the Cream of that Ἄβλον γάλα, that is to nouriſh ſouls; 'tis the budding and bloſſoming of happineſs, the antedating of heaven, the Prepoſſeſſion of glory; 'tis the very Pinacle of the Temple, the πτερύγιον; how fain would he throw Chriſtians from thence? how would he blaſt glory in the bud? how fain would he pull down the ſububrs of the New *Jeruſalem*? how would he ſtop all the freſh ſprings that are in theſe? how would he ſeal up the luſcious influences of the *Pleiades*? how fain would he *Lycurgus* like, cut up all the vines of *Canaan*, that no Spy might ever bring one Cluſter of the Land of Promiſe? He himſelf muſt feed upon nothing but duſt, and how does he envy them their hidden Manna? That Son of the morning is now bound in chains of darkneſs, and how does he envy them their light and liberty? how fain would he cloud and eclipſe their Sun, and ſtop it in its race? nay, ſet it ten degrees backward? How does he envy them one beam of Gods face, a grape of *Canaan*, one ſmile, one glance of Gods eye? Now he could find out no fitter inſtrument to rob Chriſtians of their joy, than Antichriſt that grand enemy of the Church, that ſpiritual *Nero*, that Tyrant of ſouls, that vice-*Beelzebub*, that Prince of darkneſs that rules in the children of diſobedience. He rules them, and yet they are children of diſobedience for all that. This Beſtian Empire, (for ſo 'tis ſtil'd in the *Revelation*,) delights only in ſenſuals, and ſtrikes at ſpirituals. It ſtrikes at the vitals of Religion, at the power and eſſence of godlineſs. Here are the men that muſt cry down Aſſurance under the names of preſumption, ſecurity, an heap of Enthuſiaſmes, as if this hidden Manna would breed all theſe worms. If men do but dip in the honey-comb, and take ſome of theſe voluntary drops that ſweat from it freely, of

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their own accord, as *Saul* told *Jonathan*, they must certainly die for it. O this were a way to open their eyes, as it did *Jonathans*. They are loth to let men taste and see how gracious God is, lest they might trust in him.

There are therefore two things which I shall here endeavour by way of Application.

First, to give you a brief discovery of those grounds that necessitate the adversaries of this truth to deny Assurance.

Secondly, to take off that vain and frivolous cavil, that assurance is a Principle of Libertinism, and that if men be once assur'd of their salvation, they may then do what they list.

And first for the grounds that make them deny Assurance. And though I might here shew at large, that all Popery, the Quintessence of it is extracted out of guesses and conjectures, their whole Religion is but a bundle of uncertainties, a rude heap of contingencies, built upon thoughts of others, upon the intentions of a Priest; yet I shall let that pass now, and give you these four considerations that prevail with them to deny Assurance.

1. They lay too much stress upon good works. Now Assurance is too goodly a structure to be built upon such a foundation. They part stakes between grace and merit, and so leave the soul in a tottering condition. There is so much pride bound up in the Spirits of men, as that they are loth to depend upon another for their happiness, they would have an innate and domestick happiness within themselves. But alas, self-bottomings are weak and uncertain, and they that build upon their own good meanings, and their good wishes and good resolutions, upon their good endeavours & good works, when they have done all, they have built but the house of the spider. These that spin salvation out of their own bowels, their hope 'tis but as a Spiders web. And there are many that neither thus spin nor toile; and yet I say unto you, that a Pharisee in all his glory is not cloth'd like one of these. If men do but enquire, and look a little to the ebbings and flowings of their own spirits, to the waxing and waiting of their own performances: sure they will presently acknowledge, that they can't fetch a Plerophory out of these. Believe it, the soul can't anchor upon a wave, or upon its own fluctuating motions. So that 'tis a peice of ingenuity

ty in them, to tell men, that whileſt they build upon the ſand, they can have no great ſecurity that their houſe will laſt long: they may ſafely ſay of the Spider, that it can have no certainty that its houſe ſhall ſtand. Whileſt they lean upon a reed wee'l allow them to queſtion whether it won't break or no; nay, if they pleaſe, they may very well queſtion whether it won't pierce them through. They can be ſure of nothing unleſs they be ſure of ruine. Aſſurance cannot be founded in a bubble, in a creature, for the very eſſence of a creature is doubtful and wavering, it muſt be built upon an immutable Entity, upon the free love of God in Chriſt, upon his royal word and oath, the ſure expreſſions of his mind and love, upon the witneſs of the Holy Ghoſt, the ſeal of God himſelf. Here the ſoul may reſt, and lean, and quiet it ſelf, for with God there is no variableneſs nor ſhadow of turning. The creature is all ſhadow and vanity, 'tis *filia noctis*; like *Jonah's* gourd, man may ſit under its ſhadow for a while, but it ſoon decayes and dies. All its certainty is in dependance upon its God. A creature, if like a ſingle drop left to it ſelf it ſpends and waſtes it ſelf preſently: but if like a drop in the fountain and Ocean of Being, it has abundance of ſecurity. No ſafety to the ſoul, but in the arms of Chriſt, in the embraces of a Saviour. No reſt to a Dove-like ſpirit, but in the Ark of the Covenant, and there's the pot of hidden Manna. You know that dying *Bellarmine* was ſaid to acknowledge, that the neareſt way to Aſſurance, was only to reſt upon the free Grace of God in Chriſt. And they that cry down duties ſo much, if they would mean no more than this, that men muſt not truſt in them, nor make Chriſts of them, nor Saviours of them, (as they uſe to expreſs it) wee'l eaſily grant them this if they'l be content with it.

2. They take away that claſping and cloſing power of faith it ſelf, by which it ſhould ſweetly and ſtrongly embrace its own object. They would have the ſoul embrace clouds and dwell in generals; they reſolve all the ſweetneſs and preciouſneſs of the Goſpel, either into this Univerſal, *Whoſoever believes ſhall be ſaved*: or elſe, which is all one, into this conditional, *if thou believeſt, thou ſhalt be ſaved*. Now this is ſo farre from aſſurance, as that the Devils themſelves do thus believe and yet tremble. The thirſty ſoul may know that there is a fountain, but it muſt not preſume to know that ever it ſhall taſt of it. the wounded

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ſoul (with them) may take notice that there is a balm in *Gilead*, but it muſt onely give a gueſſe, that it ſhall be heal'd. They wont allow the ſoul to break the ſhell of a promiſe, ſo as to come to the kernel. They ſilence Faith, when it would ſpeak in its own Idiom, *My Lord, and my God.* O what miſerable comforters are theſe: How can they ever ſpeak one word upon the wheels, one ſeaſonable word to a weary ſoul; when as all they can reach to, by their own acknowledgment, is to leave the ſoul hovering betwixt heaven and hell? And as they ſay in matter of Reproof, *Generalia non pungunt*: ſo tis as true in matter of comfort, *Generalia non mulcent.* Yet to ſee how abundantly unreaſonable theſe men are; for in the matter of their Church, there they require a particular appropriating faith, a Monopolizing faith, that the Church of *Rome* is the only true viſible Church: and this is no preſumption with them. Thus they can embrace a dull Errour, and let go a precious Truth. But the true Church of Chriſt, as tis it ſelf built upon a Rock; ſo every member of the Church has the ſame ſecurity. And the ſoul with a Spouſe-like affection, does not onely conjecture who is her Well-beloved, but is in his very arms, and breaks out into that expreſſion of love and union; *I am my well-beloved's, and my well-beloved is mine.* But how ſtrange'y does their conjectural certainty take away the ſweetneſs of ſuch Relations? Chriſtians with them muſt on'y conjecture that they are the ſons of God, the ſpouſe muſt only gueſſe at her beloved husband, the ſheep muſt hope that this is the Shepherds voice. O how do they emaſculate and enervate Religion! how do they diſpirit it, and cut the very ſinews of the power of godlineſſe! But all you that would find reſt to your ſouls, muſt know that you can never apply a Chriſt too much, that you can never appropriate a Saviour enough, that whole happineſſe is in union with him.

3. They deny perſeverance, and ſo long may very well deny Aſſurance. And yet the *Arminians* have an art of reconciling Aſſurance, and Non-perſeverance. They allow men a little brief Aſſurance for one moment, a *breve fulgur*, a little coruſcation of joy, that onely ſhews it ſelf that it may vaniſh and diſappear. The ſumme of their meaning amounts to thus much: For that moment that thou art in the ſtate of grace, thou may'ſt be ſure on't, but thou canſt not be ſure that the next moment thou ſhalt

be in the ſtate of grace. As if a Chriſtian were onely a ball of fortune to be toſt up and down at her pleaſure. And indeed they make grace as voluble and uncertain, as ever the Heathen did fortune. And if they would ſpeak out, grace with them is *res vitrea, quæ dum ſplendet frangitur.* And *vaſa gloriæ* with them are little better then *vaſa fictilia*: they can daſh them in pieces like a Potters veſſel, and then make no more of it than *Epictetus* at the breaking of a pitcher. Ἔστι τὸ γινόμενον, tis but a uſual thing, *Hodie vidi fragilem frangi.* Vain men that think the grace of God as mutable and unconſtant as they themſelves are, that can remove men from heaven to hell as often as they pleaſe, that with a daring pen can blot names out of the book of Life, and reverſe the ſeal of heaven when they liſt. This muſt needs ſtrike at the root of Aſſurance, and leave the ſoul in ſuch ſad doubts as theſe. Tis true, I am now feeding upon the milk and honey of the land of *Canaan*; but I may return to the Wilderneſſe again, to the bondage of *Egypt* again. Tis true, I am now a Temple of the Holy Ghoſt; but how ſoon may I become a priſon, a dungeon, the receptacle of every unclean ſpirit? What though I be now a veſſel of honour, how ſoon may I become a veſſel of wrath? and though I be for the preſent in the loving hands of a Saviour, yet I may be to morrow in the unmerciful paw of the Lion. Pray tell us now, has the ſoul any great ſecurity all this while? are the friends of God no ſurer of his love than thus? Tis happy for Chriſtians, that tis not in the power of theſe men; no, nor of all the powers of darkneſſe, to put a period to their joy; no, not to put the leaſt *comma* or interruption to it. No, they may as ſoon dethrone the majeſty of heaven it ſelf, they may aſſoon pluck the Crown from his head, and wreſt the golden Scepter out of his hand: nay, they may aſſoon pluck out the Apple of his eye, they may aſſoon annihilate a Deity, as pull thee out of his hands, as rob him of one of his Jewels. Thou art *kept by the mighty power of God through faith unto ſalvation.* We can't cloſe up this better than with that heavenly ἐπινίκιον, thoſe triumphant expreſſions of the Apoſtle *Paul*: *For I am perſwaded, that neither life, nor death, nor Angels, nor Principalities, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, &c.*

4. They never had any aſſurance themſelves, and ſo they would willingly deny it to others There is ſo much pride and envy in the

the ſpirits of men, as that they are very loth, that others ſhould have more happineſſe, or be more ſenſible of happineſſe than themſelves. They do here *calamum in Corde tingere*; they tell you what they find in their own hearts, nothing but conjectures, and ſhiverings, and tremblings, nothing but ſlaviſh doubts and fears. But the voice of Aſſurance, tis a ſtill voice, the Spirit ſpeaks, Ἀγχὶ ἔχων κεφαλὴν, ἵνα μὴ πυθοίαν' οἱ ἄλλοι. That Soul onely hears it, to which it ſpeaks. The ſparklings of the White Stone are ſecret and undiſcernable to a carnal eye: No man knows it, but he that has it. Tis *Manna* κεκρυμμένον; not the viſible and obvious Manna that was rain'd down by the tents of the *Iſraelites*, but that that was reſerv'd, and laid up *in Vrna aurea*. Spiritual taſtes and reliſhes, ſpiritual experiences, they are wholly unexpreſſible, they are altogether unimitable. There are two things which the moſt refined and accompliſht Hypocrite can't poſſibly reach unto. (1.) He can't expreſſe the life and power of a Chriſtian. (2.) He can't expreſſe the joy of a Chriſtian. As no man can paint the being of a thing, ſo no man can paint the ſweetneſſe of a thing. Who ever could paint the ſweetneſſe of the honey-comb? the ſweetneſſe of a cluſter of *Canaan?* the fragrancy of the roſe of *Sharon?* the ſweet voice of a Lute? Σώγραφε τὴν μορφὴν κλέπτεις μόνον, &c. The Painter's eye ſteals a little beauty from the face; and perhaps his hand makes reſtitution, reſtoring it again in the picture, and that's all you can expect of him; nay, tis well if he perform ſo much: As for the expreſſion of vitals, or the repreſentation of eſſentials, tis *ultra Penecillum*, ſo that he muſt let this alone for ever. Believe it, Sincerity can't be painted. The joy of the holy Ghoſt can't be painted. Tis eaſier painting of faces then of hearts. Men in an unregenerate condition, can't know what Aſſurance is, till their hearts be changed, or unleſſe they could read the hearts of Gods people. Men will deny the moſt certain und unqueſtionable things, if they themſelves have no experience of them. Upon this account many a fool has ſaid in his heart, *There is no God*, becauſe he had no communion with him, he did not attend upon him. Thus others deny that there is any ſuch ſweetneſſe in the wayes of God, becauſe they were never acquainted with them.

In Muſick, what though there be never ſuch variety of graces, ſuch inarticulate elegancies, ſuch ſoft and ſilken touches, ſuch

quick ſtings and pleaſant reliſhes, ſuch muſical amplifications, and flouriſhes, ſuch nimble tranſitions and delicious cloſes, you'l ſcarce convince a deaf man of all this, till you can give him his hearing. Or ſuppoſe a blind man ſhould obſtinately deny that there were a Sun; truly I cant tell how you could well convince him, unleſſe you could give him an eye, or elſe perſwade him that he is defective in ſomewhat which others have. To ſpeak of Aſſurance, and the voice of the Spirit to ſome, is but to ſpeak Riddles and Paradoxes. Here I have told you much of Light, and Beams, and Glory; I had as good told ſome of yon, of clouds, and ſhadows, and darkneſſe. I have ſpoke much to you of the fruits and cluſters of *Canaan*; had I not as good have ſet before ſome of you briars and thorns, would you not have had as much ſweetneſſe in them? I nere promiſ'd you to ſhew you the *Manna*; for I told you 'twas hidden: yet we have told you the things which we have ſeen and known, and what we have taſted of the Word of Life, and that which I doubt not, but many of you can ſet your ſeals unto.

We come now to take off that vain and frivolous Cavil, that Aſſurance is a principle of Libertiniſm; that the Apples which the Spouſe longs for in the *Canticles*, will breed too much wind, that hidden *Manna* will breed worms, that thoſe flaggons full of wine, which the Spouſe would ſo fain be comforted withall, will fume up too much into the head. O, ſay they, if men be once aſſur'd of their ſalvation, they may then do what they liſt. But

1. God wont *put new wine into old bottles*. God never prints his love upon the heart, till the heart be renew'd and prepar'd with Evangelical meltings; and the ſame Seal that prints his love, prints his Image too. A flinty heart won't take the ſeal of the Spirit. The ſparkling white Stone is never given, till the heart of ſtone be taken away. The new name is not given, till the new creature be fram'd. God will not diſtill one ſilver drop of ſuch precious ſweetneſſe upon the ſoul, till it be encloſ'd for his own garden And though the outward Sun-ſhine with liberal and undiſtinguiſhing beams, ſhines both upon the good and the bad, upon the Roſe and Nettle; yet the light of Gods countenance beames out onely upon the Apples of his own eye: the Sun-ſhine of his gracious preſence, gilds onely the veſſels of Honour, and puts

puts a luſtre upon none but his own Jewels. And though the pourings forth of ordinary goodneſſe fall upon a Wilderneſſe ſometimes, as well as on a Paradiſe, yet theſe more choice and luſcious influences of heaven, ſlide onely into the hearts of Gods peculiar ones. Believe it, thy ſoul muſt firſt become an Ark of the Covenant, before thou ſhalt ever have a Pot of *hidden Manna* in it.

Tis true, that if God ſhould thus diſplay his goodneſſe, and ſeal up his love to the ſoul, whilſt it were ſtill in an unregenerate condition, whilſt it did ſtill hanker after its luſts and corruptions, 'twould then indeed ſport it ſelf more ſecurely in this Sun ſhine of mercy, and turn this grace of God into wantonneſſe. Thus men of ſordid and ignoble ſpirits, will treſpaſs more upon a friend than upon an enemy; an injury will keep them in better order, than a courteſie. Thus nettles will ſting moſt violently, when they are handled moſt gently. Thus the wretched *Indians* adore the Devil, becauſe he is their enemy, and neglect the Majeſty of heaven, becauſe tis ſo propitious. When God ſhines out upon ungrateful dunghils, they return him nothing but venemous and malignant evaporations. Wee'l eaſily acknowledge, that if theſe men ſhould have the White Stone, they would trample upon it: For you ſee how they deal with ordinary mercy, which the bounty of heaven heaps upon their heads.

There are ſuch pleonaſms of love in God, ſuch runnings over of goodneſſe, as that much falls upon theſe. God breaks the box of common mercies, and fills the whole world with the ſavour of it. But what tribute and Revenues of glory has he from them for all this? Why, they violate his Laws, and profane his Name, and fight againſt him with his own weapons, Ἀγωνίζεσθε λογχαῖς, with his moſt precious mercies, gifts, and parts, and all they have ſhall oppoſe him that gave them. Of their Jewels they make a golden Calf. Do you think now that God will truſt theſe with his more ſpecial mercies, with his *viſcera* and tender mercies? He try'd the veſſel with water, and 'twont hold that. Do you think he will pour wine into it? No, God reveals his love to none but to his friends; he ſets his Seal to none but to ſuch whom he ſets as a Seal upon his heart and on his arm; ſuch as have an happy conformity to him, and a full compliance with him; ſuch as have the ſame intereſts, and the ſame glorious

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ends with him ſelf; ſuch as delight in his Law, and feed upon his precepts, as upon an honey-comb. Do you think he mayn't truſt theſe with his mind; ſuch as have a plain antipathy againſt ſin, againſt the very picture and appearance of ſin; ſuch as prefer Hell it ſelf before it; ſuch as loath it, even as himſelf loaths it; men that are ready to pluck out their right eyes for him, to cut off their right hands for him? Do you think he mayn't manifeſt his love to theſe? What ſayes the Apoſtle *John? He that is born of God cannot ſin*; tis a plain impoſſibility that he ſhould ſo far put off his filial affection, as to make it his work to diſpleaſe him: much leſſe can he take ſo ſtrong an advantage of his goodneſſe, as therefore to provoke him, becauſe he knowes that God loves him. Theſe men only tell us what they would do if they had Aſſurance; but truly they are not like to have it, till their hearts be chang'd, and then they'l be of another mind.

2. Love is a ſweeter and ſurer and ſtronger principle of obedience than fear. So that God did infatuate the counſel of that *Achitophel*, *Machiavel* I mean, when he ſtill'd that venom into the hearts of Princes, that they had better rule their Subjects with a Rod of iron, then with a Scepter of gold: that they had better enſlave them by fear, than engage them by love. The truth is, he had given them ſuch Rules, that he knew if they follow'd them, they could not poſſibly be lov'd; and therefore he would fain perſwade them, that tis better to be fear'd. And though this may ſeem to add ſome ſparklings to Majeſty, and to breighten the crown of Sovereignty; yet it leaves it far more tottering, more unfixt and unſettled upon their heads. There is ſuch a virulency mixt with fear, ſuch a tincture of hatred in it; both theſe affections are much of a colour, ſad and pale. And therefore that Tyrant was ſo wiſe yet as to expect hatred: *Oderunt dum metuant*, ſayes he, he knew whilſt they fear'd him, that they would hate him; and then there is a reluctancy and Averſation in fear: and thoſe workings upon the ſoul, that come onely from terrours, they ſhall prove abortive. And what though a body be pull'd and hal'd and ſcar'd into obedience? the ſoul is not conquer'd with all this. A ſlave does but watch an opportunity for ſhaking off the yoke. And then there is a depreſſing & diſenabling power in fear, it contracts and freezes up the motions of the ſoul, it clips the wings, it takes off the wheels,

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it unbends the bow. Trembling and paralitick motions are weak and languiſhing. Indeed fear tis nothing but *Præcox triſtitia*, a crude and indigeſted kind of ſorrow; and tis the ſowrer, becauſe it is not ripe. And therefore God himſelf that is a moſt abſolute Monarch, and has a boundleſſe and infinite ſupremacy over all things; yet has far more glory from them that love him, and only paſſive obedience from them that fear him. Indeed he never goes about to rule any by fear, but thoſe that have firſt trampl'd upon Love, and are no longer Subjects, but profeſt Rebels. Tis love that glews and faſtens the whole Creation together. Thoſe ſeeds of love which God himſelf (who is Love) has ſcatter'd amongſt beings; thoſe ſparks of love which God himſelf, (who is love,) has kindled amongſt Beings, and thoſe indeleble prints of love which God himſelf (who is love) has ſtampt upon Beings, maintain the whole fabrick of the world in its juſt beauty and proportion. The harmonious compoſure of Beings, the tuning of the ſeveral ſtrings, makes them ſound out his praiſe more melodiouſly. O how comely is it to ſee the ſweet context and coherence of Beings; the loving connexion and concatenation of cauſes: one being eſpouſ'd to another in faithfulneſſe and truth; the mutual claſpings and twinings, the *due benevolence* of entities. Behold, *how goodly a thing it is* and pleaſant to behold Beings, *like brethren to dwell together in unity*: It calls to mind thoſe precious drops of love, that fall from the head of the firſt Being, and fell down upon the skirts of inferiour entities. And is not there as much of this love to be ſeen in the new Creation, in the work of grace in the ſoul? Is not the foundation of the ſecond Temple laid in love? is not the top and pinacle of it ſet up by a hand of love? Are not the poliſhings and carvings of it, the works and expreſſions of love? the witty inventions of love? Is not the ſtructure maintain'd & repair'd at the conſtant expence of love? Is it not inhabited by a Prince of love? one more loving than *Solomon* is there; nay, what is the whole Goſpel elſe, but אשכל הכפר, *a cluſter of Redemption*, as ſome render it; what is it elſe but a bundle of love?

The Law that was an hammer to break hearts; I but the Goſpel that's a key to open hearts. And truly all the terrours of Mount *Sina*, the thunder claps and the lightning flaſhes, the earth-quakes and the ſmoakings of the Mountain, & the voice of the

the Trumpet, have not ſo much power and prevalency in them, as one ſtill drop that falls from Mount *Sion*. You are now come to the mount of Olives, a mount of peace and ſweetneſs, a Mount that drops fatneſſe, and in this Mount will Chriſt be ſeen. And he comes to reſtore all things to their primitive love: he reſtores the powers and faculties of the ſoul to their firſt & original concord, he knits his gifts and graces in the bond of love: he comes to reconcile Beings, to make Antipathies kiſſe each other. The Wolf and the Lamb muſt be at peace, the Leopard and the Kid muſt lie down together. The whole Goſpel like the midſt of *Solomon's* bed in the *Canticles*, רשף אהבה, tis *pav'd with Love*. Now ſure you can't queſtion whether this be the more prevailing way: For, O think but a while, what a potent oratory there is in love, what a welcome tyranny, what a ſilken bondage, what a downy and ſoft neceſſity. Glorious things are ſpoken of thee, thou Lady and Queen of Affections! thou art the firſt-born of the ſoul, and the beginning of its ſtrength. Who would not be captivated by ſo ſweet a Conquerour? Who would not be melted in ſo delicate a flame? What heart would not entertain ſo pleaſant an arrow? The *Pſalmiſt* was ſtruck through with one of thy darts, when he panted after the ſtreams of water. The Apoſtle *Paul* had another of thy arrows ſticking faſt in him, when he cryed out, *The love of Chriſt conſtrains me. Vulnus alit venis, & ſacro carpitur igne*. Believe it, the ſtrongeſt arguments are fetcht out of Loves topicks We need not uſe many perſwaſions to ſuch a ſoul, it has a fountain of Rhetorick within. There is a preſent expanſion and amplification of ſpirit for the welcoming of ſo happy an object. O how will ſuch a ſoul twine about a Precept, ſuck ſweetneſs out of a Command, catch at an opportunity, long for a Duty! How does it go like a Bee from flower to flower, from Duty to Duty, from Ordinance to Ordinance, and extract the very ſpirits and quinteſſence of all, ἀκρεμονα κορυφας, crop the very tops of all. There will be in ſuch a ſoul, the conſtant returnings and reboundings of love. 'Twill retort the beams of heaven, twill ſend back the ſtream of its affection in the Ocean. So that now as the ſoul is aſſur'd of the love of God; ſo God alſo has a moſt abſolute certainty that the ſoul will ἀντιφιλεῖν. And thus is compleated the ſweet and perfect circle of love. Now there cannot be a more ſtrong and a more

more mutual ſecurity, than that which is thus founded. And therefore nature chooſes to maintain her ſelf by theſe impreſſions. We ſee this plainly in filial & conjugal Relations, where the ſweeteſt and ſureſt obedience flowes from principles of love. And where is there more certainty than amongſt friends, where there is a borrowing and lending of ſouls, a mutual exchange & tranſmigration of Souls? Now you know all theſe Relations are clarifi'd and refin'd in grace; you are the friends of God; nay, you are the ſons of God, you are the ſpouſe of Chriſt. And the Apoſtle *John*, that ſpeaks ſo much of Aſſurance, and tells you that a Chriſtian can't ſin; conſider but a while, who he was. Why, he was the *beloved diſciple*, he that lay in the boſome of love, and breathed out nothing but pure love. I, and his Reaſon, tis founded in a Relation of love: *He cannot ſin, becauſe he is born of God.* He reſolves it into the σπέρμα αὐτοῦ, that ſame impreſsion of love that abides in him.

3 Conſult a while with your own experience and obſervation, and then tell us whether ever you knew any to walk more accurately with their God, than ſuch as were aſſur'd of his love. If you look up to Heaven, there you ſee glorious Angels, & glorifi'd Saints, that have not only a full aſſurance, but a full poſſeſſion of the love of their God, that are no longer taking a proſpect of *Canaan*, but are now feeding upon the fruits and cluſters of the Land of Promiſe; that have not onely ſome ſcatter'd and broken beams of glory, but a conſtant and an eternal Sun-ſhine. And O how do they ἀγαπᾶσθαι ἐν θεῷ πατρὶ, not ἐκ μέρους, onely, but εἰς τὸ αἰῶνα. They have not onely as we here below, ſome drops & ſprinklings of happineſs; but they are at the very Fountain, and have freſh bublings of joy, full ſtreamings out of ſweetneſs, and can ſwim in the Rivers of pleaſure. Surely theſe men will allow the Angels ſomewhat more, than only to conjecture that they are happy. What muſt glorified Saints ſtill diſpute about their *Summum bonum*, leſt they be too ſecure; and muſt Angels onely be of opinion, that they are in Heaven? muſt they onely gueſs at the face of God? What will they clip the wings of the Cherubims too? Where has God more chearful obedience than from theſe? How joyfully do theſe miniſtring Spirits run about their glorious Errands? How does he bid one, *Goe, and he goes; and another, Come, and he comes.* And that which ſets a fair gloſs upon happineſs

pineſs it ſelf is this, that they are out of all poſſibility of diſpleaſing their God. And ſo they are held forth as patterns of obedience; *Thy will be done in Earth, as 'tis in Heaven.*

Well, but then if they tell us there is more danger of frail men that dwell in houſes of Clay, and carry the body of death about with them.

1. We muſt bid them entertain honourable thoughts of the excellent ones of the Earth; for though it be true that they are not yet ἰσάγγελοι; yet *God has made them little lower than the Angels, and he has crown'd them with glory and honour.* They walk with little Coronets upon their heads; though the moſt maſſy and brighteſt crown be reſerv'd for a day of Inauguration. They now feed upon Angels food; God ſteeps them in his own nature, and in his own love, he gradually prepares them for Heaven. They are Inceptours in Happineſſe, they are Probationers for Glory.

2. What though there be ſome unworthy dealings with their God, yet theſe flow only from thoſe reliques of ſlaviſh principles that remain in them, ſome fragments of the old Leaven that was not throughly purged out. And not by virtue of a Goſpel-Plerophory. What does the knowing that they are ſons of light, does this diſpoſe them to works of darkneſs? Does the knowing that they are the Spouſe of Chriſt, does this beſpeak adulterous glances? Tis true, the Sons of God may provoke him, but muſt they therefore needs do it under this very notion, becauſe they know they are his ſons? nay, muſt they do it the more for this? This were the extreameſt malice that were imaginable, more malice then the Devils themſelves are capable of. What bold blaſphemy then is this againſt the ſons of God, and againſt the ſealing Spirit. I, and it involves a flat contradiction too, it puts an *eſſe* and a *non eſſe ſimul*; becauſe they know they are friends, therefore they'l deal like enemies; and becauſe they know they'r ſons, therefore they'l deal like ſlaves. O what fine repugnancies are theſe? Thus would they not onely veil and cloud, but alſo ſpot and deface ſo beautiful a Truth; but that it ſhines out with ſuch victorious, and trimphant beams. But if any can yet doubt, whether Aſſurance do advance obedience, let them but a while compare men aſſur'd of their ſalvation: (1.) With others in the ſtate of Grace that want Aſſurance, or with themſelves when once with-

without it: And then let them tell us, whether they don't differ as much as a bruiſed Reed, and a ſtately Cedar in *Lebanon*? The doubting Chriſtian does but ſmoak, when the aſſured Chriſtian flames. What faintings and ſhiverings, and paleneſſe in the one? what vigour and livelineſſe, what a ruddy complexion of ſoul in the other? How is the one left to the pleaſure of a wave, when as the other lies ſafe at Anchor. The one can ſcarce lift up his weak and trembling hands in prayer, when the other is wreſtling with Omnipotency. The one comes behind, and touches the hem of his Saviours garments, when as the other is in his very arms, and embraces. The one dares ſcarce touch a Promiſe, ſcarce caſt an eye upon a Promiſe, when as the other claims it, and graſps it, and appropriates it. The performances of the one are green, and crude, and unconcocted; the others are ripen'd, and mellow'd with a ſtronger Sun-beam of Love. The one like a Lute with his ſtrings looſe, and languiſhing; the other is tun'd up to its juſt height of affection. The one like a Bow bent, ſends forth his arrows very vigorouſly; the other does but drop them, and let them fall. How does Satan wound the one with many a fiery dart, that the other quenches! How does the one fear the roaring of the Lyon, which the other tramples under his feet! (2.) If you ſhould compare them with men in an unregenerate condition, O what a μέγα χάσμα, what a vaſt Gulf is there between them? Sure you don't queſtion, whether God has more ſervice from *Iſraelites*, that feed upon *hidden Manna*, or from *Ægyptians*, that feed upon Garlick and Onions? Men that are under the damning and domineering power of luſts, and are onely kept a little in awe, by ſome thundrings from Mount *Sinai*: Though they ſpend a few ſighs ſometimes, and drop a few tears ſometimes, yet when they are thus waſht, how ſoon do they return to their wallowing in the mire? The chaining of a Wolf, does that meeken and ſoften him? or the putting a hook into the *Leviathan*, does that transform him? Though wicked men by fears and terrours have their bounds ſet them, like the Sea, which they cannot paſſe; yet they are ſtill like the raging Sea, they ſwell, and foam, and caſt out their mire and dirt. And who more wicked than they that are deſperate? thoſe black and damned Potentates of Hell, becauſe they are out of all poſſibility of mercy; how do they act *ad extremum virium* in all expreſſions of malice and wickedneſs?

And therefore God out of his infinite goodneſſe, though he does uſually ſeal men up to life and happineſs, and lets them make their *Calling and Election ſure*; yet he does ſcarce ever, or very rarely ſo ſeal men up to ruine, ſo as to let them know certainly that they are Reprobates; for this would make them deſperate, there would be no living with them in the World. Or if he does ſhew them this, he does withall let them run into ſome act of violence, that preſently frees the world from them. That hope which wicked men have of being ſav'd, though it be groundleſs, yet it keeps them within their bounds & compaſſe. Though it be but like the Spiders web, yet the very ſpinning of that web, keeps them in the mean while from a full expreſſion of their venom. And that ſame ſhadow of obedience which God has from hypocrites, tis founded in ſome ſhadow of hope that they pleaſe themſelves in; & when this hope of their own framing vaniſhes and deceives them, then they backſlide and apoſtatize.

4. Are there not other judgments enough to waken them out of a ſinful ſecurity? are there not rods? are there not Scorpions? is there nothing but preſent diſinheriting? Sure you cannot but remember that famous place where God ſpeaks to *David*, and points at *Solomon*, Pſ. 89 32, 33. *If his children break my ſtatutes, &c.* God will make his own people know that tis a bitter thing to depart from him, and to forſake their firſt love: Nay, this is moſt certain, that wicked men themſelves are not capable of ſuch ſevere temporal judgments as the ſons of God are. That which is here done to the green Tree, cannot be done to the dry. For,

(1.) They may fall from Aſſurance. Though they can't loſe the ſeed and the root of grace, yet they may loſe the flouriſhing and fragrancy of it. Though the foundation of God remain ſure, yet they may fall from their top and eminency. Though they be built upon a Rock, yet they may be daſht with waves. Though the Seal of God be of an eternal efficacy, yet they may deface the print and ſculpture of it, ſo as that it may not be viſible to their eye. Now what a ſad alteration will this be? Thou muſt not look for any more ſtroakings, for any more ſmiles, for love-glances any more. Thou muſt bid thy fountains of joy farewell. Thou muſt not look to ſee thy Spouſe flouriſhing through the Lattices any more. Thou muſt expect clouds and ſhadows, and veils

veils and curtains, & walls of ſeparation. The fig-tree of *Canaan* ſhall not bloſſom, and there ſhall be no fruit in the vines, and the labour of the Olive ſhall fail. Thou muſt paſſe many a day without one Sun-beam: God will ſeal up his ſweeteſt influences, he will ſhut up the windows of heaven, and ſtop the bottles of Heaven; he will rain down no more *Manna* upon thee: Go to thy husks, and ſee if they'l feed thee, Nay,

(2.) They may not only fall from Aſſurance, but even in a total deſertion look upon God as an Enemy; and inſtead of a filial plerophory, may come to a fearful expectation of the fierceſt wrath of God. Now this I ſay is more judgment then wicked men are capable of here, in this reſpect, that they never had his love once revealed to them; whereas theſe are thrown down from the very pinacle of the Temple. And God does not onely eclipſe the luſtre of their former joy; but dips his pen in gall, and writes bitter things againſt them. He was wont to ſhoot nothing but the fiery darts of love; I, but now his envenom'd arrows ſtick faſt in them. They did once ſurfet of the grapes and cluſters of *Canaan*; but now he hedges them in with Bryars and Thorns. They were wont to taſt of a Cup of ſweetneſſe, a Cup of love, but he has now prepar'd for them a cup of trembling & aſtoniſhment. They had once a Spring-time, a budding, a bloſſoming-time, the dew of heaven dropt on them, the beams of heaven viſited them: but now comes a ſad and diſconſolate Autumn, a fading and withering time. Their gloſs and greenneſs is gone, Heaven reveals it ſelf in thunderings, and lightning flaſhes againſt them, ſo as they ſhall even envy green Bay-trees, then men of the World that are free from all this. Now is not this enough to keep a ſoul in awe? The *Pſalmiſt* was very near this which we ſpeak of; he often tells you, that his joy was put out, that his peace was gone, that he was even ground to powder, that he was baniſht from the face of his God; that he was excommunicated from that happy and heavenly intercourſe with God, which once he had. Theſe are frequent complaints; and yet he was one:

1. Of a pleaſant and chearful temper. The Scripture paints him out as one of a ſanguine complexion, the men of the world would have ſaid he had been melancholly elſe. He was one that was like a green Olive-tree in the houſe of his God, a moſt flouriſhing

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and fruitful Christian. As if he had been one of the Church triumphant, he was alwayes singing fresh *Hallelujahs*. He had a soft and delicate touch upon the Harp, he could still *Saul's* evill spirit with his Musick; I, but he could not thus tune and compose his own troubled and distemper'd spirit. He was fain now to hang his Harp upon the willows, and the voice of his Lute was turn'd into sighing. And if he does sing sometimes with a thorn at his breast, tis some penitential Psalm or other.

2. And yet all this while he was a King upon the Throne, he wanted not the Pomp and bravery of the world. I, but a Scepter won't conquer fears, and a Crown of gold will not cure an aking head, much lesse an aking heart. The smiles of the World they brought him to all this, and therefore he can't take much complacency in them. For when he does so often envy the men of the World, and is ready to stumble at the prosperity of the wicked; it was not so much for the outward things of the World which they enjoy'd, for those he had himself too in a plentiful measure, but it was for the quietnesse of their spirits, they were calm and serene, if compared with him, not in such fears and doubts as he now was; they had not such conflicts and Paroxyimes, and Tumultuations of Soul, as he now had. And yet he was one that once had the face of God shining out upon him: And therefore he desires him to *restore the joy of his salvation*: *Lucem redde, abes jam nimium diu; Instar veris enim vultus ubi tuus affulsit populo, gratior it dies, & soles melius nitent*, as he once spake to *Augustus*.

So that you see here are ways enough to keep men from a carnal security. And thus we have took off that bold calumny, so as we hope that. *Nihil adhærebit.*

Having laid open at large the Nature of Assurance, we now come to handle briefly the second Observation, and that is,

Observ. 2. **Christian Assurance requires and calls for Diligence:** Sure I need not tell you, that the most precious things are Cabinetted and lockt up under difficulties. If you look to Nature, you see how she reserves her Jewels in secret repositories; she sets them in her own bosome, and enhances their price by rarity. *There is*, indeed, *a vein for Silver*, as *Job* speaks; but Nature is not so profuse to open it, to let it run waste, and exhaust her self.

She

She hides her treasures, and puts them out of the reach of an ordinary Plunderer.

Or, if you look to Arts: There are indeed somethings which float at the top, ἴσασιν οἱ μεμυημένοι, those that are but initiated into them, are presently acquainted with them; hence some beginners, when they have but tasted these, think they have a presēt kind of Omniscience. O but stay a while, there are most mysterious things which lurk at the bottome, and require a profounder search; they must dive deep before they fetch up these pearls. Thus tis in languages, the choicest elegancies many times are coucht in Idioms, those *arcana linguarum*; you may see them like so many pearls glittering amongst the rubbish of the Tower of *Babel*. Thus tis in civil Affairs, some things are visible and obvious to a vulgar eye, the rude heap and mass of people can take notice of them; some wheels move so plainly, as that they can see them: I, but there are more secret springs of motion, more intimate contrivances, politick riddles, which they only can read, that are *à secretioribus*. Every design must not have a window in it; tis comely sometimes to see *Moses* with a Veil upon his face.

And thus tis in the wise Oeconomy and Dispensation of the Gospel. Tis true, the whole Gospel is pregnant with heavenly mysteries: Tis like that heavenly γαλαξία, the milky way, which the wise ones of the world take for a Meteor only, a brief φαινόμενον; I, but those that are enlightened from above, know that tis made up *ex flore lucis*, tis compounded of Stars less discernable; and even here *one Star differs from another in glory*. There are *Mysteria primæ magnitudinis*, such transcendent and dazling Mysteries, as that the Eagle must be fain to shut her eye, and the Seraphim must be glad to wink. And there are not onely intellectual, but practical depths in the way of Religion: & Christian Plerophory is one of these. For a soul to be fill'd with the breathings of the spirit, & to move with full Sail in the ocean of Gods love, and when it pleases to lie safe at Anchor; I, and to be sure of coming safe to the Haven; certainly the soul must needs cry out all the while, ὦ βάθος, *O the depth of the goodnesse, and love of God! how mysterious are his wayes, how are his mercies past finding out?*

(1.) Now for a Christian to arrive to so full a sense of God's love, *hic labor, hoc opus est:*

It

It requires diligence for,

1. There are but few that have any right and intereſt in the love of God in Chriſt at all.

2. Of thoſe few that have a ſhare and portion in his love, yet all of them have not Aſſurance of his love. There are but few that enter into the Temple; I, but there is only ſome *Aaron* that enters into the *ſanctum ſanctorum*, and caſts his Anchor within the Veil. And,

Firſt, There are but few upon whom God beſtoweth his love. 'Twas always a principle in Morality, that ſweet and intimate friendſhip cannot be extended to many; friends uſually go by pairs. Now God, though he be of vaſt and boundleſs love, and has love enough to ſatisfie a multitude of Worlds, yet he has choſe to concentricate it all in a few, pickt out of the world, that he might thus engage them the more to himſelf. His large and precious love is kept for his onely Spouſe.

Secondly, Of thoſe few whom he loves, ſome are not aſſur'd of his love. He lov'd them all from everlaſting, yet none of them could be then aſſur'd of his love. A non-entity cannot reach to a Plerophory. Well, but when they peept out of their firſt nothing, truly they were not any rare objects of love; much leſs could they then be aſſur'd of the love of their God; when they were in a ſtate of enmity, and oppoſition, and the children of wrath as well as others: Well, but when he put them into a ſtate of love, and made them lovely with that beauty & comelineſs, with thoſe jewels and bracelets which he had put upon them, when he lov'd them as his new creatures, as his veſſels of honour, that were now caſt into their juſt mold and faſhion: when he lov'd them as his new-born ſons; yet theſe babes in Chriſt could not preſently cry, *Abba Father*. They were his Epiſtle, written in a fair & goodly character, dated from eternity, folded up and kept ſecret, at length ſent into the world; the ſuperſcription was writ in time, in Vocation: Well, but all this while they were not ſeal'd, till the Spirit comes and ſtamps a clear impreſſion of Gods love upon their ſoftned & melted ſpirits. Tis true, they were ſeal'd as ſoon as they were written in Gods eternal Decree, but they were not viſibly ſeal'd till now. Now what pantings and breathings? what longings and entreaties? what preparations were there in the ſoul, before it could *obtein* this?

Secondly,

Secondly, it requires diligence to *keep* aſſurance. O take heed of waſting and crumbling away thy hidden Manna. God may break the ſtaff of bread, and what will thy weary ſoul do then? Take heed of loſing the White Stone, take heed of forgetting thy new name. O maintain the Oile of gladneſſe in the Cruſe. Thou that art a Vine of *Canaan* laden with generous fruit; wouldſt thou willingly part with thy ſweetneſſe, & fruitfulneſs? Thou that art a green Olive-tree, flouriſhing in the houſe of thy God; wouldſt thou be content to part with thy fatneſſe, and pleaſantneſſe? Thou wert wont to ſtay and anchor thy ſoul upon thy God; and wouldſt thou now be left to the courteſie of a wave? What? art thou in love with the Tents of *Kedar*? They are black indeed; And do'ſt thou think them comely too? Art thou weary of the Sunſhine? And wouldſt thou cool thy ſelf in the ſhade? Do'ſt thou begin to loath thy hidden Manna, and wouldſt thou return to the Garlick and Onions of *Egypt*? Art thou cloy'd with the cluſters of *Canaan*, & do'ſt thou nauſeate the Honey-comb? O remember, thou didſt not ſo ſoon obtain aſſurance, and wilt thou ſo ſoon loſe it?

Thirdly, give diligence to *recover* Aſſurance, if loſt: O when will the Winter be paſt? when will the rain be over and gone? that the flowers may appear, and the time of ſinging may come: That the Vines of *Canaan* may flouriſh again, that the tender Grapes may appear. *Awake O South-wind, and with thy gentle breathings, blow upon the Garden, that the Spices thereof may flow out!* Never leave till thou find'ſt thy Spouſe again, thou that art ſick of love: Tell him that thou long'ſt for a cluſter of *Canaan*, That thou art even famiſh'd for want of hidden Manna. Deſire a new edition of his love, with all the enlargements of affections. Lay thine heart before him, and deſire new ſtamps & impreſſions; tell him, that though thou haſt loſt the print, yet he has not loſt the Seal: Tell him, that thou wilt now prize his love more than thou ever didſt or couldſt do before. Give him no reſt, till he give thy ſoul reſt, and fill it with himſelf. Surely thou wouldſt not willingly ſet in a cloud: thou wouldſt not go out of the world with thine Evidences blotted and blurr'd: Surely thou wouldſt not willingly be toſt and daſht with waves in ſight of the Haven. Had'ſt thou not rather go to thy grave in peace? O deſire him to ſhine out upon thee a little before thou goeſt hence, and be no more ſeen.

(2) Now ſurely, we need not tell you, why Aſſurance does thus require diligence. For

1. You know the hearts deceitfulneſſe, how it loves to pleaſe it ſelf in a ſhadow, in a painted joy, to flatter it ſelf into a an imaginary happineſſe. Moſt men in the world are ſo confident of heaven, as if they had been born heir apparent to the Crown of glory: as if this new name had been given them at their baptiſm, or as if they had been born with hidden Manna in their mouths. They never knew what a queſtion or a ſcruple was, nay they wonder that others trouble themſelves with them; as for them they have a connate kind of Plerophory. Theſe *fabri fortunæ ſuæ*, have a key to heaven of their own making, and can go to it when they pleaſe. Theſe crown themſelves with their own ſparks, and think them more glittering and precious then the White Stone. As if they were *Cuſtodes ſigilli*, they can ſeal themſelves to the day of redemption when they pleaſe. Thus do vain men cheat their own ſouls: when as twere the wiſer way, rather to commune with their own ſpirits, to criticize upon their own hearts, to ſee what a falſe print they are of, what falſe gloſſes there be, what *variæ lectiones?* what corruptions and degenerations from the original? whether there be any ſpiritual Idioms? what are the genuine works of the Spirit? what are ſpurious and ſuppoſititious?

2. Give diligence, becauſe thou haſt a diligent enemy that would ſo fain quench thy joy, and keep it from flaming into Aſſurance. He envied the grain of Muſtard-ſeed, when 'twas firſt ſown: how then does it vex him to ſee it now ſpread into ſuch goodly branches, that the ſoul can build its neſt there? He envied thee the firſt bluſhes of the day, the buddings of the Roſie morning, that thoſe fair and Virgin eye-lids ſhould open and glance their light upon thee: how then is he ſcorch'd with thy fuller Sun-ſhine? How do his eyes water at thy noon-day brightneſſe? He that would have broke thee when thou wert a bruiſed Reed, how hould he triumph in thy fall, now thou art a ſtately Cedar; If he could, he would have diſpirited and took off the vigour of that immortal ſeed, by which thou wert born again; He would fain have ſpit his venome into that ſincere milk, which fed thy infant-ſoul; how then does he envy thee thoſe flagons of wine, with which thou art now quickened and enflam'd? He would fain

fain have hindred the foundation of the ſecond Temple, and now he would fain demoliſh the ſtructure, and down with it even to the ground.

That ſon of the morning fell himſelf not onely from a compleat Aſſurance, but from a poſſeſſion of glory, and that into the moſt extream darkneſs that was imaginable, into a total impoſſibility of ever being happy; and now he would very fain (as much as he can) envolve others in the ſame condition: But certainly it does adde much of hell to him, in that he perceives that the ſons of God are now fixt in an immutable condition; whereas he was left in ſo voluble a ſtate, ſo that now all that he can poſſibly do is this, to damp their joy for the preſent, to raiſe clouds, & ſtorms, and tempeſts; And in this that prince of the air does his endeavour to the utmoſt. And yet Chriſtians may fruſtrate him here too, and by a ſtrong and claſping hand of faith, may lay ſuch faſt hold of a God in Chriſt, as that they may even make the Devil give over: and to all his former, may adde this new deſpair of ever eclipſing their glory: and may ſend him away as weary as he would be, if he ſhould go about to interrupt the joy of a glorify'd Saint, or of one of thoſe Angels that ſtill dwell in glory. So that the more frequent his Alarms are, the more ſhould Chriſtians ſtand upon their watch, the more ſhould they fortify themſelves, and look to their ſpiritual Panoply, they ſhould flie to the name of the Lord, which is a ſtrong Tower.

3. Give diligence, becauſe tis in a matter of ſo great conſequence: and to be deceived here will prove the moſt ſtinging aggravation of miſery that can be. The houſe that was built upon the ſand, great was the fall of it. There is a counterfeit Plerophory, a blazing kind of Aſſurance, a bragging kind of confidence, you know the name of it, 'tis called Preſumption, that great devourer of ſouls, that uſes to ſlay its ten thouſands; 'Tis ſo far from being an Anchor, as that tis but a ſwelling and impoſtumatd wave, which toſſes up the ſoul a while, that it may ſink the deeper. And can there be a greater Emphaſis of miſery than this? Thou took'ſt it for granted, that thou wert in the ready way to heaven, and now thou art dropping into hell irrecoverably: thou expected'ſt no leſſe than a Crown of Glory, but canſt find nothing but chains of darkneſs, and a gnawing worm. How golden was thy dream of happineſſe? did'ſt thou

not fancy the light and beams of heaven ripening the fruits of *Canaan* for thee? did'ſt not thou think thy ſelf upon the top of Mount *Piſgah*, refreſht with ſoft and delicate breathings, taking a full proſpect of the beautiful land of Promiſe? Nay, did ſt not thou think that ſome of the milk and honey of the land flow'd into thy mouth? That thou wert plucking off green Apples from the Trees? Nay, that thou had'ſt the very taſtes and reliſhes of the Olives, and Figs, and Pome-granets, and Grapes in thy mouth? But behold, thou walk'ſt, and art in a Wilderneſſe, amongſt briers and thorns, amongſt fiery Serpents, in a dry and thirſty land, where no ſweetneſſe is! Thou took'ſt that for the whiſpering of the Spirit, which was but the hiſſing of the Serpent. Thou thought'ſt thy ſelf in the very Suburbs of the new *Jeruſalem*, in the Temple, in the *ſanctum ſanctorum*, when as thou wert all this while but in *Egypt*, in a *Babylon*, in a Priſon, in a Dungeon. Thou didſt exalt thy ſelf like the Eagle, and build thy neſt in the ſtars: but with what indignation wert thou ſwept from thence? *How thou art fallen, O Lucifer, ſon of the morning!*

(3.) Conſider what kind of diligence is required. And

1. Be diligent in *ſelf-reflection*. A clean heart chews the cud, and ruminates upon its own actions: Give thy heart frequent viſits, and ſee whether it keeps that print which the ſealing ſpirit ſtampt upon it: read over thine Evidences; if there be the leaſt blot waſh it out. Try thy graces by a Scripture-ſun-beam. Haſt thou within a continual feaſt? Why then doſt not thou invite thy thoughts thither, that they may be ſatisfied as with marrow and fatneſs? Why doſt not thou compel them to come in? Let them drink ſweetneſs out of their own fountain, let them bleſs the womb that bare them, and the breaſts that gave them ſuck.

Let them be afraid of entring into their hearts, that have no quietneſſe within, unleſs like the *Leviathan* they can ſport themſelves in a raging ſea, that foams out mire and dirt. But thou canſt ſteep and bath thy thoughts in a calm and compoſed ſpirit. Why doſt not thou liſten to thy own Muſick? Why doſt not thou glance upon thy own beauty? Aſſurance conſiſts in a reflex act, and by ſuch workings tis maintain'd, *iiſdem alitur, quibus gignitur.*

2. Be diligent in *Prayer*. Believe it, aſſurance does not come with

with thoſe weak wiſhes and velleities, that are ſo frequent in the mouths of many, O that we were ſure of heaven, of happineſs! O that our ſouls were well provided for! O that we knew what ſhould become of them to eternity! Truly theſe are but gaping and yawning deſires, as if hidden Manna would drop into their mouths. This great bleſſing requires a wreſtling prayer. The White Stone is given to none but a Conquerour. The Spirit won't ſet his Seal to a faint and languiſhing velleity. An Eccho wont anſwer a whiſperer; a weak voice is not worth a rebound.

The truth is, there is a great deal of Vicinity and friendſhip, nay I think I might ſay Conſanguinity, between Aſſurance and Prayer. Prayer ſhould be *Plerophoria quædam explicata.* Aſſurance does mightily enliven and animate Prayer, and Prayer does ἀνανεάζειν, cheriſh and maintain Aſſurance.

Go then unto thy God, and be importunate with him: beg a ſmile, a glance, a beam of his face: deſire him to take all worldly things again, unleſs he will ſweeten them with his love. Tell him, thou canſt no longer feed upon huſks, and deſire him to give thee ſomewhat that's fit for a Soul to live on.

3 Be diligent and frequent in *communion* with thy God. Converſing with God puts a luſtre and radiancy upon the Soule; deſcending to the creature, puts a Veile upon that former brightneſs; ſweet and familiar entercourſe with thy God, puts thee into the number of his friends; and friendſhip brings Aſſurance and Confidence along with it.

Would God (doſt thou think) admit thee into his moſt ſhining and beautiful preſence? would he thus diſplay himſelf to thee, and make known his moſt ſecret treaſures of goodneſſe and ſweetneſſe unto thy ſoul, unleſſe he lov'd thee? would thy Saviour thus ſmile upon thee? would he thus unboſome and unbowel himſelf to thee? would he thus flouriſh in at the Lattices, unleſſe he were thy Spouſe? would he thus kiſſe thee with the kiſſes of his mouth? would he tell thee ſo much of his mind, unleſſe his heart were with thee? would he accept of thy prayers and thy performances, thy ſpiritual ſacrifices, if he meant to deſtroy thee? didſt thou ever know him deal thus deceitfully with any? would he give thy ſoul ſuch frequent viſits, ſuch gentle breathings? would he ſo often whiſper to thee, that

which

which the world muſt not hear, if thou wert an enemy as well as they? canſt thou think thy ſelf in darkneſs, when the Sun looks upon thee? Canſt thou doubt of quenching thy thirſt, when the fountain bubbles out, and flows upon thee? Canſt thou doubt of liberty in the year of *Jubilee?* what is the Dove in the Ark, and yet can it find no reſt to the ſoul of her feet? Canſt thou queſtion thy ſafety under the wings of Chriſt? No, whatever it was that put out thy joy, it did firſt eſtrange & alienate thee from thy God. And couldſt thou but recover thy former neerneſs to him, thou need'ſt not doubt of the ſame affectionate expreſſions from him. Communion with God, tis that which gives an heavenly and eternal Plerophory; tis that which maintains the aſſurance of glorious Angels, and glorify'd Saints. And that which takes away all hope from the damn'd, is this, that they are perpetually baniſht, irrecoverably excommunicated from the face of their God: *Depart from me, I know you not:* there is more in that than in fire and brimſtone. But God has ſaid unto thee, *Seek my face*, and let thy ſoul eccho out its reſolution, *Thy face, Lord, will I ſeek:* for all certainty flows from God, from that fixt and unſhaken Entity, from that Original immutability that is in him. And when God ſets his ſeal unto thee, he prints ſomewhat of this upon thee: And therefore the more God gives of himſelf to thee, the more Aſſurance he gives thee.

Go then to the place where his honour dwells, go to the place where his glory ſhines. You know that the Apoſtle *Thomas*, when he was abſent from the Apoſtles meeting, he fell into a ſtrange diſtruſt of that which the others were very well aſſur'd of. Go then to thoſe Ordinances, that drop golden Oile upon the ſoul, and make its countenance to ſhine. Hide thy ſelf in thoſe clefts of the Rock, that God may make his goodneſſe paſſe before thee. God will there beam out upon thy ſoul, he will warm it with his love, and will then ſeal it to the day of redemption.

Chriſtian Aſſurance deſerves diligence.

Obſerv. 3. 'Tis a miſerable thing to toile for vanity and emptineſſe; to ſow the wind, and to reap the whirlewinde. But to take pains for happineſſe, who would not be willing to this? An Iſraelite that

that would be loth to ſpend his time in gathering ſtubble, would willingly ſpend it in gathering Grapes. A wiſe Virgin will cheerfully put in ſo much Oile, as will make the Lamp to ſhine. The ſoul will never be weary of gathering hidden Manna. Aſſurance is a very ſatisfactory thing; men take a preſent and compleat acquieſcence in it.

1. Conſider it in temporals, what won't wordlings do to ſecure their lands, and goods, and eſtates? How do they ſeek for Bonds, and Seals, and Oaths, and Sureties; and yet think all this too little? They have ſet up an Enſurers office; and will ſcarce venture a Ship at ſea, unleſſe it can have an unqueſtionable Pleropbory; unleſſe one will ſecure it from wars, and another from rocks, and a third from winds and tempeſts. And this is one of thoſe ſtings and vexations which God has put into temporals, that they are uncertain. Many a worldling has pin'd away under this very notion, that his riches had wings, and could fly away when they liſt. And this was the reaſon, why the Epicures were all for enjoying the preſent moment; becauſe that was all they were certain of; and therefore they would have devour'd and ſoopt up the quinteſſence of all happineſſe in a τὸ νῦν if they could. Thus *Anacreon* ſings τὸ σήμερον μέλει μοι, τὸ δ' αὔριον τίς οἶδε. And this was that which made the Heathen ſo angry with Fortune, a Goddeſſe of their own framing, becauſe ſhe put them alwayes upon blind uncertainties. This made the Stoicks to run into the other extreme, to fix themſelves in an unevitable certainty, in a ſullen neceſſity, to anchor upon fate, rather than to be left to a wavering contingency.

2. Aſſurance in Intellectuals is very ſatisfactory. There's nothing that tortures the ſoul more then ſcruples and difficulties, it makes it to dwell like a Lily amongſt Thorns.

The Scepticks were a perpetual wrack to themſelves. Objections fly like duſt into the ſouls eye, and ſometimes tis fain to weep them out. How does it vex the Naturaliſt that his head is ſo non-pluſt, as that he muſt fly to the refuge of an occult quality? How impatient was *Ariſtotle*, what boylings, and toſſings in his breaſt more than in *Euripus*, becauſe he could not give a full account of the ebbing and flowing of that River? He threw himſelf into it, as if he thought to find more reſt there then in his own ſpirit, diſcompoſed only with this uncertainty. Every queſtion

ſtion checks the underſtanding, and makes it remove a little from certainty, as the learned *Verulam* obſerves. Every queſtion is ſome grace to errour, and ſome repulſe to truth.

But how ſweetly does the mind reliſh thoſe firſt and common notions, that carry a native light, and convincing evidence and certainty in them, and won't give the ſoul leave to doubt? and how does it bathe it ſelf in thoſe cryſtalline ſtreamings out, thoſe pure derivations of ſecondary notions, that freely bubble out from theſe fountain principles, which for their certainty ſometimes are honoured with the name of *axioms*? And ſome give this rule for a tryal and touchſtone of notions: Whatſoever Propoſition the mind does fully cloſe with, that is unqueſtionably true, becauſe the mind can't reſt ſatisfied but with certainty. And that which it gives but an hovering & imperfect aſſent to, is but probably true. Now though ſometimes a falſity may come under the fair diſguiſe of an apparent certainty, yet this is alſo ſure, that the mind cannot ſo fully and ſweetly acquieſce in an apparent certainty, as in a real certainty. As neither can the Will ſo fully cloſe with an apparent good, as with a real good; for in realities there is a ſure entity at the bottom, which is a juſt foundation for appearance, whereas the other is a meer colour, a ſurface, a ſhadow. And the more perfect any intellectual being is, the more of certainty it has.

Our knowledge therefore here is but cloudy and enigmatical, ſhadowy, and in a glaſſe. The nearer to God any being is, the more it has of certainty. And therefore the Angels and Spirits that ſee God face to face, are ſatisfied with his image. Truth then plucks off her veile, puls off her maſk, that the ſoul may ſalute her. And this is the great prerogative of that infinite and ſupream Being, God himſelf, that he has an independent and eternal certainty, and beholds all beings & motions of beings paſt, preſent, and to come, without the leaſt ſhadow of variation. And thoſe things which poſe created beings, are more plain and obvious to his eye, than firſt principles are to ours. The very intimate forms of beings are naked and anatomiz'd before him. He looks down upon the ſons of men, and ſees them rolling and fluctuating, toſt and tumbl'd up and down in uncertainties, ſometimes even queſtioning him in his wayes and his dealings, while as he reſts in a full and abſolute Omniſcience. And this is his great goodneſſe,

that

that he allows us certainty in thoſe things that concern our welfare and happineſſe.

3. In ſpirituals and eternals, Aſſurance is very ſatisfactory. Religion ſhould be above ſyllogiſms & diſputings. Spiritual notions ſhould have the ſeal of God in their foreheads; they are not to be ſtruck like ſparks out of a flint, but are to ſpring like light from the Sun; they are to flow like ſtreams from the Ocean; & Principles of Religion muſt be built upon a Rock, upon the moſt ſure & unqueſtionable grounds that can be. Men that build for eternity, had need to lay the foundation ſure, and they muſt build gold and precious ſtones upon the foundation, that which has a ſolidity, and a firm certainty in it. And if this were obſerv'd,

1. You would have no ſuch jars and diviſions in the Church: you would not be ſo much troubled with the noiſe of Axes and Hammers; impoſing things queſtionable as certain, is agreeable to that ſpirit, which allows no other Aſſurance but this, That their Church is the true Church.

2. The mixing and blending of Religion with uncertainties, is that which does emaſculate, and diſpirit, and endanger it; tis a daſhing the wine with water; tis an adulterating the gold with droſs, ſo as it wont endure the fiery trial.

3. The taking up Religion upon uncertain grounds, does put men upon an odious luke-warmneſs and neutrality; for men can't be zealous for a thing they doubt of: it puts them upon variableneſs and unconſtancy, upon the very brim of Apoſtaſie; and (it may be) plunges them into it. Nay, it ſtrongly tends to Atheiſm; ſome do ſo long queſtion which is the true Religion, as that at length they reſolve to have none at all.

4. The leaving the ſucceſs of Religion uncertain, does damp and cool the ſpirits of men. The learned Moraliſts amongſt the Heathen, could never content themſelves with a fair probability onely of *ſummum bonum*, but did ſpin it out to an imaginary certainty. The Stoicks would have a Domeſtick plerophory, they muſt be unavoidably happy: A meer certainty won't ſuffice them, it muſt be condens'd into a neceſſity. A wiſe man with them muſt irreverſibly ſeal up himſelf to happineſs: And ſo though he were in *Phalaris* his bull, he muſt glory and triumph, and ſing Hallelujahs: But the fairer Moraliſts were willing to depend more upon the bounty of Heaven, which yet they look'd

upon as a ſure and unqueſtionable thing; nay they pleaſ'd themſelves not onely in a Plerophory, but in a preſent poſſeſſion; for you know vertue with them, was *præcox beatitudo*, as grace with us is glory not fully ripe; and ſerenity of natural conſcience was their hidden Manna, their *white ſtone*. Thus were they fain to ſtill their ſouls in ſome ſhadows and appearances of certainty This ſweetned *Socrates* his Cicute, and made him a chearful Martyr for Philoſophy.

And all wicked men that go on merrily and ſecurely in their wayes, do frame ſome imaginary certainty to themſelves; which (it may be) they found upon ſure principles, but falſly apply'd; as this, That *God is merciful*; or the like.

All this I bring, to ſhew that the ſoul does catch at Certainty & Aſſurance, and will reſt ſatisfi'd with nothing elſe. For, for men to apprehend themſelves uncertain of happineſs, what is it elſe but to be for the preſent miſerable? Nay, would not ſome (do you think) chooſe rather to be certain of a tolerable miſery, than to be in continual ſuſpence of happineſſe? And truly ſuch men as have no Aſſurance of obtaining this great end of their being, they are of all creatures moſt miſerable.

The Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have neſts, and ſhall not the ſons of men have where to lay their heads? Every being loves certainty: How do Naturals combine together, and unite their forces, that they may ſecure themſelves by an happy aſſociation? Nature will have a Plerophory, won't admit of a *vacuum*, the leaſt ſchiſm and rupture would prove fatal, and put it upon uncertainties. Sir *Francis Bacon* ſpies this in thoſe fallings down of water, that threed and ſpin themſelves into ſuch ſlender ſtillicids, that thus they may preſerve their continuity, and when they can reach no longer ſo, then they fall in as plump & round a figure as they can.

And if every Being loves Aſſurance, then ſurely ſuch a Noble Being as the ſoul of man, cannot be ſatiated with a changeable good; it can't fix it ſelf upon a moveable centre. Immortality is near a kin to immutability. Beſides, if it were onely this, that the ſoul did doubt of happineſs, it were a lighter burden; but there is neceſſarily conjoyn'd with this, a fear of extreameſt miſery. Now for a ſoul to be perpetually hovering betwixt Heaven and Hell; nay, to have far more ground to fear the one, than to hope

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for the other, and ſo to tremble at the very thoughts of Eternity; Is not this a piece of the gnawing worm? and muſt the ſoul live in this perpetual ſlavery? is there no redemption from it? Did not Chriſt come to take away this ſting among the reſt? Did not he come to draw thee to himſelf, to quiet thee in his boſome? Return thee to thy reſt, O my Soul! Return to thine Ark, O my Dove! and look upon this Goſpel-plerophory, as one of thoſe great priviledges that were purchaſ'd for thee by a Saviour. For,

1. By this, thy Soul, thy darling, tis fully provided for, for Eternity; thy lot is fallen to thee in a fair ground, and thou haſt a goodly Heritage; Could thy ſoul open its mouth any wider? Could thy ſoul deſire any more than this, to be ſure of being for ever compleatly happy? What would the damn'd in Hell give for a poſſibility of Happineſſe? What would ſome wounded ſpirits give for good hopes and probabilities? when as thou in the mean time haſt an overflowing Plerophory? What would the other give for a drop to cool their tongue? What would the other give for a pure ſtream to waſh their bleeding ſouls? When as thou all the while art bathing in the Fountain, art ſailing in the Ocean, art ſwimming in the rivers of pleaſure. Thine underſtanding may well reſt ſatisfi'd, for tis ſure to fix its eye upon an eternal beauty; upon the face of its God. Thy will may reſt it ſelf in the embraces of its deareſt object; for 'tis eſpouſed to the faireſt good, and is ſure to enjoy it with an indiſſoluble union. Thy purer and more refined affections, may ſport themſelves in the Sun-beams of heaven; there may thy love warm and melt it ſelf, and there may thy joy dance and exult. All that thou haſt to do here below, is this; thy Virgin-ſoul that is here aſſur'd and contracted, muſt wait a while for the Nuptials, for a full fruition of its God, for a full conſummation of its Joy.

2. This muſt needs ſweeten all preſent Conditions to thee: Eat then thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart; for God accepts thy perſon, and ſmells a ſweet odour in thy ſacrifice. Are there any pearls in the Goſpel? thou may'ſt lay claim to them. Is there any balm in *Gilead*? thou haſt a ſhare in it. Are there any Goſpel-priviledges? thou knowſt they are thine, and are intended for thee. Does God beſtow tempo-

rals upon thee? thou know'ſt that he firſt dips them in love and ſweetneſſe: Mount *Gerizim* is thy portion; and how art thou above waves? when as ſome are ſhip-wrack'd, others are toſſ'd and diſquieted; thou haſt an happy protection in all thy wayes.

1. Thou art ſecure againſt the Frowns of the World, for Heaven ſmiles upon thee. Thou mayſt laugh at the falſe judging and eſteems of men; it may be the World brands, I, but the Spirit ſeals; it may be the ſeed of the Serpent hiſſes, I, but the Holy Ghoſt breaths. What, though thou beeſt forty years in a Wilderneſs? Nay, what though thou beeſt ſeaventy years in *Babylon?* Wont *Canaan*, and wont the new *Jeruſalem* make amends for all?

2. Thou art ſecure in times of judgment: as *Job* ſpeaks of the *Leviathan*, the ſword of him that layes at him cannot hold, the Spear, the Dart, nor the Habergeon. The Arrow cannot make him flee, Darts are counted as ſtubble; he laughs at the ſhaking of the Spear. Who is like him upon the Earth, one that is made without fear? When God thunders upon the men of the world, he ſpeaks but in a ſtill voice to thee; he darts lightning flaſhes in their faces, but he *lifts up the light of his countenance upon thee.* Judgments are intended for the ſweeping away of Spiders webs, not for the ſweeping away of Gods own jewels. Or if they be envolv'd in a common calamity, yet how is it roll'd up in ſweetneſs to them? when as the other can taſt nothing but gall and worm-wood. Their body may be toſs'd a little in the world, but their ſoul lies ſafe at Anchor.

3. In the hour of Death. Thou know'ſt that providence then means only to break the ſhell, that it may have the kernel: Let them tremble at the knockings and approaches of death, that know not what ſhall become of their precious ſouls: Men who through the fear of death have been all their life time ſubject unto bondage? But thou mayſt ſafely trample upon the Adder, and play in the Cockatrices den. The Martyrs (you know) did thus, when they embrac'd the flames, and complemented with Lyons, and devour'd torment, and came to them with an appetite. Aſſurance of the love of God in Chriſt, this, and nothing but this pulls out the ſting of death. Tis true, that death has loſt its ſting in reſpect of all that are in Chriſt; but yet ſuch as know

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not that they are in Chriſt, fear death ſtill as if it had a ſting: only an aſſured Chriſtian triumphs over it, *O Death where is thy ſting?*

4. Aſſurance fills the ſoul with praiſe & thankfulneſs. The real preſence of a mercy is not enough, but there muſt be the appearance of a mercy, and the ſenſe of it, before it fill thy heart with joy, and thy mouth with praiſe. A doubting Chriſtian is like a Bird intangled, and in a ſnare; the ſoul has not its comfort, nor God has not his praiſe: But an aſſur'd Chriſtian is like a Bird at liberty, that flies aloft, and ſings moſt chearfully; it begins thoſe *Hallelujahs* in time, that muſt laſt for ever; it breaks out into the *Pſalmiſts* language, *Bleſſe the Lord, O my ſoul, and all that is within me, bleſs his holy Name.*

The fourth and laſt obſervation which we propounded out of the Text, was, **That the way to make our Election ſure, is firſt to make our Calling ſure:** And this is ſufficiently warranted from the juſt order and method of this Apoſtolical Exhortation, *Make your Calling and Election ſure*: firſt, your Calling, then your Election, and by your Calling, your Election: *Methodus Analytica* beſt becoming creatures. *Obſerv.*

Many have handled this point at large; I ſhall do it very briefly, and I ſhall give you all that I intend to ſpeak to it in theſe ſix particulars.

I. Election in it ſelf is ſecret and myſterious. For (1.) it is from Eternity, and ſo there was none could know it but God alone; none could know Election, but he that made an Election. A Being that is ſpan'd by time, cannot reach to what was done from everlaſting: You cannot imagine that Non-entity ſhould liſten and hear what was whiſper'd in the ſacred Councel of Heaven. Thou goeſt only by the Clock of time; but thoſe decrees were written with an eternal Sun-beam; thou turn'ſt up thy hour-glaſs of time, but theſe were meaſured by an infinite duration. Was it poſſible that *Eſau*, not born, ſhould ſee God frowning on him; or that *Jacob* ſhould perceive a ſmile? Thou art as far from meriting Election, as a non-entity; and thou art as far from knowing it as a Non-entity. (2.) God has a mind to keep it ſecret, and therefore he has ſet a ſeal upon it; not onely a ſeal of certainty, but a ſeal of ſecrecy. You know creatures

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themſelves have their Cloſet-determinations; men have their thoughts under lock and key; they have not windows into one anothers breaſts, much leſſe into the breaſt of a Deity, Thou canſt not fathom ſometimes a ſhallow Creature, and doſt thou think to reach to the bottom of infinite depths? Has God given thee ſecret ſprings of working, has he made the wheels and motions of thy ſoul ſecret, and undiſcernable, and may he not have the ſame priviledge himſelf? So then, if God has put a veil upon Election, doſt thou think to ſee into it? When he has ſhut and claſpt the book of Life, doſt thou think to open it, and read it?

II. Vocation comments upon Election. God's decrees, that were ſet from everlaſting, do bud and bloſſom, and bring forth fruit in time. Election buds in a promiſe, and bloſſoms in an offer of grace. The book was written before the foundations of the World were laid; but it was not publiſht till God himſelf gave it an *Imprimatur*. The Letter was dated from Eternity, the Superſcription was writ in time, in Vocation. Now you know though the Letter be writ firſt, yet the Superſcription is read firſt by him that receives the Letter. 'Twas decreed from Eternity that Decrees ſhould be known in time. And the πλήρωμα χρόνου, is χρόνος πνεύματος, the fulneſſe of time, is the time when God's Decrees are fulfilled. When the Decrees of God are ripe, then he lets the ſoul taſte them, and then they are ſweeteſt. Then thou perceiveſt that thou art a veſſel of Honour, when God puts thee upon an honourable employment. That fountain of love which ran under-ground from everlaſting, bubbles up and flows to thee in time. That λόγος ἐνδιάθετος that was in Election, becomes λόγος προφορικὸς in Vocation. Thus thoughts of men, when they would appear, they put on words, they take wings to themſelves, and flie away.

III. There is a ſtrict and inſeparable connexion betwixt Election and Vocation: For who is there that can blaſt the Decrees of Heaven, or who can reverſe the ſeal of the Almighty? who can break one link of this golden Chain? To be ſure, tis not in the power of created Beings to evacuate and annihilate the Counſels of God. A Creature, as it had no influence upon Election, ſo neither has it any power to alter it. A ſhadow does not alter the Sun, but rather ſhews you what time of the day it is.

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And then to be ſure God himſelf will not reverſe his own Seal. *Nulla eſt litura in decretis ſapientum*, ſay the Stoicks; A wiſe man will ſcorn to blot out any thing. *Nulla ſunt litura in libro vitæ.* God is ſo full of light, as that there is no ſhadow of change in him: Therefore has God pickt thee out as a Jewel, and laid thee up in a ſecret repoſitory, in the Cabinet of his ſecret Councel! He will then bring thee out, and ſhew thee in time; he means to poliſh thee, and put a luſtre upon thee; he means to ſet thee as a Diamond in his ring, and to put thee upon the hand of a Saviour. Did God from all eternity reſolve to ſet thee as a Captive ſoul at liberty? Truly then thou needeſt not doubt, but that he will in time break open the priſon-doors, and beat off thy Chains and thy Fetters, and give thee full enlargement. God has been preparing a Feaſt for thee from everlaſting, a feaſt of ſweet & fat things, a Refined, an Evangelical feaſt: To be ſure then he will invite thee in time, he will ſtand at thy door and knock, nay, he will compell thee to come into it. God glanced an eye of love upon thee, when thou lay'ſt hid in the barren womb of nothing; to be ſure then in time he means to wooe thee, and to win thee, and to eſpouſe thee to himſelf in faithfulneſſe, and in truth.

IV. Election and Vocation, though in reſpect of us they have gradual & climbing accompliſhments, yet in reſpect of God they are equally preſent: for there is no ſucceſſion in Eternity. There can be no *prius & poſterius*, where there was no beginning. Tis true, that our finite Beings, as they cannot ſufficiently graſp an infinite eſſence, ſo neither can they meaſure an infinite Duration. And therefore our underſtandings put many times ſeveral *periods* there, where there ought not to be the leaſt *comma*, becauſe we ſpan out things by our own narrow Duration.

For Duration is nothing elſe but *permanentia in eſſe*, a continuation and abiding in Being, the ſpinning out of Entity: And therefore as the ſoul cannot ſee the face of God, ſo neither can it ſee the vaſtneſs of his Duration, which is adæquate and commenſurate to the degree of his Entity. So that we being but of yeſterday, are not competent judges of Eternity. And as the ſoul impriſon'd in a body, can but darkly conceive of ſpiritual Beings, and cannot behold the luſtre and oriency of an Angel; nay, it cannot behold its own beauty much leſſe is it able to behold the

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glory of God himſelf; ſo being here converſant with tranſient things that have their *ortum & occaſum*, their *Fluxum & Reflux-um*, their Spring & Autumn, their Bounds and their bottom, and dwelling among temporals; tis not ſo well acquainted with the vaſt duration of Eternity; and yet it can far better behold the back-parts of Eternity, then the face of it; Eternity *à parte poſt*, than Eternity *à parte antè*; becauſe the ſoul it ſelf is meaſured by that Duration; whereas onely that one ſupreme Being, God himſelf has the compleatneſſe and perfection of Eternity. No wonder then that our underſtandings put ſeveral *periods* there, where there ought not to be the leaſt *comma*, becauſe we ſpan out things by our own Duration; that which bubbles from Eternity, comes flowing to us in time. But Vocation is as eternal as Election: In reſpect of God, *Jacob* was as ſoon call'd, as he was choſen; and that not only in reſpect of the ſecret counſel and decree of God; but whenſoever God does actually call *Jacob*, he calls him *ab Æterno*; for Eternity is not at all ſpent and exhauſted by continuance, but is always *in vigore viridi*. Tis a flouriſhing Duration that never withers, nor decayes. Indeed Vocation is nothing elſe but Election pulling off her veil and ſmiling upon the ſoul, and telling her that God loves her, and manifeſts and diſplayes his love to her.

V. It is altogether irregular and anamolous for the ſoul. 1. To pry into Election: Tis dangerous to tread on the higheſt round firſt, and here it is impoſſible. Thus the ſoul forgets that it is a Creature, it forgets its own Duration, and would be meaſuring it ſelf by Eternity. The windows of the ſoul muſt be ſet open for the entertaining ſuch light as does more immediately flow in upon it, and the underſtanding muſt cloſe and comply with ſuch objects as are beſt proportion'd to it. Now you know that thoſe things which are firſt intelligible in their own Nature, yet are not alwayes firſt preſented to the view and eye of the ſoul: For whatſoever is firſt in being, may firſt be known; Entity being the root and juſt foundation of intelligibility; and yet ſometimes ſecondary and junior. Entity is fain to prepare the way, like a *John Baptiſt*, for one that comes after it, and yet was in worth and being before it. Thus ſometimes the cauſes of things lurk, and lie couch'd, they hide their heads, onely a little flouriſh out at the Latteſſes, peeping out

out of an effect or two. Thus the Text may be in Hebrew, when the commentary is in Latine; many may underſtand the one, that cannot read the other. Election, it is the Original; Vocation, tis the interlineary gloſſe for the help of weak beginners. If God ſhould let thee ſee into Election before Vocation, it were the onely way to fruſtrate and diſappoint his own decree. For if God ſhould ſhew thee thy name in the book of Life, before thy heart were changed and renewed; what would this but make thee ſin more ſecurely, and turn his grace into wantonneſſe? Whereas the wiſdome of God never determines the end, but it alſo determines the meanes; and as the end is alwayes glorious, ſo alſo are the means powerful and efficacious. Now thou canſt not more clearly demonſtrate that thou art in a good tendency and proximity to the end, than by a thankful uſe and ſeaſonable application of the means. And what do they do but lay a ſnare for their own ſouls, that catch and entangle themſelves with ſuch a deſperate fallacy as this is; If we be elected, we ſhall be unqueſtionably ſaved; and if we be not elected we ſhall be unavoidably damned, and therefore we may do what we liſt. Oh what a bold and blaſphemous inference is this! What is this elſe, but to diſtill the rankeſt poiſon out of the richeſt and moſt ſovereign Cordial? To kindle Hell out of a ſpark of Heavenly Truth, which if it were blown up gently by the Spirit that breathed it, and kept within its juſt bounds; 'twould onely cheer, quicken, and enliven the ſoul. Becauſe thou doſt not as yet know whether thou art a veſſel of honour, wilt thou therefore preſently daſh thy ſelf in pieces? becauſe thou doſt not for the preſent certainly know that thou ſhalt come ſafe to the Haven, wilt thou therefore court the waves, ruſh upon a Rock, and make Shipwrack of Faith and a good conſcience? would'ſt thou do thus in temporals? Why, thou doſt not know how long thou ſhalt live, the number of thy dayes is certainly fixt, and thy time is an appointed and determined time: wilt thou therefore refuſe to lean upon the ſtaff of bread? Wilt thou not repair thine earthly and decaying tabernacle? Wilt thou not maintain the oyl in the Cruſe? that *Balſamum radicale*, with ſuch freſh ſupplies as are

afforded to thee? Wilt thou break thy glaſs in pieces, becauſe thou canſt not tell how long it will run?

Is it not a mercy that God vouchſafes thee the means? Why ſhould'ſt thou diſtruſt of obtaining the end, more than any other? There is not a curtain that hides Election more from thee than from any other; tis equally hid to all, till it ſhine forth upon ſome in the uſe of means, till the curtain be drawn, and then it will equally ſhine out upon thee, if thou uſeſt the ſame means. If all ſhould argue as thou do'ſt, there would none be ſaved; if all men, becauſe Election is abſolute and uncertain, ſhould reſolve to live as they liſt, who would then ſet his face towards *Canaan?* where would God have any glory in the world? What would become of his great Name? but he will root out ſuch an unſavory principle as this is out of the hearts of all that love him; and that truth which is made a fatal ſtumbling block to ſome, ſhall prove a ſolid foundation of joy and ſweetneſſe unto them. The very poſſibility of Election ſhould baniſh all ſuch thoughts as theſe. Who can tell but God may have been gracious unto thee, and have fixt an eye of love upon thee? Oh then breath after him, pant and long for him, deſire him to expreſſe his mind to thee, to communicate his love to thee.

Beſides, though thou do'ſt not know Election, will meer love do nothing? Though thy God did not intend to glorifie thee, yet thou ſhouldſt intend to glorifie him. Though he does not chuſe thee for his ſervant, yet thou ſhouldſt chuſe him for thy Lord. There is worth in him, though there be none in thee.

Reſolve, that into what condition ſoever he throw thee, though into hell it ſelf, that there thou wilt love him, and there thou wilt praiſe him, and long for him; that there thou wilt adore and honour him, and wilt grieve onely for this, that thou canſt honour him no more; that thou wilt admire his goodneſſe to others, his juſtice to thee, I, and his goodneſſe to thee too, that layes leſſe upon thee than thou deſerveſt. Such Thoughts as theſe would make hell it ſelf lightſome.

VI. As Election is ſecret and myſterious, ſo Vocation may be eaſily known. That Aſtrologer was deſervedly laught at, that was ſo intenſely gazing upon the Stars, ſo admiring their twinkling beauties, as that unawares he tumbled into the water, where-

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as before, if he had but been pleaſed to look ſo low as the water, he might have ſeen the ſtarres there repreſented in that cryſtal glaſs. Such as will needs be prying into the ſtarres, that will aſcend up into heaven, and gaze upon Election; they do but dazle their eyes, and ſometimes by this are overwhelmed in the depths of Sathan: whereas they might eaſily ſee the ſtarres in the water, they might ſee Election in Sanctification, Regeneration. Now Vocation does plainly and eaſily appear by that great and eminent alteration which it brings along with it. It is a powerful Call, tis an audible and quickening voice; the voice of the firſt trumpet that awakens men out of the graves, and makes them happy, by having their part in the firſt Reſurrection; great and ſudden alterations they are very diſcernable. Now here's a moſt notorious, and ſignal change made; *Old things are paſt away, and all things are become new*: here's a change from death to life, from darkneſs to light; and what more diſcernable than this? A living man may know that he is alive, and that without any further proof or demonſtration, whatever the *Sceptick's* old or new would perſwade us to the contrary. Will you not allow a man to be certain that he lives, till a Jury of life and death hath paſt upon him?

Could not the blind man in the Goſpell (think you) perceive when his eyes were opened? could he not eaſily tell, that now he could ſee and diſcern variety of Objects? or muſt he onely conjecture that he ſees, and gueſs at a Sun-beam? Muſt he ſtill at noon-day go groping in uncertainties? And is there not and eaſie and ſure difference between thoſe thick veils and ſhadows of the night, between thoſe dark and Æthiopick looks, and the virgin-bluſhes of the morning, thoſe beautiful eye-lids of the day? The ſmilings and flowrings out of light, much more the advancement of light to its Zenith and Noon-day-glory? And why then cannot an Intellectual eye diſcern as well, that now it ſees? that now it looks upon God with an eye of love, with an eye of faith, with an eye of confidence? and that now God looks upon him with an eye of tenderneſſe and compaſſion, with an eye of grace and favour, with an eye of delight and approbation? Who but an *Anaxagoras* will go about to perſwade a man to disbelieve his eyes? and if a corporal eye deſerve ſuch credit, why may not a ſpiritual eye then expect as much; *Say not*

then *in thine heart, Who ſhall aſcend into heaven, to bring down* Aſſurance *from above?* who ſhall unclaſpe the book of life, that is ſealed, and turn thee to thy name? or who ſhall bring thee a certificate that it is written there? *Behold, it is nigh thee, even in thine heart:* The work of grace there, the Law written on the tables of thine heart, by the finger of the Spirit is the exemplification and counterpane of that Decree; the ſafeſt way, the beſt way, the onely way to make ſure of Election, is firſt to make ſure of thy Vocation: *Make your Calling and Election ſure.*

FINIS.

SPIRITVALL OPTICKS:

OR A

GLASSE,

Discovering the weakneſſe and imperfection of a Christians knowledg in this life.

BY

NATHANAEL CULVERWELL,

Maſter of Arts, and lately Fellow of

EMMANVEL COLLEDGE

IN

CAMBRIDGE.

OXFORD,

Printed by *H. Hall*, for *Henry Dimmock*, 1668.

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To the Reader.

Reader,

I *Here preſent thee with a little Mirrour, wherein thou mayſt eaſily diſcern thine own imperfections, unleſs they ſtand in thy light; and if thou wilt but uſe to reflect upon thy ſelf, and dwell at home, thou mayſt eaſily find that thou haſt little reaſon either to admire thy ſelf or contemn others. If thy knowledge puff thee up, thou haſt ſo much the leſſe. He was accounted a wiſe man, who ſaid that* he knew but one thing, *and that was,* that he knew nothing, *though another durſt not own ſo much: and a wiſer man than both tells us, that* he that is wiſe in his own eyes, *is of all fools the moſt uncurable; and another, that* if any man think that he knows any thing, he knows nothing *yet* as he ought to know. *So that it ſeems to be agreed on by thoſe who are beſt able to judge, that the firſt piece of wiſdom is to be ſenſible of ignorance. Then I hope this Diſcourſe may prove not unprofitable, truly nor unſeaſonable neither in this confident age, when every ignorant one is ſo prone to lean unto his own underſtanding, that he thinks himſelf too good to be taught, whereas indeed he hath not yet wit enough to learn. But it is the Devils ſubtlety to dazle them with new light (as Boyes do Geeſe) that they may wink conceitedly, while he puls them naked, and makes them become ridiculous. It is ſad to think how he puts out mens eyes, and then makes himſelf cruel ſport with them; and the game of it is, that ſtill they think themſelves ſeers,* and know not that they are blind, and naked, and miſerable. *Now if this Glaſſe prove but inſtrumental to reflect ſo much old light upon them, as to diſcover to them their own blindneſſe, there will be ſome hope of cure. But,* Reader, *I muſt intreat thee neither to condemn this piece becauſe it is imperfect, nor yet contemn it for being little. It is imperfect, I confeſſe: but ſo is all our knowledge here, which is the ſubject of it; and if we know but in part, no wonder*

if

if we propheſie alſo but in part; beſides, if Saint Paul *himſelf could not utter the words which he had heard, then truly we may very well excuſe this Author for not expreſſing that in words*, which neither ear hath heard, nor eye ſeen, nor the heart of man conceived. *But it may be what is here ſaid, may at firſt ſeem but little: it may be the ſooner read. Do but peruſe it, and if it pleaſe thee, it is enough, if otherwiſe, too much. But indeed it was intended onely for a taſt, and to bear the Mace into the world before that learned and elegant Treatiſe, which this ingenious Author hath left behind him concerning* The Light of Nature, *Which now waits onely to ſee what entertainment this will meet withall. Perhaps it may be expected that I ſhould adde ſomething in praiſe of the Author; but I am not ignorant that a friends teſtimony is prone to be ſuſpected of partiality, and although ſuch an one have moſt reaſon to know the truth, yet* Caſſandra-*like, he ſeldom hath the hap to be believed. The beſt on't is, he needs it not, his works will commend him moſt effectual; which if I ſhall endeavour to bring into publick view, I hope thou wilt find them ſuch, that I ſhall not be thought either to have abuſed thy leiſure, or to have wronged the memory of my deceaſed friend.*

Emman. Dec. 24. 1651. W. D.

B

1 Cor. 13. 12.

For now we ſee through a Glaſs darkly; but then face to face: Now I know in part, but then ſhall I know even as alſo I am known.

PAUL that was of a piercing eye, & had as clear an inſight into the Myſteries of Salvation, as any other; whoſe ſoul was alwayes mounting towards that third Heaven, whither he had once been rapt, and had there heard words that neither could, nor might be uttered (for ſo much is implied in ἄῤῥητα ῥήματα) we find him here granting the imperfection of his knowledg, thoſe weak and ſhadowy apprehenſions which he had of the Divine Majeſty, while he *ſaw through a glaſs darkly*; and encouraging himſelf with the conſideration of the full and clear Viſion, which we ſhall have of him hereafter, when *we ſhall ſee God face to face* in glory. Without any further preamble, wee'l open the words of the Text, that we may ſee this Glaſſe clearly, and not ἐν αἰνίγματι.

Our Apoſtle here advances charity to the higheſt pitch of commendation, as a Triumphant Grace, a Grace that had Eternity ſtampt upon it: It out-lives Faith, for that gives place to Viſion; it out-laſts Hope, for that is ſwallowed up in Fruition: Prophecies they ſhall vaniſh, and Tongues ſhall be ſilenced, and Knowledge ſhall paſſe away; for tis weak and imperfect here, it is in its minority; yea, in its infancy: *when I was a Child, I ſpake as a Child.* Tis cloudy and obſcure here: *for now we ſee through a Glaſs darkly.*

NOW we ſee, &c. Now that the Goſpel beams out upon us with a powerful, and a glorious ray. It was likely that at the firſt peeping out of Heavenly light, at the Evangelical day-break, before the ſhadows were fully ſcattered, that then there would be

ſome obſcurity; 1, but it has ſhin'd out brighter and brighter till perfect day, and yet ſhall we ſee thus darkly.

Secondly, (which is the true and genuine meaning) *Now*, whil'ſt we are in this houſe of our earthly Tabernacle, whilſt the underſtanding of a man, which the wiſe man calls, *the Candle of the Lord*, while tis hid in the dark lanthorn of the body; till this partition-wall be beaten down, we cannot *ſee God face to face*: There's no reaching of perfection here, tis treaſur'd up for a better life. He that will ſhoot high, may aim at a Star, but he muſt not think to hit it. *Nihil eſt ab omni parte beatum. Beatum et perfectum* are both one. Alas! *Now* when the ſoul does but πτερυγίζειν, *try the wing*, and flutter towards Heaven, tis preſently pull'd down with an earthy body we carry about with us; tis ſo depreſt here, as it can hardly look up to Heaven; how then ſhall it *ſee God face to face?*

Now we ſee through a Glaſs, &c. *We* that have an holy χεῖρωμα, that teaches us all things; *we* that have many ſecret ὑποσυρμοὶ, the whiſperings and breathings of the holy Spirit, that *leads us into all truth*; *we* that are acquainted with the mind of God, that have had many a gracious aſpect from him, yet *WE ſee but darkly*: No wonder that the Sun's too bright for Owls, when Eagles are dazled with it, and become dim-ſighted; tis like that ſuch as are Aliens from the common-wealth of *Iſrael*, will be wholly ignorant of theſe *Magnalia*, when they that are *à ſecretioribus*, know them but in part; if בְּנֵי שַׁחַר, *the ſons of the morning*, the υἱοὶ φωτὸς, *children of light*; if they ſee ſo darkly, then ſurely a child of darkneſs will ſee nothing at all: If *Paul*, now a glorious Apoſtle, ſee no more, what could he ſee when he was a furious perſecutor, before the ſcales fell from his eyes?

Thirdly, *We* that are no novices in Chriſtianity, but have made much progreſs in the wayes of Religion, yet *we ſee but darkly*: Twas likely at the firſt opening of the ſouls eye, at the firſt caſt of it upon heavenly things, that then 'twould not ſee ſo clearly: 1, but it hath been long fix'd upon God, eyeing of his goodneſs, gazing upon the riches of his free grace, viewing all his wayes, looking at, and prying into his ſeveral dealings; and yet ſtill it ſees thus darkly. And if a tall and eminent Chriſtian ſee ſo little, what ſhall a Babe ſee, a new-born Babe? If a vigorous and ſparkling eye ſee no clearer, what ſhall a weak diſtemper'd eye,

a

a bleer-eyed ſoul, what ſhall that ſee? If an experienc'd Apoſtle, a *Paul* ſee no more; what ſhall a new Diſciple ſee, a *Nicodemus* that comes by night? he muſt needs ſee but darkly.

Now we ſee *through a glaſs, δι' ἐσόπτρου.* Some that would be more critical than they need, would fain ſhew us a difference between ἔσοπτρον and κάτοπτρον. Κάτοπτρον indeed with them is a looking-glaſſe: but ἔσοπτρον is ſome other glaſſe: either ſuch an one as is for the help of weak and aged eyes, and then tis, *we ſee through ſpectacles*; or elſe ſuch as preſents the object though a-farre off, and ſo tis, *we ſee through a perſpective.* The Vulgar Latine, that will have it *Per tranſennam, through a Lattice*; as the ſpouſe in the *Canticles* is ſaid, *to flouriſh through the Lattices.* And all theſe urge the force of the Prepoſition, δι' ἐσόπτρου, we ſee *through a glaſſe*, or *through a lattice.* But they might eaſily know, if they pleaſed, that δι' ἐσόπτρου here, is the ſame with ἐν ἐσόπτρῳ, and though it be true that κάτοπτρον is the more uſual word for a Looking-glaſs; yet tis as true that ἔσοπτρον ſignifies the ſame. *Heſychius* makes them *Synonyma*: and the word is but once more uſed in the New Teſtament, *Jam.* 1. 23. and there can be no doubt but there tis taken for a Looking-glaſſe. Well then, our dark imperfect knowledge of God here is thus ſet forth by *ſeeing in a glaſſe.*

1. Becauſe tis no immediate Viſion: the object is not primarily and immediately preſented to the eye, but by way of reſultancy, and *mediante ſpeculo*, by the conveyance of the looking-glaſſe, which is a ſilent interpreter of the object. And ſuch is our knowledge of God here, and ſuch our communion with him; only ſome broken beams of Glory, ſome glimpſes of his preſence ſcattered here and there, in this Ordinance, and in that, Glaſſes of his own making, meanes of his proper inſtitution.

2. Tis a weak and imperfect Viſion: For, firſt, according to ſome, not *res ipſa* but *imago rei*, onely the ſhape and reſemblance of the thing is ſeen; the effigies of the object drawn with the pencil of a beam is preſented to the eye. And ſecondly, as the Opticks tell us, *radius reflexus languet*, the beam begins to be weary, and is ready to faint, it gives a weak and languiſhing repreſentation, tis an imperfect Viſion. And O how dark

is our knowledge of God here! What poor manifestations have we of his presence, in comparison of that sight which we look for hereafter! when his Essence shall be display'd with a most glorious Emphasis.

3. Seeing through a Glass is a vanishing and transient Vision, as Saint *James* expresses it; *A man having seen his natural face in a glass, goes his way, and presently forgets what manner of man he was.* A dying species could not make any strong impression. One direct view of an object is more full and satisfactory, than the often seeing it through a glasse.

Our Apostle hath applied it to our purpose; *Knowledge passes away*, in respect of that weak and imperfect way of knowledge which we have here; for thus Saint *Paul* glosses upon his own Text; *When that which is perfect is come, then that which is imperfect shall be abolisht.*

But besides all this, *Beza*, and some others think, that our Apostle hath allusion to that way of knowledge which the Philosophers shew us, and so often speak of, That the understanding doth ἐποπτεύειν φαντάσματα, *intellectus speculatur phantasmata*, and thus sees δι' ἐσόπτρου ἐν αἰνίγματι. No light springs into the mind but through the window of sense: the sense, that's the first receptacle of the species, which flowing from a material object somewhat thick and muddy, they must be clarified & throughly refined by the *Intellectus agens*, (for that they suppose) poured out from vessel to vessel, and taken off from the lees before the soul drink them in as her proper *nectar*. This remote and far-fetcht way of knowledge, Saint *Paul* opposes to the quick and present view which we shall have of things ἐν ῥητῷ ὀφθαλμῷ, when we behold them in *speculo divino*, we shall see in that glasse clearly. But there is a place in 2 *Cor.* 3. 18. where Saint *Paul* seemeth to oppose his own expression: for there to *see through a glasse* may seem to import a clear and open Vision: Hear what the words say, *We all with open face beholding as in a glasse the glory of God, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of our God.*

A learned Critick hath well observed, that the Hebrew מראה includes both, for it signifies both *vultus* and *speculum*. So that *to see* במראה may either be *to see* δι' ἐσόπτρου ἐν αἰνίγματι, or else, διὰ εἴδους & πρόσωπον πρὸς πρόσωπον. I know such as I formerly mentioned

mentioned would have recourse to their difference of ἐνοπτρίζεσθαι & κατοπτρίζεσθαι; but if we look more accurately into the words, I think we shall find that even there *to see through a glasse*, implies a dark and imperfect vision. For the Apostle compares those present advantages which we in the Gospel have over them which were under the Law; they were all under a *cloud*, & *Moses* had a *vail* upon his face; but we ἀνακεκαλυμμένῳ προσώπῳ, *with open face behold the glory of God*, and yet it is but beholding it *through a glasse*; for thus the state of the Church under the gospel is described, *Rev.* 4. There's a throne compassed with a *sea of glasse*, θάλασσα ὑαλίνη, *vers.* 6. Under the Law it was *mare æreum*, but now in the gospel *mare vitreum*, clearer representations, as that renowned interpreter of the *Revelation* observes. Well then, in reference to them under the Law we behold with open face, but yet in respect to that clear sight which we shall have hereafter, it is but κατοπτριζόμενοι τὴν δόξαν Κυρίου· and so it follows, *we are changed into the same image from glory to glory:* which though it may be thus understood, *from his glory we become glorious*, yet I doubt not but it is meant of the several degrees of glory: and thus ἀπὸ δόξης εἰς δόξαν is *from grace to glory*. For grace is *Aurora gloriæ*, the dawning of the beatifical vision. Grace is glory in the bud, and glory is grace at the full. Surely glory is nothing else but a bright constellation of graces, happinesse nothing but the quintessence of holiness. And yet if any shall much contend, that there *to see through a glasse*, expresses a clear and unobscure vision, it is nothing prejudicial to our present purpose, for here Saint *Paul* doubles his expression, δι' ἐσόπτρου ἐν αἰνίγματι, *we see through a glasse darkly in a riddle*, ἐν αἰνίγματι.

Ænigma is properly *obscura allegoria*, all allegory with a mask on; it is a borrowed speech and a cloudy speech. A knotty intricate speech sealed up and lockt from vulgar apprehensions, that's a riddle: and our knowledge of God here is thus cloudy and enigmatical, and that if you take it in those three several wayes which are usually given of it.

First, by way of removal or negation, when we take away all such things as are inconsistent with a Deity. And thus the Scripture riddles him forth; *with him is no beginning of daies, nor end of life. He is not a man that he should lye, or the son of man that he should repent. With him is no variablenesse nor shadow of turning,*

&c.

&c. And in this sense *Dionysius* tells us, that δ' ἀγνωσίας γινώσκεται. and he there admires τὴν ὑπερούσιον θείου σκότους ἀκτῖνα, *the transcendent beams of Divine darkness*, for so that *Areopagite* is pleased to speak. Now you will easily grant that this is a dark and cloudy knowledge, when we cannot tell you what a thing is, but what it is not: for *ex puris negativis nihil concluditur.*

Secondly, when we conceive of him in a superlative way, in a way of eminency and transcendency: and thus the forenamed Author (if he be the Author) speaking of his Being, saith that τις ἡ τῆς ὑπεραγαθότητος ὑπερύπαρξις. Many divine perfections are scattered and broken amongst the creatures, as the same face may be represented in several Glasses; and all the excellencies of the creatures are collected, and meet eminently in God, as several faces may be seen in one Glass. The creatures must be winnowed from all imperfections, and the finest and choicest of them must be taken to give some weak resemblance of a Deity; the ruddinesse of the Rose, and the purity of the Lily; nay, the top and excellency of the Creation must be brought to shadow out the Spouses beauty; and yet, that this knowledge is weak and imperfect, will easily appear. 1. Because these inferiour Beings are so gross and material, as that the purest of them, the very quintessence and *flos Creaturæ* is meer dregs, if compared with so pure an Essence; its gold becomes dross, its silver tinne. And when heavenly perfections are set out by the creatures excellencies, it is but a stooping low to humane capacity: The Soul would be dazled at so bright a Majesty, unless he were clouded with such expressions. 2. This way of beholding him breeds rather admiration than begets knowledg: for when we hear of so goodly an Essence that hath all excellencies bound up in one vast volume, we wonder what that should be: and admiration is at the best but *semen scientiæ*, or *abrupta scientia*, as the Learned *Verulam* calls it, *a stupified kind of knowledge.* 3. This rather sets the soul a longing, then gives it any true satisfaction. For when we hear there is so choice a thing, we long to know what it is; which was a sign we knew it not before, or but very weakly. For true knowledge satiates the soul, there is a complacency and acquiescence in it, especially when it is conversant about so high an object; so that this way is but dark and full of riddles.

Thirdly

Thirdly, when we consider of God by way of causality, in that vast influence which he hath upon all things, as with him is ἀπὸ πηγαία καὶ ὑπερβλύζουσα ἐνεργεία, (as the supposed Areopagite,) *Springing beams of goodnesse, and overflowing effusions of Light*, as he is *causa fontana*, a fountain-essence continually bubling forth, from whence the several drops of inferiour beings have their original: and as he is the main spring that sets the wheels of those petty Entities on working: for *in him we live, move, and have our being*. Now this rather shews us, that there is a God, than what he is; that there is indeed such a prime being, a self-being, an all-being, a giver of being, *à quo omnia, per quem omnia, propter quem omnia*, but still we are to seek what this being is; so that these apprehensions of him are very weak and shadowy, δι' ἐσόπτρου ἐν αἰνίγματι, *we now see through a glasse darkly*.

But then] *Then* when a believing soul returns to God that gave it, it sees him face to face, and fixes its eye upon him to all eternity. As soon as ever the soul is unsheath'd from the Body, it glisters most gloriously; as soon as ever it is unclouded from corruption, it shall beam forth most oriently; as soon as it is let loose from this cage of clay, it sings most melodiously; nothing hinders a Christian from a sight of God face to face, but the interposition of a gross earthly body, it is death's office to break down this wall of separation, that the soul may be admitted into the presence of God.

Secondly, *Then*, at that general day of refreshment, when God shall sit upon his Throne in beauty and excellency, as a centre of light, streaming forth to the glorious circumference of the four and twenty Elders, that sit κυκλόθεν τοῦ θρόνου, as it is in the 4. of the *Revelation*.

Face to face.] πρόσωπον πρὸς πρόσωπον. This is opposed to *seeing in a glasse*, 1. As a more immediate vision: 2. A clear and perfect vision: 3 As a permanent and eternal vision: 4 As the learned *Piscator*, (because those things which we see in a glasse, are *à tergo*) *exceptâ facie & corpore proprio*.

In the words there is a plain allusion to that place in the 12 of *Numbers* the 8. where God promises to manifest himself to his servant *Moses*, פה אל פה ארבר בי ומראת ולא בחידת ἐν εἴδει καὶ οὐ δι' αἰνιγμάτων, as the Septuagint render it very agreeable to our purpose, and that which is here, במראה

&

פה אל פה is in other places, פנים אל פנים and in *Esay* עין בעין. and is translated by St. *John*, στόμα κατὰ στόμα, by our Apostle elsewhere ἀπόψει, and here πρόσωπον πρὸς πρόσωπον.

And yet we must not think that by vertue of this Promise *Moses* had so full and beatifical a vision of God, as we expect hereafter in glory. No, it is spoken only of Gods communicating himself to him in a clearer way than he would to any of the Prophets: he would speak to them in riddles, to *Ieremy* in the riddle of an Almond-tree, of a Seething pot, and so to the rest of the Prophets; I, but he conversed familiarly with *Moses*, as a man talks to his friend face to face. And as for *Moses* his petition in the 33. of *Exod.* the 18. *I beseech thee shew me thy glory*, it was only a desire that God would shew himself in some corporeal resemblance, so as to assure him of his presence, that that would accompany him. And this is God's answer, *I will make all my goodnesse pass before thee.* Besides, there is a plain denial; God tells him he cannot see his face: *Moses* saw no more of God than we do here, the back-parts of his glory: he saw them in a corporeal resemblance, and we in an intellectual vision. You see the allusion this place hath to that in *Numbers.*

Now as for the meaning of the words, *but then face to face.*

1. It is not meant of seeing Christ in his humane nature face to face, as *Iob* speaks, *With these very eyes I shall see my Redeemer:* for thus the wicked also shall see him with terrour and amazement, when the mountains shall be esteemed an easier burthen, if they could but cover them from the face of an angry Saviour that will frown them into hell.

2. As for the errour of the Anthropomorphites, it is so grosse, as it neither deserves to be repeated, nor needs to be confuted.

3. I take it to be meant of an Intellectual beholding the very essence of God, according to that, 1 *John* 3. 2. *When he shall appear, we shall be like unto him, and see him as he is,* καθώς ἐστι, and yet it can by no means be a comprehensive vision: for that's a meer repugnancy, that a finite creature should grasp an infinite essence. Or by the *face of God* may be meant his glory and perfections; for the face is the throne of beauty.

In

In the following words St. *Paul* gives a plainer expreſſion of that which before he had ſpoke more darkly.

Now I ſee through a glaſſe darkly, now I know in part; but then face to face, but then I ſhall know even as alſo I am known. As when two ſee one another face to face, the one knows the other by ſight, as he is known by him.

Now I know in part.] St. *Paul* on ſet purpoſe changes the perſon, that he may acknowledge his own imperfection. He had included himſelf before, *Now WE ſee through a glaſſe darkly* I, but he will do it more apparently, *now I know in part*; and when ſo great an Apoſtle inculcates his own defects, methinks none ſhould boaſt of their ſelf-ſufficiency.

2. *Now I KNOW in part.*] Here is a reaſon of our imperfection here: *If the light that is in thee be darkneſſe, how great is that darkneſſe?* Knowledge is a leading principle, and all graces follow it in a juſt meaſure and proportion: If we knew God more, we ſhould obey him more; if we knew more of his goodneſs, we ſhould love him more; if we knew more of his Majeſty, we ſhould fear him more; if more of his faithfulneſſe, we ſhould truſt him more; nay, if we knew him perfectly, all theſe would be perfect: when knowledge is compleat, obedience will be exact.

4. *Now I know IN PART*: according to the Syriack, *parum de multo.* 1. Little of that I ſhould know. 2. Little of that I might know. 3. Little of that others know. 4. Little of that I deſire to know. 5. Little of that I ſhall know hereafter in glory.

4. *Now I KNOW in part.* 1. Religion is no fancy, opinion, or conjectural thing: no, we have a certain knowledge of God and his wayes here; we ſee through a glaſſe, though it be but darkly: there is truth in a riddle, though it be obſcure. 2. A Chriſtian begins his acquaintance with God here: he that knows him not *in part here*, ſhall never ſee him *face to face in glory.* We have here the firſt glimpſes of heaven, a proſpect of *Canaan*, the προλεγόμενα of happineſſe, the initials of Glory.

But then I ſhall know, Τότε δὲ ἐπιγνώσομαι.] ἐπίγνωσις and γνῶσις differ. Ἐπίγνωσις ἐστὶ μᾶλλον τὴν πρώτην γνῶσιν τὴν πρᾶγμάτος πολλὰς καὶ πλείονας καταθέσεις. It is bringing me better acquainted with a thing that I knew better, a more exact viewing of an object that I ſaw before afarre off. That little portion of knowledg which we had here ſhall be much improved, our eye ſhall be raiſed to ſee

the ſame things more ſtrongly and clearly. Our knowledge here was but *ſcintilla futura lucis.* When the ſoul ſhall ſay as the Queen of *Sheba* did to *Solomon* in 1 *Kings* 10. *It was a true report that I heard in mine own land of thine acts and of thy wiſdom; howbeit I ſcarce believed the words until I came, and mine eyes had ſeen it, and behold the half was not told me. Happy are thy men, O happy are theſe thy ſervants that ſtand continually before thee.*

Even as alſo I am known. Καθὼς καὶ ἐπεγνώσθην. The words if they be put to it, will endure a double Hebraiſme. *I ſhall know as I am known.*

1. I ſhall know as I am *approved, ſicut & agnitus ſum:* nay *Chryſoſtome* makes καθὼς *Cauſal,* I ſhall know *becauſe* I am approved.

2. I ſhall know as I am *made to know.* Καθὼς καὶ ἐπεγνώσθην, that is, Καθὼς καὶ ἐδιδάχθην, ſaith *Beza*; and (which is a wonder) *Heinſius* agrees with him: Καθὼς καὶ ἐγνωρίσθην, ſaith he; and indeed γνωρίζω is the ſame with the Hebrew הודיע, and he tells us if we would render the words Helleniſtically, they would run thus, ἐπιγνώσομαι καθὼς ἐπιγνωρίσθην μοι ὁ θεός. *I ſhall ſo know as God is pleaſed to be known by me,* to manifeſt himſelf unto me. And yet *Piſcator* rejects both theſe ſenſes; the words themſelves being ſufficiently tempered with the particle καθὼς, which is not a note of equality, but of ſimilitude, as in many other places.

And thus much may ſerve for explication of the Text, for clearing the glaſſe, for opening the *Ænigma.* If you now look into the words, you'l find them full of Spiritual Opticks. Here is *Viſio reflexa,* for *now we ſee through a glaſſe darkly*: and here is *Viſio recta,* but *then face to face.* We will begin with the *Catoptrica, Now we ſee through a glaſſe darkly:* and here I ſhall preſent many glaſſes to your view.

Firſt, In the glaſſe of the *Creature, in ſpeculo mundi.* This is a common and obvious glaſs preſented to every ones view, and there are ſome glimmerings of common light, a *lumen naturæ* diffuſed among all, by which they may ſee into it.

Our Apoſtle ſhews us this glaſſe in *Rom.* 1 20. τὰ ἀόρατα τοῦ θεοῦ, *The inviſible things of God from the Creation of the world are clearly ſeen.* The words in the fountain run thus, ἀπὸ κτίσεως κόσμου τοῖς ποιήμασι, and deſerve to be cleared from an unjuſt interpretation: for ſome would have ἀπὸ κτίσεως κόσμου to be *à creatura mundi:*

others

others *à creatione mundi, ex creatione mundi*: ſo *Beza*. But all theſe are far enough from the meaning of the place: for their ſenſe is, That the inviſible things of God are ſeen by the creatures, or by the creation. It is true our Apoſtle ſaith ſo much in this verſe, but not in theſe very words; for then it ſhould be ἐκ κτίσεως κόσμου καθορᾶται, when as I doubt not but ἀπὸ κτίσεως κόσμου is the ſame ἀπὸ καταβολῆς κόσμου, *à mundo condito*. *Piſcator* and *Druſius* both meet in this, and the Syriack Tranſlation is clear for it מן תרמיתהון דעלמא *à jactis mundi fundamentis*. And then the words ſpeak thus much: From the firſt infancy of the world, ever ſince it was created, the eternal power and Θειότης, which are the τὸ γνωστὸν Θεοῦ mentioned in the former *verſe*, and the τὰ ἀόρατα τοῦ Θεοῦ in the beginning of this *verſe*, the eternal power and Godhead have manifeſted themſelves, and the prime cauſe hath been very apparent in thoſe effects of his, which are here ſtiled ποιήματα Θεοῦ, and could not poſſibly be produced by any inferiour Being. And as for that which we render *is clearly ſeen*, in the Original it is no more than καθορᾶται. I know not how it comes do denote ſo clear a viſion; ſure it may well conſiſt with ἐν αἰνίγμασι, and yet withall they are *ſo* clearly ſeen ὡς τὸ ἱκανὸν ἀναπολογήτους, which though ſome would have the ſame with ὥστε εἶναι ἀναπολογήτους, yet here I ſhall eaſily yield to the learned Interpreter, and grant that it includes ſomewhat more.

This vaſt volume of the creatures ſet out by God himſelf without any *errata* in it, was printed in ſo fair a character, as he that ran might read it; and the leaſt letter in it made ſhew of a moſt divine impreſſion. But alas! ſin, beſides weakning of the ſouls eye, hath ſoiled and defaced the book; and hence we come to ſee in it ſo darkly. And yet ſtill the letters are viſible, & carry with them the print of a Deity. The world is, as one calls it, *Ænigma Dei*. And it is full of looking glaſſes: For God hath communicated ſeveral reſemblances of himſelf to the creature, as the face ſheds that image or ſpecies upon the glaſs whereby it ſelf is repreſented. I need not ſpeak of the bleſſed Angels, thoſe pure & cryſtal mirrours, what glorious repreſentations they give of their Creatour: Look but into your ſelves, & you will find immortal ſouls ſhewing forth that image according to which they were made; or if you will look up to that vaſt and poliſhed looking glaſſe, you will ſee *The heavens declaring the glory of God*,

and the firmament ſhewing his handy work. Or caſt but an eye upon the pooreſt and moſt abject Being, and even there you will find ſome faint reſemblances of a Deity. For as in the moſt glorious creature, as a creature there is *aliquid nihili*; ſo in the moſt contemptible creature, as a creature, there is *aliquid Dei.* I, but the Atheiſt he ſhuts his eyes, *& quid cæco cum ſpeculo?* what ſhould a blind man do with a looking-glaſs? And yet ſometimes there are lightning flaſhes of terrour darted into him; and he begins with the Devils *to believe and tremble.* The Papiſts, as if there were not glaſſes enough of Gods making, they muſt have images of their own to put them in mind of God; their painted glaſſes: but ſurely they ſee through theſe very darkly. The Heathens they ſhall be judged for not ordering their lives and dreſſing themſelves according to this glaſſe, for reſiſting thoſe reliques of primitive light that ſhined out ſo ſtrongly upon them. Well, here are glaſſes, but we ſee in them very darkly, and that by reaſon of a double defect.

1. *Ex parte ſpeculi.*

'Tis true, ſome of Gods attributes here clearly ſhew themſelves; his power, and ſoveraignty, I, and his wiſdom, and goodneſs too; but thoſe ſweeteſt manifeſtations of his love, the treaſures of free grace and infinite mercy, the whole plot of the goſpel, not the leaſt ſhadow of theſe to be found. Now for this very cauſe, the Gentiles in *Eph.* 2. 12. are called ἄθεοι, becauſe they were without the knowledge of God in Chriſt. You know they had a goodly company of gods, an whole troop of Deities: I, but they were without God in Chriſt, and hence they are ſtiled ἄθεοι ἐν κόσμῳ, *without God in the world.*

2. *Ex parte oculi.*

1. *Adam* in innocency had a glorious ſoul full of light, bright and ſparkling eyes, πνεῖ λαμπηδόνα φέγγους. He could read the ſmalleſt print, the leaſt jot and tittle in the book of Nature. See how quickly he tumbles ore the vaſt volume, and in a name gives a brief gloſs upon every creature, a conciſe epkome of their natural hiſtories. He had a fair portion of knowledge, if he could have been contented with it. I, but he would fain have more, he muſt needs be taſting of the tree of Knowledge; & hence ſprings our ignorance; we have had ever ſince an unhappy ἀφαλμία, the ſoul hath been darkned and dimſighted. Perhaps it can ſee ſome

good

goodly capital letters, some fair flourisht character, I, but there are multitudes of beings in a smaller print, that it takes no notice of.

2. The soul might see more, if it would imploy it self more, and look oftner into this glass of the creatures. Meditation would raise the creature higher, and distil sweetness out of every object. 'Tis ἱερά τις πολυπραγμοσύνη, as the elegant Moralist. The soul is busie with every thing it sees, as busie as a Bee; it goes from flower to flower, and extracts most precious sweetnesse.

3. Some eyes have been dazled too much with the glitterings of the creatures, so as to take the servant for the Master; & have been so much in admiring the glass, as they forgot the glorious beauty that it represented. What worship and adoration hath the Sun had? even almost as much as the great Creatour of heaven and earth himself; strange that they should see so darkly, as not to discern the face from the veil that covers it. For the Sun is at best but *umbra Dei*, and *nubecula citò transitura*; a meer spot, a cloud, if compared with so bright an essence; and as he saith notably, The suns worshippers must needs be ἄθεοι κατ' νυκτός, *Atheists in the night-time*. You have seen the glass of the *Creatures*, and how in it we see very darkly.

Secondly, in *learnings* glass, *in speculo scientiarum*. Learning brightens the intellectual eye, and clarifies the soul; the Hebrews wise men are פקחים *aperti*, men with eyes open; and it sets a man on higher ground, and gives him a fair prospect of Beings, and many advantages over others. Διπλῶν ὁρῶσιν οἱ μαθόντες γράμματα, when as ἄπειρος γραμμάτων οὐ βλέπει βλέπων, they have eyes and see not; I, but *these* see, and yet very darkly. What need I tell you how invincible doubts blemish their brightest notions? How the Naturalists head is non-plust with an occult quality, and he knows not how to take it off: How the choicest Moralists are pos'd with the riddle of *summum bonum*, and cannot tell how to extricate themselves. Look up higher to Metaphysicks, which some stile *fimbria Theologiæ*; I, but you may touch the hem of its garment long enough before you find any virtue coming from it. Converse but with the Schoolmens works, and there you shall meet with *ænigmata in folio*, voluminous riddles. Tis their grand imployment to tie a knot, and then see if they can undo it; to frame an enemy, and then triumph over him; to make an objection, and then answer it if they can: there are speculations enough, but if you see through them, it will be very darkly. But

But if you could ſee very clearly in all theſe, yet how weak and inſufficient are they to acquaint you with the *Arcana* of Religion, and the great myſteries of Godlineſſe?

1. Some ſuch as have been moſt eminent in them, and as he ſpeaks, have had wits of elevation ſituated as upon a cliff, but how little have they ſeen of heaven and heavenly things! *Ariſtotle* with the reſt of the Heathen, what uncertain and fluctuating notions had they of a Deity? We are beholden to their dying ſpeeches for moſt of their Divinity.

2. Many under the light of the goſpel, and furniſht with helps of humane learning; how ſtrangely unacquainted are they with the knowledge of Chriſt crucified! A plain experienced Chriſtian (notwithſtanding all their auxiliary forces) only by the help of a Bible, will put an whole Army of them to flight: *Surgunt indocti & rapiunt cœlum.* when they in the mean time do but, as he ſpeaks, *ornare Diabolum*, they become learned ſpoils, *Sapienter deſcendunt in infernum*, they go cunningly to hell. And yet methinks none ſhould be ſo ſilly and malicious as to put the fault in learning, whereas there is no greater vicinity than between truth and goodneſſe; and heaven is full of knowledge, as it is of holineſs; and it is brimful of both.

3. Sciences themſelves are weak and imperfect things, and therefore ἡ γνῶσις καταργηθήσεται, as our Apoſtle tels us, Knowledge ſhall be aboliſht, and Tongues which are *vehicula ſcientiarum*, they ſhall paſſe away. So then in this glaſs we ſee but darkly.

Thirdly, in the glaſs of the *Scriptures*, *in ſpeculo verbi.* This is a pure and ſpotleſs glaſs, repreſenting the will of God unto us, an eternal glaſs that ſhall never be broken, more durable than heaven it ſelf: *David* was looking in this glaſſe day and night.

There are many falſe flattering glaſſes in the world; I, but here the ſoul may ſee its face in a moſt exact reſemblance: it will ſhew the leaſt ſpot & deformity; the ſinfulneſs of an idle word, of a vain thought, of a firſt motion though without conſent, the leaſt tendencies to ſin, the firſt bublings up of corruption. It deals ſo plainly as many are offended with it, & ſwell the more againſt it & thus *ſin takes occaſion by the commandement*, as *Rom.* 7. Fond *Lais* breaks her looking-glaſſe, becauſe it ſhews the wrinkles in her face: and gives the reaſon, *Me cernere talem qualis ſum nolo, qualis eram nequeo.* Well, the Law that's a glaſs to ſhew us our ſpots, but it cannot

not wipe them off; I, but the Goſpel is a pure well of ſalvation, there one may ſee them and waſh them too.

In that Evangelical mirrour you may ſee the face of a Saviour, coming in an amiable way with ſmiles of love, with offers of grace and ſaving mercy. Nay, the goſpel is called *the face of Jeſus Chriſt*, 2 *Cor.* 4. 6. πρόσωπον Ἰησοῦ Χριστοῦ. As ſuppoſe a glaſs, when a man had once lookt into it, ſhould keep a permanent & unvaniſhing ſpecies of his face, though he himſelf afterwards were abſent; we might well ſay, There was the face of ſuch a man; the goſpel is ſuch a glaſs, Chriſt hath lookt into it, and ſhed his image upon it, and ever ſince it hath given moſt glorious repreſentations of him: it is ἀπαύγασμα τῆς δόξης, καὶ χαρακτὴρ τῆς ὑποστάσεως αὐτοῦ, that I may borrow that expreſſion in the *Hebrews*: ſo that when we ſhall come to ſee him πρόσωπον πρὸς πρόσωπον in heaven, we ſhall be able to ſay, Surely this is the very Saviour that was deſcribed to me in the Goſpel; —*ſic ille manus, ſic ora ferebat.* And till we come to heaven it ſelf, we cannot meet with more full manifeſtations of God and Chriſt, and all the myſteries of ſalvation, than in the word of God; and yet here we ſee but darkly.

For if we conſider them under the Old Teſtament, how long was there comfort lockt up in that *Ænigma*, that primitive promiſe, which was *Aurora Evangelii*, the firſt dawning of the goſpel, *The ſeed of the woman ſhall break the Serpents head?* and when truth began to ſhew it ſelf in ſome fuller diſcoveries, yet ſtill it was mixt with much obſcurity.

They had a twofold glaſs. 1. *Speculum ceremoniarum.* 2. *Speculum prophetiarum.*

1. In the glaſs of the ceremonies they ſaw very darkly. We could not look for much light where there were ſo many ſhadows; where there were ſo many veils, they could not ſee face to face. That the Jews worſhipped a cloud for their God, was a meer calumny; but that they worſhipped their God in a cloud we will eaſily grant, for *all our fathers were under the cloud*, 1 *Cor.* 10. 1. The Ceremonial law was nothing elſe but an heap and miſcellany of riddles: who amongſt them could not tell the meaning of them? nay, it is well if we that have the type & antitype meeting together, can give a juſt explanation of ſome of them. Well, this glaſſe is now broken: for ceremonies like falſe looking-glaſſes repreſent the object with too much ſhadow; and yet ſtill the ſcarlet whore

will

will be dreſſing her ſelf by them, becauſe like flattering glaſſes, they make her ſeem fairer and more beautiful. *Majoreſq; cadunt altiu de montibus umbræ.*

2. *In ſpeculo prophetiarum. Prophetia eſt ſpeculum in quo videntur futura.* Here they might ſee the preſence of a deſerr'd deliverance, they might ſee the face of a promiſed *Meſſias*. *Buxtorf.* in his *Synagoga Judaica*, tells us, that he is perſwaded this is one main reaſon why the Jews are ſo ignorant of the *Meſſias*, becauſe they are ſo little vers't in the Prophets; they ſpend their whole time upon the Law, but will not caſt an eye upon them: he ſpeaks of the modern Jews. God in much mercy hath given them glaſſes, & they will not vouchſafe to look in them: they were always an obdurate & ſtiff-necked people, rebelling againſt the Prophets, and they go on to fill up the ſins of their Fathers. Well, but yet the *Seers* themſelves ſaw it ἐν αἰνίγματι, and they ſaw in them very darkly.

For 1. Prophecies (as the learned *Verulam*) have *gradus & ſcalas complementi*, climbing accompliſhments, ſpringing and germinant accompliſhmets. A Prophecy in the bud is not ſo eaſily ſeen as when it ſhoots out further, and ſpreads it ſelf in larger growth: ſuch paſſages in *Eſay* as ſeem to us clear as the day, were to them dark and Enigmatical: and wee ſee how obſcure St *Johns* prophecy ſeems to us. And the devil, who was always Gods ape, he over-imitated here; for his oracles were wrapt up in ſo many clouds, and withall ſo full of fallacies, as none ever could tell their meaning till event had given the interpretation. The Prince of darkneſs would make all his ſayings wear his livery: Divine prophecies are as clear as Chryſtal, if compared with his cloudy oracles.

2. Prophecies at beſt are but weak and imperfect things, and therefore they alſo ſhall be aboliſhed, no need of them in heaven: they were very beneficial to the Church militant, to acquaint her with approaching judgments, and prepare her for intended mercies; but when happineſſe is preſent and compleat, no need of them then in the Church triumphant.

Thus you have ſeen how they under the Law ſaw but darkly: and if Gods peculiar people had ſo little knowledg of him, in what groſs and palpable ignorance did they live that had none of this his light ſhining upon them; *for in Judah was God known, and his Name was famous in Iſrael. He hath not dealt ſo with every nation, neither had the Heathen knowledge of his Law.* And

And now if we look upon our ſelves that live under the light of the Goſpel, even we in this Sun-ſhine ſee but darkly.

1. There are many *Evangelical Riddles*; a God incarnate, a crucified Saviour; which are ſuch, 1. as the Angels themſelves ſee but darkly, and therefore they are ſtill prying to know more. 2. Reaſon that great patron of unbelief wrangles againſt them; & yet reaſon it ſelf will dictate thus much, That the myſteries of Religion ſhould be above the reach of reaſon. 3. The greateſt part of the world reject them: the Greeks eſteem them fooliſhneſſe: they think there is not ſo much in them as in a riddle, in that there is ſome hidden ſenſe, but theſe are plain fooliſhneſs in their eſteem: and *Evangelium* to the Jews is no more than גיליון אוון, for ſo they blaſphemouſly call it, *volumen iniquitatis*. They ſtumble at a crucified Saviour, and yet themſelves were the crucifiers of him. The veil of the Temple rent at his death, but the veil is ſtill upon their hearts, and yet that ere long ſhall be rent too: and they *ſhall ſee him whom they have pierced, and ſhall mourn, and be in much bitterneſſe*; and confeſſe, ὃν εἴδομεν ἐσταυρωμένον, *We crucified our Love, we crucified our Saviour.*

2. There are many *practical truths* which are meer riddles to carnal ſpirits: as to forſake all for a perſecuted Chriſt, to cut off right hands, pluck out right eyes, pray for enemies, not to do evil that good may come thereof; theſe principles they can hardly digeſt; & there are many Chriſtian priviledges wch they know not what to make of, aſſurance of Gods favour, communiõ with him, hidden manna joy in the holy ghoſt glorious & unſpeakable. Theſe & ſuch like puzle their apprehenſions for they ne're entred into the heart of a natural man to conceive, it is too narrow for them to enter.

3. There are many *paſſages* which to Chriſtians themſelves are dark and enigmatical, ſuch as we cannot eaſily underſtand. The book of the *Revelation* is all veil'd with obſcurity, the firſt thing we meet with almoſt are ſeven Seals: it is full of hidden ſecrets, and who is there that can unſeal the book? Our adverſaries the Papiſts catch at this, and are ready with a double inference. The Scriptures are enigmatical; therefore clear them with Traditions, therefore keep them from the people.

But 1. When we ſpeak of the Scriptures darkneſſe, it is but comparatively in reſpect of thoſe bright manifeſtations we ſhall have of God hereafter. A pearl may be clear and orient, and

yet dark in reſpect of a ſtar: a ſtar may be bright, and yet obſcure if compared with the Sun.

2. All truths belonging to the Eſſence of a Chriſtian, are plain and perſpicuous: and there is an aſſiſting Spirit, which though they perhaps may ſcoff at, and ſome others may unjuſtly pretend to, yet without doubt it ſhall lead Gods people into all truth.

3. Is their Cabala ſo pure? are their Traditions ſo clear and cryſtalline, as that we ſhall ſee in them better than in the word? If you cannot ſee in a pellucid ſtream, do you think to ſee in a muddy ſtanding pool.

But Secondly, The Scriptures are enigmatical, therefore keep them from the people. Nay rather, therefore explain them to them: therefore ſet up a faithful Miniſtery, whoſe *lips may preſerve knowledg*, and acquaint them with the myſteries of ſalvation, and open to them theſe bidden oracles. And let the people themſelves *ſearch the Scriptures, dig for knowledge as for ſilver, and for wiſdom as hid treaſure* Again, they had better ſee in a glaſs, though but darkly, than not to ſee at all, truth in a cloud, in a riddle is more amiable than a black and palpable ignorance.

Thirdly, They keep the Scriptures from them, not becauſe they ſee in them ſo darkly, but leſt they ſhould ſee in them too clearly; and above all they lock up the *Revelation*, not as it is obſcure, but becauſe it threatens the ſeaven hils ſo much. And thus we have lookt upon the third particular, the *glaſſe* of the *Scriptures*.

Fourthly, *In ſpeculo providentiæ*. Here God's glorious attributes ſhine forth, his wiſdom, juſtice, goodneſſe, and the reſt of that glorious conſtellation. And Providence ſets before us examples, they are glaſſes in which we may ſee either the beauty of holines or elſe ſins deformity. And it is no ſmall felicity of this latter age, that we have the uſe of theſe glaſſes, the benefit of ſo many former examples; & yet we ſee in them but darkly, they are a *cloud of witneſſes*, as it is *Heb.* 12. 1. though in another ſenſe. Providence is very myſterious, and there is no readier way to atheiſm than to queſtion it when we cannot give a ſufficient account of it. The *Indians* have a cuſtom, once a year to caſt a golden buſhel into the ſea: & thus they think they ſet a meaſure and bound to its proud waves, ſo as it ſhall not invade their land. Their cuſtom is ridiculous enough, & yet they are far more vain that go about *Deum ſuo modulo metiri*, to circumſcribe an immenſe being with the nar-

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row compass of their reason. Audacious men, that go about to set Providence a platform, which if it shall transgresse, it presently passes the bounds of justice.

Saint *Paul* that could have dived as deep as another, & brought up many precious pearly observations with him, yet dares not venture in, but standing aloof off upon the shore, admires the vast and boundless ocean, & as one amazed, and almost swallowed up with the very consideration of it, he cries out, ὦ βάθος, *O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledg of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his wayes past finding out!* ἀνεξιχνίαστοι, his wayes are in the deep, there is no ἴχνος of them, not the least print or *vestigium*, no tracing of a Deity. That God from all eternity should smile on *Iacob*, and frown on *Esau*, and that before they had done either good or evil, that the one should become כלי חמדה *vas desiderii* σκεῦος εἰς τιμὴν, and the other כלי לא חפץ בו σκεῦος εἰς ἀτιμίαν, that God should break open the heart of a rebellious sinner by his efficacious grace, and deny sufficient aid to one that hath improved his present strength far better; that he should shine out only upon some few spots of ground with the light of the Gospel, and shut up the rest in palpable darkness; that he should suffer his dearest children to be wronged and insulted o're, when wickedness in the mean while triumphs securely: these and many such like are *aenigmata providentiae*; we see in this glass darkly.

Fifthly, *In speculo fidei*. Here we see δι' ἐσόπτρου, for faith is a sure perspective glasse, by which *Abrahams* aged eye saw Christs day though afar off; and the rest of the Saints πόρρωθεν ἰδόντες τὰς ἐπαγγελίας, they saw them at a distance, and yet embraced them: a glass by which *Moses* saw him that was invisible. It is *speculum coloratum*, & does *imbuere objectum colore suo*: it can see a mercy in a judgment, and deliverance in a captivity, help in an exigency: and promises they are faiths glasses, & they speak as the looking-glass in the Greek Epigram, ἢν μ' ἐσίδῃς καὶ ἐγώ σε, *if you look on me, I look upon you*; if you apply me, I belong unto you.

And yet we see here but darkly: for faith it self (not to speak of those many doubtings & wavering; those rollings and inquietations of Spirit that accompany it: for many cannot reach to assurance, few attain to a plerophory,) is opposed to vision 2 *Cor.* 5 7. διὰ γὰρ πίστεως περιπατοῦμεν, οὐ διὰ εἴδους. *we walk by faith, and not*

by ſight, & non per aſpectum. Faith, as it lives in the mount, (for *in the mount will the Lord be ſeen*) ſo it dies in the mount too like *Moſes*, it never enters into the land of promiſe; for it had its *Canaan* here, *A land flowing with milk and honey.*

Sixthly, *In ſpeculo Sacramentorum.* Such great and tranſcendent myſteries as the apprehenſions of Angels cannot reach unto, are here preſented to the ſenſes.

Baptiſm, that's a Looking-glaſs where the firſt beam of Gods favorable countenance ſhews it ſelf, the firſt expreſſion of his love to a ſinful creature. The laver under the Law was made of Looking-glaſſes; and the laver of regeneration under the goſpel is its ſelf a Looking-glaſſe, where you may ſee a God in Covenant with you, and yet he does not ſhew himſelf with a ſpreading and immediate ray, but onely in a ſacramental reflex: and Baptiſme, though it be ſtiled *φωτισμὸς*, yet we ſee in it but darkly, in a riddle, much like that of *cœlum in tribus ulnis.* You may ſee heaven in this well of ſalvation. As it was uſed by way of immerſion, there was a riddle of the Reſurrection: as by way of ſprinkling, there's a riddle of ſanctification. You would ſay, It were no wonder if I ſhould tell you the *Infant* ſees in it but darkly; I, but who is there of *riper years* that looks on this glaſs, or makes any uſe of it? Who is there almoſt that ſpends a thought upon his Baptiſm?

And as for the ſacrament of the Lords Supper; why, here's a glaſſe that Chriſt left with his dear Spouſe when he went away from her, in which ſhe may ſtill ſee his face and be mindful of him. *Τοῦτο ποιεῖτε εἰς τὴν ἐμὴν ἀνάμνησιν*, *Do this in remembrance of me*, and *do it to put me in remembrance of you*: for *εἰς ὑμῶν ἀνάμνησιν* includes both. There is mutual aſpect, and reciprocal glances between Chriſt and a believing ſoul in the Sacrament. Chriſt looks upon the ſoul with a gracious eye, and the ſoul looks upon him with an eye of faith. And here are *enigmata convivalia*, like that of *Samſons*, *Out of the ſtrong comes ſweetneſſe.*

And thus we have ſhewn you the ſeveral glaſſes through which we ſee but darkly. There remains the *viſio recta*, a ſight of God *face to face, to know as we are known.* But this hereafter.

READER,
What this to know as we are known *ſhould be,*
The Author could not tell, but's gone to ſee.

FINIS.

THE VVorth of Souls.

Math. 16. 26.

For what is a man profited, if he ſhall gain the whole world, and loſe his own ſoul? or what ſhall a man give in exchange for his ſoul?

OUr Saviour in the foregoing words had told His followers, that if they meant to be Diſciples, they muſt take up their croſs and ſo muſt follow him. They muſt be willing to part with all things here below, if he ſhould call for them; they muſt be content to trample upon all relations, for the love of a Saviour, if they ſtand in competition with Chriſt; they muſt be ready to lay all creatures and creature-comforts at his feet. Now becauſe this might ſeem ſomewhat an hard task, and not ſo eaſie and Evangelical a yoke as he had promiſed them: In theſe words he begins to ſweeten his commands, and to ſhew the reaſonableneſſe and equity of this, that he requires of them. You may well part with other things, for this will be a means to ſave your ſoul.

Now ſays he, if you could graſp the whole world, and if you had it all in poſſeſſion, and ſhould lay it down all onely for the winning of a ſoul, you would have no great cauſe to complain. Whereas if you could embrace the preſent world, and could gain

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it all; nay, if there were more worlds for you to enjoy, and if you could have them all onely for the losse of a soul; you would have no great purchase of it. *What is a man profited?* There's a plain μείωσις, in the words more is meant, than is spoken: You would be so far from having any profit, as that you would have the greatest losse that is imaginable, the greatest damage and detriment that such a creature is capable of. You would have changed gold for drosse, and pearls for pebbles, χρύσεα χαλκέων ἑκατόμβοι ἐννεαβοίων.

Now our Saviour in these words, does as it were, take a pair of ballances in his hand, the ballance of the Sanctuary; and he puts the whole world into one scale, and the soul of man in the other. This little sparkle of Divinity in one scale, and the great Globe of the World in the other. And the soul of man, this spiritual being, this heavenly sparkle, it does mightily out-weigh the great globe of the world, the vast bulk of water, the huge fabrick of the Creation. The world tis weighed in the ballance, and tis found too light.

In the words you have these two things very considerable.

1. That absolute worth and preciousness that is in the sou's of men, which is strongly imply'd and envolv'd in the words. *D. The souls of men are exceeding precious.*

2. A comparative preciousnesse, which is most directly and expressly laid down in this, in respect of the whole world besides, *D. One soul tis more worth then a world.*

For the first. The souls of men are very precious.

The preciousnesse of the souls of men will easily appear from these four several heads of Arguments.

For though all men, or most men that know what a soul is, will easily grant that their souls are precious enough; yet they don't attend to those several respects in which they are thus precious, much lesse do they take notice of those several results and consequences that flow from it.

Now this absolute preciousnesse and worth of a soul, does thus shew it self.

(1.) From the several *excellencies* of the soul it self.

There is a fourfold *excellency* in the souls of men, which speaks them choice and precious.

2. The *excellency* of their *Original*; they are of a noble descent, they

they came from the Father of Spirits, from the Father of Lights. God lights up souls in the world; they bubble forth from that fountain of Spirits, that spiritual Essence. They are the breath of a Deity. God breath'd into man a living Soul. They are a beam of the glorious sun, God beam'd into man a glittering soul. The body indeed twas rais'd out of the dust, we dwell in houses of clay, whose foundations are in the dust. But the soul twas of an higher and nobler Original. Yet there is a great deal of cost bestow'd upon the body, much Embroydery and Needle-work in that. *I am admirably made, I am curiously wrought, I am wrought with a Needle*, saies the Psalmist, *acu pictus sum*; he speaks it in respect of the choice and elegant composure of mans body, much needle-work in that; and then that's but the sheath of the soul, the casket for the Jewel to lie in. The Soul tis like the Queens daughter in the 45. *Psalm. Her cloathing is of needle-work, and she is all glorious within.* Now all the workmanship that is bestow'd upon the body, is only that it may be serviceable to the soul, that the soul may *bene habitare*, that it may be a fit Tabernacle for the soul to dwell in; that the soul may say, *Tis good for me to be here.*

The body 'twas raised out of the dust, but the soul sprang from heaven: 'twas צמח ממרם Cλάστημα ἐξύψους, a bud of Eternity.

And truly that the souls of men should now be *ex traduce*; it does somewhat degrade them from that height of excellency that belongs to them. I know that question's full of briers and thorns; but yet we may very well say thus much, that some Scripture-passages favour and countenance this most, that God still breaths into men living souls, that they flow immediately from him in a way of Creation, and that the soul and body do still differ in their *Original*. That's the first, the *excellency* of the souls Original.

2. The excellency of its *Operations*.

Do but look upon the several workings of the soul. Consider the several Layings out of the soul, and you'l see they have worth in them. Do but view the wheels and motions of the soul, the several faculties and employments of them, and you'l see they are all choice and precious.

What should I tell you of the Understanding crown'd with Beams, compast and surrounded with Light; of the Will sitting like

like a Queen upon her Throne, and swaying the Scepter of Liberty in her hand, with all the affections waiting and attending upon her.

There's a five-fold excellency in the workings of the souls of men.

1. The workings of the soul are *quick and nimble*. Material beings move heavily. Matter clogs them, and duls their motion. They go like the Chariots of *Pharaoh* in the Red-sea; but spiritual Beings, they move freely and presently, like the Chariots of *Aminadab*, they run with a cheerful spontaneity. What quicker than a Thought? what nimbler then the twinkling of an intellectual Eye? Tis true, there is a weakness and irregularity in the souls motions, when its best workings are too flitting and desultory, too gliding and transient; but take the soul as tis regular and orderly in its motions, and then the freeness and presentness of its working; tis the high priviledge of a spiritual Being: For God, that is a pure Spirit, is omni-present in his motions. And the Angels, that are ministring Spirits, make hast of those glorious errands they are sent about: The wings of the Cherubims fly very swiftly. And the souls of men, that are next in motion, as they are next in Being; they do the will of God on earth as tis done in heaven, with such freeness and alacrity.

2. They are *vigorous, and indefatigable*. The wings of the Cherubims are not weary with flying, nor are the wheels of the soul weary with going, the sparklings of the soul never vanish, but every motion has immortality stampt upon it. Spiritual Beings in all their motions are never weary, nor out of breath. But material Beings, as they are dull and sluggish in their motions; so they are faint and languishing. The Body, that's soon tyr'd. And yet (which is worth the observing) onely animate Beings are capable of wearinesse: The Sun is not weary with shining, but is alwayes ready like a Giant to run's race; nor the fountain is not weary with flowing, but the bird is presently weary with flying. Onely animate Beings are weary, not by vertue of the soul, but because the body can't keep pace with the soul. Thus many times the string breaks, when the Lutanist is not weary. *The Spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.* The soul would fain be working, when the body is not serviceable. That which wearies the soul most, is to be quencht in its motions, to be dull'd by an earthy

earthy body, by the interpoſition of that to be clouded, to have its wings clipt, ſo that twas ſaid of that noble Platoniſt *Plotinus*, that he ſo liv'd ὡς αἰσχυνόμενος ὅτι ἐν σώματί ἐστιν he was loth to be in the body, as others were loth to be in priſon, as if he had cry'd out with the Apoſtle, *O who ſhall deliver me from this body of death!* And therefore the ſouls of juſt men made perfect, that are ſet at full liberty, they are never weary in their workings, never weary of praiſing God, never weary of ſinging Hallelujahs to him

3. *Vaſt and comprehenſive.* All beings they are within the ſouls Horizon. What can't it graſp in its thought? what can't it take in its eye? It can take in the ſeveral drops of Being, and it can take in much of the Ocean of Being. I deny not but ſome men have ſuch narrow and contracted ſouls, as they can commerce with nothing but outward and droſſy objects; they can ſcarce have a wiſh, thought, mind onely earthly things, their Corn, and their Wine, and their Oyl. But this onely ſhews their ſouls degenerated from their native perfection, from their primitive glory. For the ſoul of it ſelf is more large and ſpacious, and ſcorns to be bounded with material objects; it ſelf is a ſpirit, and ſo it delights more in ſpirituals. Nay, it wont be bounded with real objects; it will ſet up Beings of its own, *Entia Rationis*, Reaſon's creatures; ſuch as the hand of Omnipotency never gave a real Being too.

And then the deſires of the ſoul how vaſt are theſe, and comprehenſive? the ſoul can quickly open its mouth ſo wide, as that the whole world can't fill it.

4. *Self-reflexive and independent* upon the body. And theſe indeed are the choiceſt and moſt precious workings of all, the very flower and quinteſſence of an immortal ſoul. When the Soul ſhall ſit judge upon its own actions; when it ſhall become *Speculum ſuiipſius*, view its own force, bid the body farewell, and even here become an *Anima ſeparata*, withdraw and retire it ſelf to its Cloſet-operations, to its moſt reſerv'd and Cabinet-counſels. I could at large ſhew the *excellency* of theſe workings in ſeveral reſpects, but that *I* muſt haſten.

5. The workings of the ſoul are *ſecret and undiſcernable*. The creatures eye cannot pierce them. *Who knows the things of a man, but the ſpirit of him that is in him?* The Devil can't tell

the thoughts of men: at most he has but a guess and shrewd conjecture, unlesse they be such as are of his own casting in: he has reason to know these, for they are his own.

If men had *fenestrata pectora*, there were scarce any living in the world. What mutual rage, and envy, and malice, and heart-burnings would they then behold? Yet lest men should abuse this priviledge, and from hence take liberty to sin, God often puts them in mind of this, that he searches and sees the heart: tis his great prerogative, and he is greater than the heart, than the soul, he knows all things.

This is the second particular, the *excellency* of the souls *Operations.*

3. The excellency of its *Capacity*. Do but consider with your selves, what a reasonable soul is capable of. Tis capable of the image of God. The Soul, it has his Superscription, *In the image of God made he him*. Now there's little or nothing of Gods image to be seen in the body; for God is a Spirit, and so stamps his image upon the spirits of men. And here indeed are some shadowings out of himself, some faint and languishing representations of a Deity. The Soul tis made in the image of God, and tis capable of such stamps and impressions as God is pleas'd to put upon it. Tis endow'd with reason, the apple of the souls eye. Tis capable of knowledge, of learning, of all the advancements and ennoblements of reason: but what should I speak of these, this will seem to some in the world no great matter, as good be without them, or it may be better in their fond esteem: well then, tis capable of grace, and glory; sure they wont slight these too. Tis fit to be a companion of Angels, to bear them company to all eternity. Nay, tis capable of communion with God himself, they are the friends of God. The souls of men must make up a Church for him. They are fit to be the spouse of Christ. Tis the Apostles phrase, *That I might present you Virgin-souls unto Christ*. They are capable of such things, as *neither eye has seen, nor ear heard, nor ere enter'd into the heart of man to conceive*: the Soul it self cannot conceive, what great things a Soul is capable of. Though the workings of the Soul were more vast and comprehensive than they are, yet they can't reach them.

4. The excellency of its *Duration*. Do but think upon this a while; how it shall run upon a line parallel to eternity. The body

body indeed, tis soon resolv'd and crumbled into its first principles. *Dust thou art, and to dust thou must return.* But *the soul returns to God that gave it.* As it did not depend upon the body in some of its workings, so neither does it depend upon it in its Being. Tis a very remarkable speech that of St. *John* to *Gaius*, *I wish* (sayes he) *that thy body prosper, even as thy soul prospers.* For most men in the world we might very well invert the wish; we wish their souls prosper'd, even as their bodies prosper. But Saint *John* speaks it, of a lively and vigorous Christian, strong in the faith; *I wish thy body prosper, even as thy soul prospers.* For many times you know, in an aged and decay'd body, you have a lively vigorous soul; Old men are most famous for wisdom, *Nestor* is for counsel: in a languishing and consum'd body, you have many times a flourishing and well-complexion'd soul. Men of the *liveliest* souls, are not alwayes of the strongest and goodliest bodies, none of the *longest* Lives. Sometimes the soul is so acute as that it curs the sheath of the body asunder. Sometimes the Lutanist screws up the strings so high, as that they crack immediately. Many times the Soul is in the full, when the bodies in the wane.

That which we usually call a lightning before death, some think tis but the Souls finding of its former liberty, that's now to be loosen'd from the body, to be enlarged and set out of prison; and that makes it so cheerful. To be sure there are (at least) strong & pregnant probabilities of the soul's immortality to a natural eye, to a philosophical eye with common light: And they that tell us of the Souls mortality, we may very well question, what manner of souls they have; to be sure, as the Psalmist speaks, *They are become like the beasts that perish.* Others are so far in love with the souls immortality, that they would have every soul immortal; sensitive and vegetative souls. But it shall suffice us that the souls of men are so, and this is the fourth *excellency* of the souls of men; the *excellency* of their *Duration.*

And this is the first head of Arguments by which you see the preciousnesse of a Soul, from the several *excellencies* of the soul it self.

(2.) If you would know the worth and preciousnes of a soul; Consider what value & esteem they put upon it, that are best acquainted with the worth of it. This is one of the wisest and surest

wayes, to know the worth of a thing; to consider how they prize it that best know it.

See then how they value souls, that know them best.

I. *God himself*, the creatour of souls, 1. The Father of spirits; He must needs know the worth of souls, for he made them, and he weighs the spirits of men, he has often put them into the balance, and he knows the worth and weight of them. Now see how he esteems them; He has laid out his thoughts from everlasting, for the bringing in of some souls to himself: He has pickt them out as his Jewels. The counsels and contrivances of heaven have been spent upon them Now do you think that God would lay out his thoughts upon them from everlasting, unless they were very precious?

II. *Jesus Christ*, the great purchaser of souls, he bought them, and so must needs know the worth of them. It was no ordinary price that he paid for them neither; *You were not ransom'd with corruptible things, &c.* No do you think that Jesus Christ would have laid down his own life, spent his own precious blood for them, except they had been very precious? There's nothing that does speak the worth and excellency of a soul, than what was laid down for them to redeem them. And these words in the Text are the words of him that bought Souls; the words of Jesus Christ himself, the great Redeemer of Souls, he tels you, that one soul is more worth than a world.

III. The *Angels*, they are spirits themselves, and so are more acquainted with the nature of Spirits than we are. See how they esteem them.

1. The *good* Angels, what care do they take for Souls? They are ministering Spirits for the good of souls. They pitch their Tents about them, they have charge of Souls; they rejoyce at the conversion of a Soul. Heaven is always full of joy, brimful of joy; but it runs with fresh joy, when a Soul is brought in to a Saviour.

2. The *Evil* Angels, those great plunderers of Souls, those black and damned Potentates of Hell, the Devils, these know the worth of souls too well.

For (1.) What variety of temptations have they for the beguiling of a soul? How many thousand hooks and baits for the catching of a Soul? How many designs and stratagems for the ruining

ruining of a ſoul? what ambuſhes & underminings for the undoing of a ſoul? how does he ſpread abroad his nets, and fill the world with ſnares for the entangling of a ſoul? what Serpentine windings and workings, what depths and methods of deceit, what flatteries and inſinuations, and all for the deluding of a Soul?

2. How does he rage when a ſoul is pluckt out of his paw? The whole legion of them is in an uproar and commotion, when they have loſt one of their priſoners, they look upon it as a great loſſe.

3. How does he envy Jeſus Chriſt, the ſaving of one ſoul? How does he think ſouls too precious for him? If all the powers of darkneſſe could hinder it, there ſhould not be one ſoul tranſlated out of their Kingdom.

4. How does he glory and triumph in the conqueſts of Souls? If hell were capable of joy, it would have it then, when ſouls are captivated by this Prince of darkneſſe. Theſe are his *ſpolia ampla*, the goodly trophy's and monuments of his victory.

5. How many factors and agents does he imploy to bring in ſouls to his kingdom? how many are ſerviceable and inſtrumental to him? and how does he go up and down like a roaring Lion ſeeking whom he may devour? Do you think he would take ſo much pains about ſouls, if they were not worth it?

6. In his formal contracts, he does not ſtand long a cheapning, hee'l give them what they ask, he knowns he cant outbid himſelf. A ſoul is worth more, he knows, than he has to give for it.

7. How does this torment him, that he is in a chain, and can do no more hurt to ſouls? that there is an hook in this Leviathan, that he is reſtrain'd and limited ſo as that he cannot have his will of ſouls?

So that by all this you ſee, the *evil Angels* the Devils know the worth of ſouls too well.

And this is the ſecond head of Arguments, by which you ſee the preciouſneſſe of Souls, &c.

3 Arg. Becauſe *other things are precious* in reference to the ſoul. The worth of the ſoul puts a luſtre upon other things.

1. Precious *faith*: why is that ſo precious? becauſe tis for the ſaving of a precious ſoul; tis ſuch a radical and eſſential Grace;

[We

[*We believe to the saving of the soul.*

2. Precious *Promises*; why are they so precious? because they are for the welfare of a precious soul. Cordials to revive a fainting soul; balm for the healing of a wounded soul; restauratives for the recovery of a languishing Soul.

3. Precious *Ordinances*; why? but because God does here in especial manner display himself, and reveal himself to souls; He gilds them with his own glorious presence; they are the wells of salvation, out of which souls must quench their thirst.

4. Precious *Ministers*; why such a lustre upon that Calling more than upon others? why they so honourable, but because they are more immediately conversant about souls? The converting of souls, that's the crown of the Ministry; *You are my Crown, and my Joy*, says *Paul* to his converted *Philippians*. No wonder then if contempt be pour'd out upon the Ministry, if once they come to neglect souls; if *Cura Animarum* be made but a slight business. *But they that convert souls to righteousness*, sayes the Prophet *Daniel*, *they shall shine as the stars in the Firmament*, they shall have a more bright & massy Crown, answerable to a greater degree of service.

4 Arg. If you would still see more clearly the worth and preciousness of souls, do but consider the variety of *Gospel-dispensations* in respect of souls.

1. Those many *invitations* that are made to souls to come into Christ, that sweet Rhetorick, those strong motives, those powerful perswasions, those precious wooings and beseechings of them. *We beseech you by the mercies of Christ*, by the bowels of a Saviour, *we beseech you, as if God himself should beseech you to be reconcil'd unto him.* Do you think there would be so much wooing and beseeching, if they were not very precious? Do you think the Spirit himself would so intreat, do you think the Holy Ghost would be so importunate with them else? Nay, these souls are so precious, as that he will have some for himself; he will take no denial, no refusal; Go and *compell* them to come in.

2. Consider those sad *Lamentations* that are made when souls will trample upon their own mercy; as Christ speaks to *Jerusalem* in that passionate strain, and dips his words in tears; *O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, &c.* This great lamenting shews that tis the losse of a precious thing.

3. Know,

3. Know, that the *World is kept up* for this very end, for the bringing in of ſome ſouls for a Saviour. Do you think that God is at this vaſt coſt and expence in maintaining this vaſt fabrick of the Creation, onely for men that oppoſe him, and provoke him, and violate his Laws? No, tis for the gathering of his Jewels, for the binding up ſome precious Souls in the bundle of Life. If 'twere not for this, the very pillars and foundations of the world would crack aſunder.

4. Think upon the great *Preparation* that is made for the entertainment of ſouls; how that Chriſt is gone to prepare a place for them. What treaſures of love and ſweetneſſe, what heaps of joy are ſtor'd up for them? what a weight of Glory? what Crowns? what Thrones? what glorious and unexpreſſible, and unconceiveable Priviledges ſhall they then enjoy?

Thus by all theſe ſeveral Arguments you have ſeen the worth and precious neſſe of ſouls.

Uſe 1. And now when we conſider the worth of them, we might even take up this ſad lamentation, *How is the gold become droſſe? how is the moſt fine Gold chang'd?* The precious ſouls of men that were purer then Snow, ruddier than Rubies, more poliſht than Saphirs in their firſt Original; now their viſage is blacker than a coal. How are they become the reproach of him that made them, the Bodie's ſlaves, the Devil's captives, the ſcorn of every luſt and temptation. Nay, you might even melt and diſſolve into tears under this ſad and ſerious conſideration, that ſo few of thoſe precious ſouls ſhall be ſaved; that there are ſo many of them that drop into hell irrecoverably. And though there be a generation of men in the world that will never go over this narrow bridge, unleſſe they put on Spectacles, that ſo they may tumble in more Artificially: men that lay down ſuch large and reaching principles of ſo vaſt a latitude, as that they ſcarce make it poſſible for any to be damn'd: men that widen the narrow gate in their own apprehenſions; yet God has reveal'd his mind expreſſely, and tis the conſtant voice of the Goſpel it ſelf, that there are but few of theſe precious ſhould be ſav'd. And, which is more, that as for men of the rareſt and moſt admirable endowments, of the choiceſt accompliſhments, men of moſt orient and glittering ſouls, there are fewer of theſe than of others. *Not many wiſe, &c.* And yet all this comes not about becauſe of any

any want of Gospel-provision: not but that there is balm enough in *Gilead*, oyl enough in that horn of salvation; not but that there are abundance of bowels in God, which yearn towards the precious souls that he has made; but because men refuse his goodness, and abuse his mercy; imprison his truth, and shut it up in unrighteousnesse.

Now when men are told of the worth of their souls, when they are put in mind of their preciousnesse again and again, when they have all means for the welfare of their soul, and when they are directed in the ways that tend to the saving of the soul; when they are convinc'd that such and such lusts fight against their souls; and when they know that the present season of grace is all they are sure of, for the welfare of their soul; If they shall stubbornly refuse their own mercy, and wilfully and violently rush into their own ruine; though their souls were ten thousand times more precious than they are, yet they perish deservedly.

Use 2. Me thinks therefore at length men should come to such thoughts as these: Tis time now to provide for our own souls; Tis time now to build for Eternity: *Tanquam semper victuri.* If he that does not provide for his own house, is worse then an Infidel; then surely, he that does not provide for his own soul is little better. Yet how many are there in the world, that live so as if they had no souls to save? Many that take no notice of their own souls. These are spiritual Beings, and run not into their outward senses, & so they never mind them. These mens souls are so dark, as they cannot see themselves. Others that do take some little acquaintance with their own spirits; yet how do they leave them in a rolling and fluctuating condition; how do they venture Eternity? upon what strange uncertainties do they leave a precious soul? as he that was ready to die, said, *He should know by and by, whether the soul were immortal or no*; that was all he made of it. Or as that other, that complemented with his soul, in that sporting language,

Animula vagula, blandula,
Quæ tandem abitura es in loca?

And yet tis an impression engraven upon every Being with a pen of Iron, and with the point of a Diamond. Nay, tis a νόμος γραπτὸς stampt upon every Being by the finger of God himself, that it should look to its own preservation, to the maintaining of it self:

So

So that tis matter of amazement and aſtoniſhment, that the ſouls of men being ſuch precious Beings, ſhould look to their own welfare no more: And it can be reſolv'd into nothing elſe, but into that ſame firſt & grand Apoſtaſy from their God, the fountain of their life and happineſſe. When they loſt their God, they loſt themſelves; and when they fell off from him, they Apoſtatiz'd from their own Eſſence. And now they mind the body, and take care for things here below, and neglect themſelves. If there be any that can repair the ruins of Nature, or that can wrangle a little for mens eſtates, theſe ſhall have honour and eſteem in the world, and the things of the world at their command: but they that take care only for ſouls, theſe muſt live upon meer benevolence; as if the Miniſters of the Goſpel were nothing indeed but ſouls, as if they were properly Angels, that muſt aſſume a Body, and deliver their meſſage, and then muſt diſappear. This does ſtrongly convince that men prize their bodies and their goods above their ſouls; becauſe men of ſuch employments, Lawyers and Phyſicians theſe find better entertainment in the world, than the Miniſters of the Goſpel.

Hence it is alſo that men neglect the ſeaſons of grace, opportunities of mercy, advantages for their ſouls, which they would not neglect in other things. The Sabbbath, the market-day for ſouls, how is it ſlighted, prophaned? yet the Sabbath was made for man, for the ſoul of man chiefly, for that is the chief of man. And yet God has us'd very ſtrong and powerful means to engage men to ſeek the welfare of their own ſouls. For out of his own infinite love and goodneſſe he has by a ſtrict connexion, knit and united his own glory, and the ſalvation of ſouls together: He has wrought *Iſraels* name in the frame of his own glory. That whereas now if theſe two were ſever'd, a man were bound to ſeek the glory of God, before the ſalvation of his own ſoul. For though the ſoul be very precious, yet the glory of the Creatour of ſouls is infinitely more precious. God therefore out of the riches of his grace, has ſo joyn'd theſe together, as none can put them aſunder. He that ſeeks the glory of God, does by this promote the welfare of his own ſoul; and he that ſeeks the ſaving of his own ſoul, does in this advance the glory of God. He that ſeeks the one, muſt ſeek the other alſo.

Uſe. 3. If the ſouls of men be ſo exceeding precious, then ad-

mire the goodneſſe of God, that does not leave them in the power of men.

1. Some ſouls, the ſouls of his own people are ſo precious, as that he wont leave them in their own hands. You know how *Adam* diſpoſ'd of his own ſoul, when he had it in his own keeping. And ſuch men as are left to themſelves, you ſee how they lay out their ſouls. But God has laid up ſome precious ſouls in a ſafe and ſure hand; they are laid up as a rich *Depoſitum* in the hand of a Saviour, and they are kept by his Almighty power through faith unto ſalvation.

2. Souls are ſo precious, as that he wont leave them to the diſpoſing of other men. He keeps theſe Apples of his eye under the lid of his own providence. The ſword of an enemy can reach but the ſheath of the body. An enemy though never ſo fierce and furious, can but cut the ſheath of the body aſunder. *Fear not them that can kill the body*, and that's all they can do, &c. Yet ſuch is the fury and implacableneſſe of men, as that if they could reach the ſoul, that ſhould be the firſt they would ſtrike and wound; and they would damn other mens ſouls as ſurely as they do their own. As that deſperate *Italian*, that having an enemy of his at advantage threatned to kill him, unleſs he would curſe & blaſpheme & renounce his Religion; that fooliſh man too covetous of a frail and fading life, yielded to him; but as ſoon as he had ended ſuch blaſphemies as were preſcrib'd him, the other ſtabs him preſently, and then triumphs & and applauds himſelf in his bloody victory: O, ſays he, tis a kindly and delicate revenge; O, tis an orderly and methodical revenge, firſt to damn the ſoul, and then to ſtab the body. You ſee what the rage and fury of men would reach unto; but that God has ſet ſouls, ἔξω βέλους.

3. And therefore thou that wilt truſt him with thy precious ſoul, wilt not truſt him for things here below? Wilt thou truſt him for Eternity, and not for a moment? Wilt thou truſt him with the Jewel, and not with the caſket? wilt thou truſt him for thy Soul, and not for thy body, thy ſtate, thy name? Think upon our Saviours argument; *Conſider but the lilies of the field*: they that have but vegetative ſouls, two or three removes off from matter: *They neither ſpin nor toile*: why ſhouldſt thou then have ſpinning and toiling thoughts? will he not much more take care for thee?

Vſe 4.

Vſe 4. See here the top of Antichriſtian fury; his cruelty to ſouls, as if the ſouls of men were Antichriſts ſlaves, to be hurried up & down at his pleaſure; as if an heap of precious ſouls were but Antichriſts foot-ſtool, for him to get up to his throne by. Conſult but with that place in the 18. of *Rev.v.*12,13. You'l ſee there that Antichriſt trades there in very rich and coſtly commodities, *Gold, Silver, Pearls, Purple, Silk, &c.* But amongſt the reſt, he has one more precious than ordinary, and tis a ſure and ſtaple commodity that he trades in, & tis in the *ſouls* of men. And that which beſpeaks the ruine of Antichriſt, and cries aloud to that God to whom vengeance belongs, and 'twill pour out the very dregs of the vials upon him; his deluding of ſouls, his impoſing upon Souls, his multiplying the bricks, putting out the eyes of ſouls, making them grind at his mil, to go round in an implicite faith, and like his ſlaves, he buyes them and ſels them at his pleaſure. The bloud of ſouls is the paint of that ſame ſpiritual *Jezabel*, and the ſcarlet of the Babyloniſh whore; tis double-dy'd in the blood of Saints.

Uſe 5. This ſpeaks aloud to the Prophets, and ſons of Prophets; that they would lay out all their golden talents and precious opportunity for the welfare of ſouls; not onely their own ſouls, but for the ſouls of others too, to be men of publick influence, to ſpread light abroad in the world. Tis the ſtrongeſt expreſſion of love you can ſhow to a Saviour; *Peter, loveſt thou me? feed my ſheep, feed my lambs*: Let this be a token of thy love, and ſign that thou lov'ſt me. Does not it pity you to ſee ſo many precious ſouls famiſht for want of the bread of life? ſo many ignorant ſouls ruſhing upon their own ruine for want of light; ſo many ſouls poiſon'd with unſound doctrine & ſtrange opinions; ſo many unſtable ſouls beguil'd by rude & illiterate men that torture the Scriptures, and feed men ſo, as if non-ſenſe were the only *Nectar* and *Ambroſia* for immortal ſouls to live on. Don't you ſee how thirſty ſouls are, that they will drink in muddy waters? had not they rather, think ye, drink in pure and cryſtalline ſtreams? Do they take in Errour ſo faſt, and would not Truth be more pleaſant to them? You are the hope and the expectation of ſouls; if you ſhould fruſtrate and diſappoint them, whither ſhould they go, or where ſhould they betake themſelves?

Where

Where ſhall the thirſty ſoul go, unleſſe the fountain afford it ſome ſtreams? where ſhall the new-born ſoul ſatisfie it ſelf, unleſs the breaſts afford it ſincere milk? How ſhall the wandring ſoul find out its way, unleſſe the Seers and watchmen be pleaſed to to direct it? How ſhall ſouls be ſeaſon'd with grace, if the ſalt it ſelf be unſavoury? If the eye be darkneſſe, how great muſt the darkneſſe be? O lay out your ſelves ſo, as that thouſands of ſouls may bleſſe you, and have cauſe to bleſſe God for you. *Truly the Harveſt is great* and precious, *and the labourers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harveſt, that he would ſend forth labourers into his harveſt.*

FINIS.